POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AUGUST 10-AUGUST 17 • 1963 20c

Banned in Russia:

A Soviet poet's brilliant story of his life and fight for freedom under Stalin and Khrushchev

Yevgeny Yevtushenko

The Mafia exposed: "The biggest crime break yet"—Robert F. Kennedy

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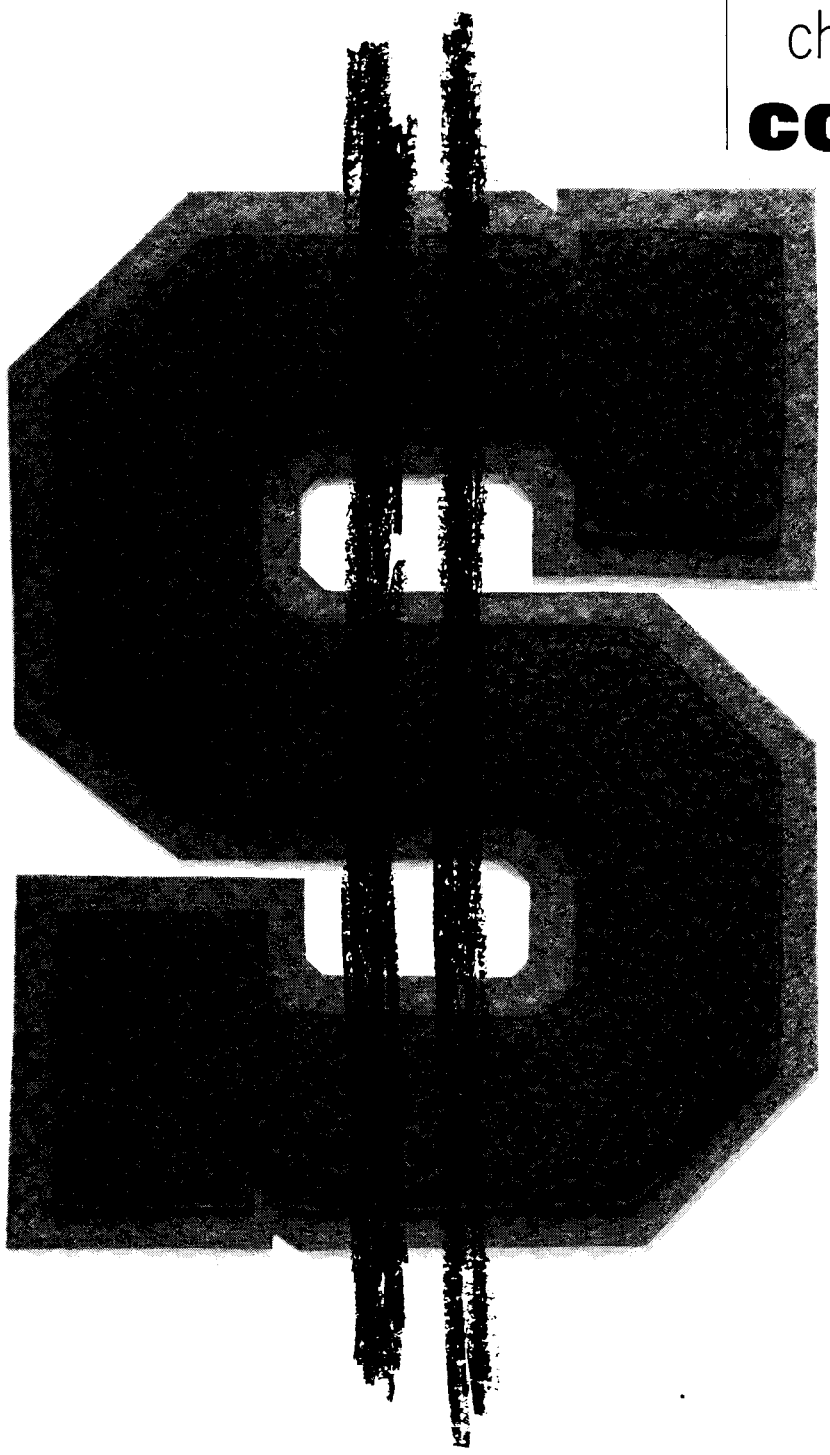

No matter how young your children are, it's none too soon to be making financial plans for their college days. In fact, it might possibly be a little late even now.

In "Planning for College Costs," a booklet specially prepared for New York Life, Sidney Sulkin, Education Editor of *Changing Times*, the Kiplinger Magazine, points out that higher education expenses will continue to spiral over the years, and he stresses the importance of preparing well in advance.

Not a luxury, but a necessity. "Though the demand for educated workers is expected to increase, the competition for jobs will become more severe, too," writes Mr. Sulkin, underlining the necessity for education beyond high school, as well as the greater salary expectations and security which college graduates enjoy. Fortunately, however—and despite growing classroom shortage and entrance competition—"any qualified student can find a suitable school to go to," and *will* go if parents plan ahead realistically.

What about scholarships? Perhaps your child will win one of those coveted and highly competitive scholarships—but don't count on it. Besides, most scholarships pay only a part of the total bill. An ambitious young person may also earn some of his or her needed expenses. Even so, more and more financial support will certainly be required in the years ahead.

In a detailed discussion, this authority analyzes various ways of financing a college education: long-term loans, state loan programs, installment loans, personal savings, stocks, government bonds and life insurance, citing the advantages and faults of each.

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POST

AUGUST 10 – AUGUST 17, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 28

Articles

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The Mafia: the inside story . . . . . *by Peter Maas* 19

Inside stories on the Mafia are rare. Authentic ones have been nonexistent. The Mafia's rigid silence-or-death code offers little incentive for members to hold press conferences, but at last an insider, convict Joseph Valachi, has talked. Following a tip, contributing writer Peter Maas got Attorney General Robert Kennedy's confirmation that the Justice Department had penetrated the secret society's closed circle. This week Maas reveals for the first time the inner workings of a national crime syndicate and exposes the underworld's top executives.

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The authors. Contributing writer **Anne Chamberlin,** an experienced air traveler, reports firsthand on what it is like to cross the country today in an ancient Ford trimotor. . . . Photographer **Jerry Cooke** presents a color portrait gallery of the performers who work on the other side of zoo bars. . . . Contributing writer **Harold Martin,** longtime observer of the political scene in his native South, gives a close-up report on the last wheeze at the polls of Kentucky's Happy Chandler. . . . *New York Times* reporter **Gay Talese** chronicles the hollow world of jet-setter Christina Paolozzi. . . . Business editor **Sandford Brown** looks at the burgeoning prospects for color TV. . . . Contributing writer **John Skow,** who writes about racing driver Stirling Moss, has himself nursed sports cars through rare and expensive illnesses, but remains in that motoring school that considers not hitting cement trucks a mark of masterly driving. . . . **Jean Liedloff** collaborated with contributing writer **Robert Massie** to tell of her fantastic ordeal as a prisoner of primitive tribesmen in the Venezuelan jungle. . . . **John Keats,** author of two best sellers, has also won prizes for his scripts for television films. . . . **Martin Sommers,** sixty-three, foreign editor of *The Post* from 1945 until his retirement last September, died on July 17. Mr. Sommers, who joined *The Post* as an associate editor in 1936, was a highly esteemed editor and a valued friend of the staff.

The cover portrait of Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko is the work of painter **Louis Glanzman.**

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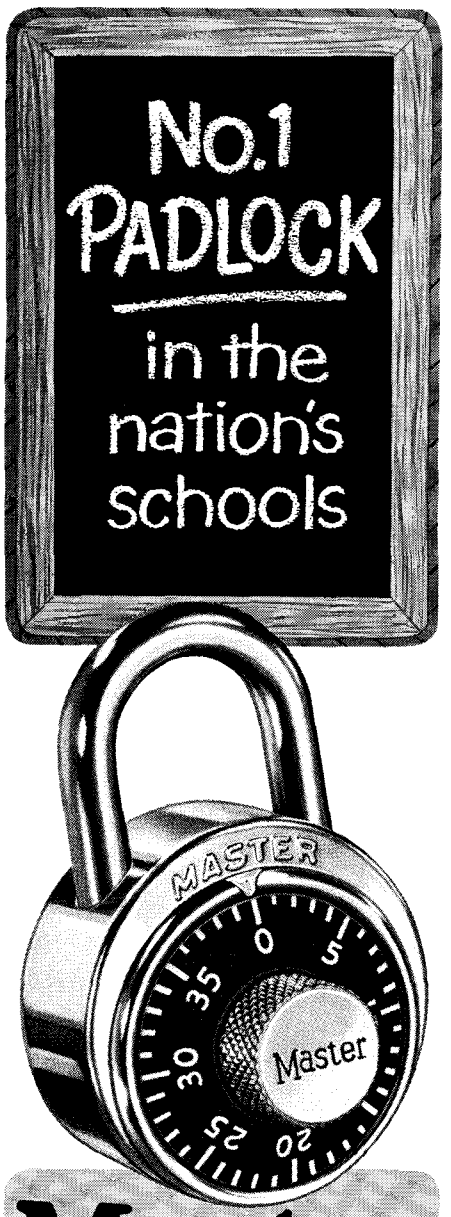

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LETTERS

Mess in Washington

I have lived in the Washington area for 20 years, and Bill Davidson's article, WASHINGTON: A CITY IN TROUBLE [July 13–20], was the best explanation I have read of why we are in the mess we are. I should like to take exception to one phrase. . . . He said, ". . . there is a growing desire on the part of well-to-do Washington Negroes to help *their own poor* . . ." (my italics). The poor in Washington, who are mostly Negro, are *our* poor. It is the white community in Washington, led by the Southern Congressmen who rule us, that has permitted the continuation of the restrictive and barbarous barriers that create and perpetuate poverty, ignorance and misery.

MRS. JANET V. KOCH
Washington, D. C.

• Bill Davidson's article places him in the same category as all the other Communist-paid racial agitators. . . . The Negro in Washington is not after equality. He wants and demands and I am afraid will get superiority and preference.

JAMES M. GANDEE
Johnson City, Tenn.

• I found the July 13–20 editorial [THE NEGRO REVOLUTION] to be most interesting and applaud the forthright stand taken by *The Post*. During this crucial period in the civil-rights struggle we need to hear as many responsible voices as possible. I also found the story on Washington to be most interesting.

ROY WILKINS
Executive Secretary
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
New York, N.Y.

Coverless models

Your bathing suit on the July 13–20 cover is scandalous. Don't we see far too many and much too much of coverless models without exploiting them on the cover of a magazine that once upon a time believed in quality?

MRS. A. CONNOR
Ontario, N.Y.

• I have noticed many bikinis on young women and teen-age girls but, for some reason, very few on older women. I am 38, and when I say "older women" I speak of women my age and older. Many of us still have trim figures and can wear a bikini. I know many women my age who would wear (and want to wear) bikinis if they felt they were not slightly "questionable." I have two half-grown children. I consider myself a good Christian. I like the bikini and have had compliments on mine.

MRS. J. ARMSTRONG
Syracuse, N.Y.

• Anyone who only vaguely remembers Okinawa should be sickened by the photograph of Camp Pendleton marines engulfing "models in avant-garde suits," as staged by Larry Schiller. He and your editors may be too young or dumb to recall the landings in the Pacific, but what about the U. S. Marine Corps?

WALTER FARLEY
Boyertown, Pa.

(Members of the armed forces were not recruited as models for the swimsuit story. Photographer Schiller simply used areas where marines were practicing for Armed Forces Day. ED.)

• How about some good-looking, well-built men in bathing trunks and briefs for the *women* to admire?

MRS. HAROLD BAKER
Clay, N.Y.

Cover boy

Having read your June 29–July 6 issue thoroughly, it is getting passed on—all but the cover. The touching cover picture of the Venezuelan soldier, with a few snips of my scissors, went down to a size 8 by 10, and under a picture frame. I hope it continues to remind me and others of the price some are paying, while we enjoy our life in America.

CAROL MORROW
Minneola, Kans.

Slick praise

I've rarely felt impelled to write a "slick" magazine to praise its stories or format. With a certain snobbery, not unique, I've reserved letters for quarterlies. However, I've perceived a drastic and refreshing change in *The Post* in recent months. My parents have subscribed for years, from the dear dead days when the full title was evenly emblazoned across the cover, through some not-successful "modernizations" to the present crisp, intelligent look and content. Yours is one of the few magazines today with an orderly makeup.

JESSE BEERS JR.
New York, N.Y.

Faulkner's death

Thank you for the sensitive article by Hughes Rudd on THE DEATH OF WILLIAM FAULKNER [July 13–20]. It was carefully handled to portray the mood, the essence of the man. . . .

MRS. DOROTHY M. LA RUE
Willows, Calif.

• For those, like myself, who love and honor the memory and work of the late William Faulkner, the article is appalling, shocking and disrespectful. It . . . is not even half-fair nor half-brave, attacking a man who lies defenseless in the red clay of Oxford, Mississippi.

BRADFORD DANIEL
Fort Worth, Tex.

• About 1941, after I had succeeded in publishing a book of poems, William Faulkner walked into Mack Reed's drugstore one day where copies of it were on display. Near the display was the magazine stand, and I picked a late edition and began thumbing through it. Faulkner came over a few minutes later, noticed my book of poems, and began to examine the covers.

"The company did a beautiful job," he said. "Beautiful backs!" Without looking inside at the poetry, he replaced the book and strolled off.

CHARLES NELSON
Oxford, Miss.

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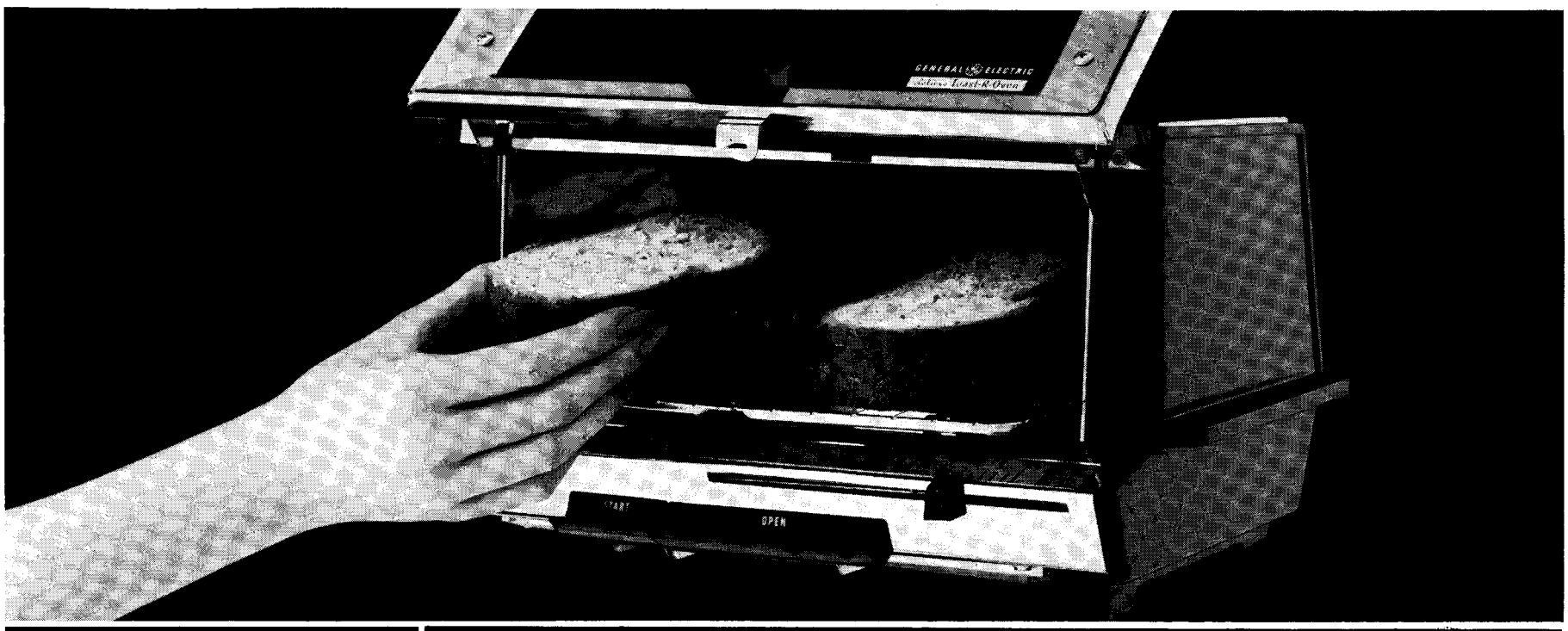

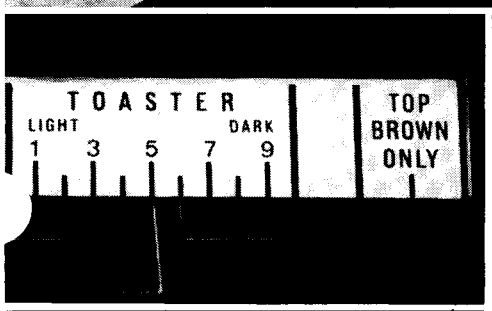

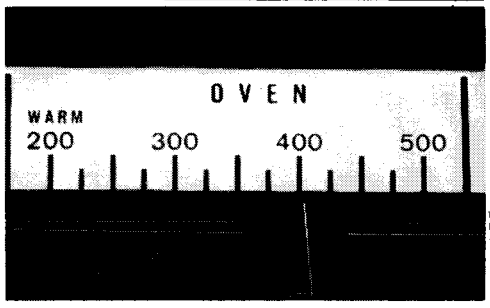

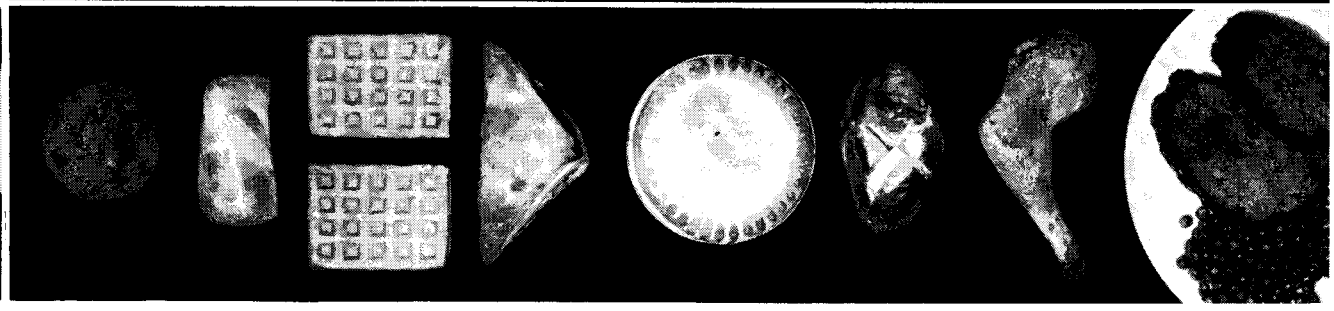

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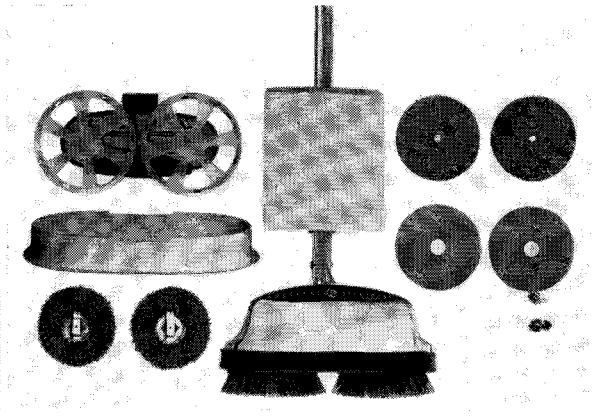

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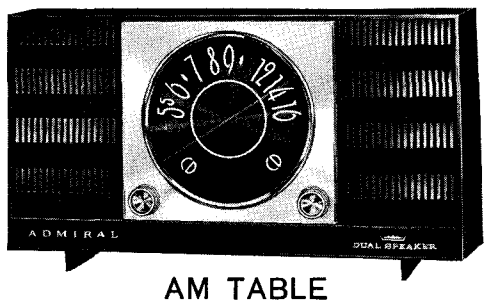

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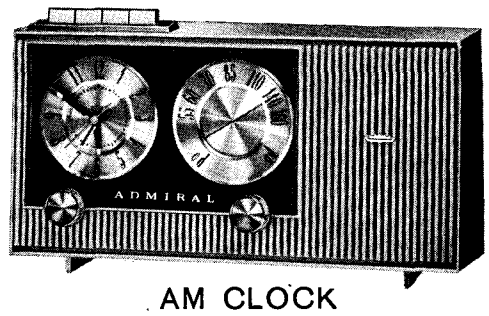

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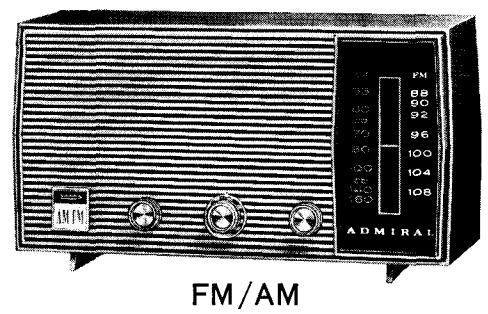

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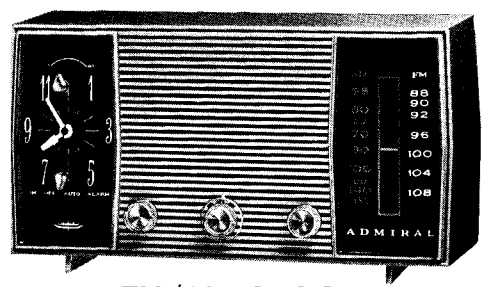

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LETTERS

Everest climber

"THE AMERICAN WHO CONQUERED MT. EVEREST" WISHES TO ENLIGHTEN MURRAY MORGAN REGARDING HIS JUNE 29–JULY 6 ARTICLE. THE INSINUATION THAT OUR ACCIDENT ON MT. MCKINLEY CAUSED THE DEATH OF TWO FLIERS—WHO, INCIDENTALLY, WERE DIRECTED TO STAY AWAY FROM THE AREA—CANNOT BE IGNORED. I MUST ALSO OBJECT TO DISPARAGING REFERENCES TO JOHN DAY WHOM I WILL ALWAYS BE PROUD TO CLIMB WITH AND WHO WAS INVITED ON THE MT. EVEREST EXPEDITION. I SUGGEST MISTER MORGAN LIMIT HIS LITERARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO ELEVATIONS UNDER TEN THOUSAND FEET.

JAMES W. WHITTAKER
REDMOND, WASH.

Christine crisis

On Christine Keeler [THE CRISIS OVER CHRISTINE by Edward Behr, July 13–20]: repulsive!! There should be a law against girls such as she!

MRS. J. M. MILLER
Spread Eagle, Wis.

• I am unable to understand why the author regards this woman as extraordinarily beautiful. In my opinion she is ugly and contemptible. [I was] born and raised in England in a middle-class background with a very good knowledge of British history. In my opinion prostitution has been the most important activity of both the aristocracy and royalty for many long years.

F. G. COOPER
Detroit, Mich.

• Christine Keeler might yet save the reputation of English manhood, which has been badly scarred lately by the Burgess-Maclean and Vassall cases.

OKE G. PAMP
Batavia, Ill.

Culture boomsters

Amid the indignant howls of the country's culture boomsters, may I insert some hearty "Bravos!" and "Huzzahs!" for Harold C. Schonberg [THE CULTURE EXPLOSION IS PHONY, July 13–20]. Our local orchestra calls itself "major" because it spends over $200,000 a year. This is a criterion? A top-quality theater experiment here failed dismally at the box office, yet crowds flock to all the traveling musicals and other Broadway leftovers.

IRENE R. BAER
Milwaukee, Wis.

Fun fiction

I have read HAVE YOU EVER RODE THE SOUTHERN? [July 13–20] and think William Price Fox an excellent author. . . . He has the kind of humor we like, and—perhaps you have already guessed it—he is from our city, and we are real proud of him.

RICHARD C. DAVIS
Columbia, S.C.

COMING SOON...in The Post

The Goldwater Phenomenon
By Stewart Alsop

Fiction by JOHN O'HARA

Humor by H. ALLEN SMITH

Inside the mob:
An ex-gangster talks
with
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

LESLIE CARON
A waif becomes a woman

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Wide World. • 20–Jim Mahan; no credit. • 21–U.P.I.; 2 by Wide World; Philadelphia Inquirer; Wide World; U.P.I.; New York Daily News; no credit; Detroit News; Niagara Falls Gazette; 2 by U.P.I. • 22, 23–New York Daily News; U.P.I.; New York Daily News; New York Daily Mirror, New York Daily News. • 25–New York Daily News. • 26–Gordon Tenney. • 28, 29, 30, 31–Jerry Cooke. • 32–Wide World. • 40, 41, 42–John Launois. • 45–Black Star. • 46, 48–Louis S. Glanzman. • 70, 71–Merle Shore. • 74, 75–Ormond Gigli. • 78–Pix (Camera Press). • 79–Dalmas (Pix). • 85, 86, 87, 88, 89–Jean Liedloff.

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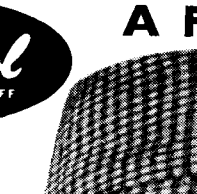
Huge, 36-hit collection of "The King's" all-time BIG records—now in one limited-edition, souvenir album. Thrill again to *Lean Baby, All of Me, Hey! Jealous Lover, Witchcraft, Learnin' the Blues, One for My Baby,* many more. **(3-record set counts as 3 separate selections.)**

16-32. HANK THOMPSON AT THE GOLDEN NUGGET. Recorded "live" at Las Vegas! *Honky Tonk Girl, John Henry, Nine-Pound Hammer,* 9 more.

16-09. STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY. Jazz version of stage and screen hit: *Maria, I Feel Pretty, Something's Coming, Cool,* 7 more.

17-67. NANCY WILSON. HELLO YOUNG LOVERS. *Sophisticated Lady, Miss Otis Regrets, Nina Never Knew,* 9 more. "Remarkable" — Down Beat.

11-99. KINGSTON TRIO AT LARGE. Here's the Kingston Trio in a vivid folk festival: *Blow Ye Winds, Scarlet Ribbons, Getaway John* — 9 more.



8-24. NAT KING COLE. LOVE IS THE THING. 12 silk-smooth love songs. *It's All In the Game, At Last, Love Letters,* more of your favorites.

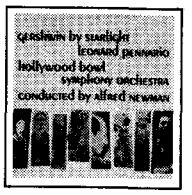
59-50. KARAJAN CONDUCTS OVERTURES. WEBER; MENDELSSOHN: The Hebrides; WAGNER: Lohengrin, Flying Dutchman. Berlin Philharmonic.

17-95. KAY STARR. JUST PLAIN COUNTRY. *Crazy, 4 Walls, Don't Worry, I Can't Help It, My Last Date, Walk On By,* many others.

7-40. THE KING AND I. *Original movie sound track of Rodgers and Hammerstein's success. Hello Young Lovers, We Kiss in a Shadow,* more.

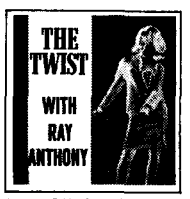
17-10. THE GARLAND TOUCH. JUDY GARLAND. Stunning performance by Miss Showbiz! *My Man, I Don't Care, Lucky Day, Sweet Danger,* 9 more.

17-20. FERLIN HUSKY. SOME OF MY FAVORITES. Songs with a sound as big as America. *Willow Tree, My Adobe Hacienda,* 10 more.



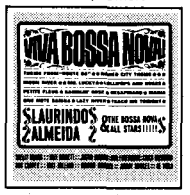
85-81. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT. Leonard Pennario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony. *Cuban Overture, Second Rhapsody,* etc.

7-56. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. HYMNS. 12 cherished songs, including *Rock Of Ages, The Old Rugged Cross, Sweet Hour Of Prayer, My Task.*



16-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hat Twist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist,* 5 more.

6-94. CAROUSEL. Movie *sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone,* others.



17-59. VIVA BOSSA NOVA! LAURINDO ALMEIDA, his fiery guitar and band swing the new dance rage. *Lazy River, Mr. Lucky,* 10 others.

16-65. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND SUPPER CLUB. Red's 5 Pennies in 13 dancers' delights: *Blue, Always, Sentimental Journey,* 10 more.

17-07. VICTOR HERBERT ON STAGE. ROGER WAGNER CHORALE turns back time with *Indian Summer, Kiss Me Again, When You're Away,* 8 more

16-86. BIG BEAT HAMMOND. JACKIE DAVIS!! Jazz rocks the organ with *Honeysuckle Rose, Stompin' at the Savoy, The Song is You,* others.

12-92. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West.

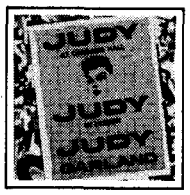
16-82. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: STARS IN OUR EYES. Salutes to great vocal groups of the past. *Apple Blossom Time, Opus #1, Shangri-La,* 9 more.

16-69. THE LETTERMEN. A SONG FOR YOUNG LOVE. *I'll Be Seeing You, In The Still Of The Night, Dreamer, Valley High,* 8 more romantic ballads.

15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of *Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed,* 11 more.

15-96. WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG. Six songs on the sentimental side, six on the "rockin'" side. 12 sugar 'n spice performances!

JUDY GARLAND



15-69A & 15-69B. JUDY AT CARNEGIE HALL. "Garland at her greatest." *Hi-Fi Stereo Review.* 28 exciting songs from the greatest evening in showbusiness history: *Man That Got Away, Trolley Song, Chicago, San Francisco,* 24 more encores, recorded *live.*

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

17-04. FABULOUS HITS OF DINAH SHORE. Especially recorded. *Jim, Blues in the Night, I'll Walk Alone, The Gypsy, Buttons & Bows,* 7 more.

16-34. FARON YOUNG. THE YOUNG APPROACH. His most popular hits: *Backtrack, Goin' Steady, I Fall to Pieces, Trail of Tears,* 8 others.

14-34. SING A SPIRITUAL WITH ME. ERNIE FORD. *Steal Away, Old Time Religion, Roll Jordan Roll, Joshua Fit the Battle,* many others.

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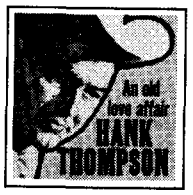
10-69. FRANK SINATRA. COME DANCE WITH ME. 1960 winner of 3 awards: Album of Year, Best Male Vocalist Performance, Best Arrangements!

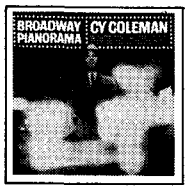
16-93. THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY. Misty One's big hits: *Midnight Sun, Willow Weep for Me, Something Cool, How High the Moon,* 8 more.

17-06. THE BROTHERS CASTRO. LATIN & HIP. Mexico's electrifying songsters! *Perdido, Summertime, Tenderly, How High the Moon,* 8 others.

17-41. HANK THOMPSON & BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS: #1 Country & Western Band! *Gathering Flowers, Jersey Bounce, Red Skin Gal,* 9 more.



15-44. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. *My Old Flame, I'll be Around, Just A Little While, It's My Fault,* 8 more torch numbers.

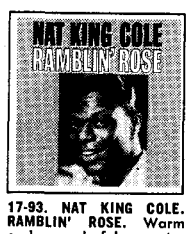


17-40. CY COLEMAN. BROADWAY PIANORAMA. Hits from Broadway shows. *Old Devil Moon, Lonely Town, Lost in Loveliness,* 9 more.

17-53. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: THE SWINGERS. 12 jazz sizzlers: *Li'l Darlin', Taps Miller, Satin Doll, Lullaby of Birdland, Lulu's Back in Town,* more.

10-51. RED NICHOLS. PARADE OF THE PENNIES. King of Dixie cornetists recreates 11 foot-stompers: *Avalon, Delta Roll,* more.

16-81. KAY STARR. I CRY BY NIGHT. *My Kinda Love, P. S. I Love You, More Than You Know, Lover Man, It Had to Be You,* 7 more lovers' songs.



NAT KING COLE

16-28. GEORGE SHEARING. SATIN AFFAIR. The quintet with strings—*Star Dust, My Romance, The Party's Over, Early Autumn,* 8 other smooth stylings.

17-50. GEORGE CHAKIRIS. The singing discovery of West Side Story sings *Maria, One Girl, Ill Wind, By Myself, Tonight, I Believe in You,* more.

10-05. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. NEARER THE CROSS. Inspiring hymns—*Now The Day Is Over, Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me,* ten other favorites.

35-73A & 35-73B. THE MIKADO. Gilbert and Sullivan. Hear the biting wit and enchanting music of the Savoyards in a brilliant new album. Sir Malcom Sargent leads the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and the Pro Arte Orchestra.

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

14-72. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEARING TOUCH. Superb stylings of *Nola, Misty, Bewitched, Honeysuckle Rose,* 7 more. With Billy May strings.

9-96. THE KINGSTON TRIO. They sing their smash hit, *Tom Dooley,* and 11 more great songs ranging from calypso to sea chanteys. (Monaural only)

17-05. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. Now—all their great hits in one album! *Tom Dooley, Tijuana Jail, Everglades,* 9 other best-sellers.

15-53. WILD HI-FI/STEREO DRUMS. Billy May, Les Baxter, others in a percussion orgy! *Bongo Bash, Rocket Racket,* 7 more, Monaural or Stereo.

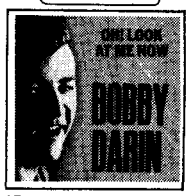
58-37. MELODIE CELEBRI. GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO. A full-voiced tenor sings 12 Neapolitan songs: *Lolita, Malia, Ideale, Aprile,* and other love melodies.

16-35. SWING! STAGED FOR SOUND. Van Alexander's big-band sounds in highest hi-fi: *I Won't Dance, In a Mellow Tone,* 10 more.

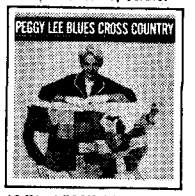
16-78. PAUL WHITEMAN CONDUCTS GEORGE GERSHWIN. Fresh interpretations of *Rhapsody in Blue, An American in Paris,* Pennario, piano soloist.

16-59. DEAN MARTIN. DINO. Long-awaited album of Italian love songs: *Non Dimenticar, Pardon, Arrivederci Roma, Just Say I Love Her,* 8 more.

Angel



17-91. BOBBY DARIN. OH! LOOK AT ME NOW. His smash first Capitol album. *Blue Skies, Always, My Buddy, The Party's Over,* 8 other specials.

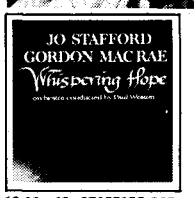


16-71. PEGGY LEE. BLUES CROSS COUNTRY. *Basin Street Blues, St. Louis Blues, Goin' to Chicago, N.Y. City Blues, Los Angeles Blues,* 7 more.

16-75. NAT KING COLE SINGS/GEORGE SHEARING PLAYS. Their first meeting on records is an event! *September Song, Lost April, Serenata,* 9 more.

16-58. KINGSTON TRIO COLLEGE CONCERT. Live at U.C.L.A. *Little Light, Laredo?, M.T.A., 500 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds,* others.

THE KINGSTON TRIO



16-96. JO STAFFORD-GORDON MACRAE. WHISPERING HOPE. Duets on songs of faith: *Rock of Ages, A Perfect Day,* 10 others.

85-23. AMERICANA. CARMEN DRAGON and the Capitol Symphony Orchestra. "American music emphasized to the full . . ."—Record Review.

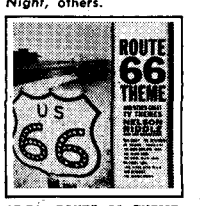
15-38. SINATRA. ALL THE WAY. Frank's greatest hit singles. *High Hopes, Witchcraft, Talk to Me, Sleep Warm, Ol' MacDonald,* 7 more.

18-06. THE SOUL OF COUNTRY & WESTERN STRINGS. Rich orchestrations of *Any Time, Tennessee Waltz, He'll Have to Go,* others.

12-58. KINGSTON TRIO. HERE WE GO AGAIN. Guitars, banjos and bongos going like crazy. *Haul Away, Goober Peas, A Worried Man,* 10 more.

15-33. STAN KENTON. THE ROMANTIC APPROACH. His newest, most exciting dance band! *Imagination, I Understand, Fools Rush In,* 9 more.

17-03. MEDLEYS IN THE MORGAN MANNER. RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA. *Baby Face, Liza, Thou Swell, Deep Night,* others.



17-71. ROUTE 66 THEME. NELSON RIDDLE. Plus themes from *Ben Casey, Untouchables, Naked City, Sing Along, Sam Benedict,* other TV shows.

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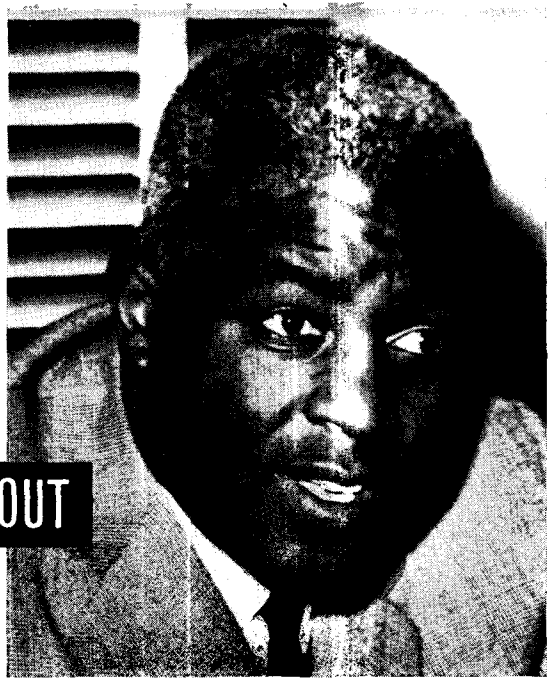
SPEAKING OUT



Jackie Robinson, the first Negro in big-league baseball, is now a corporation vice president and father of three children. A relentless stumper for civil rights, he visited Birmingham and lent his prestige to the recent rights demonstrations there.

THE G.O.P.: FOR WHITE MEN ONLY?

By JACKIE ROBINSON

A world-famous Negro who served Nixon in 1960 blasts a right-wing tendency to turn against the Negro in 1964.

It seems to me that there is a striking parallel between the thinking of the Black Muslims and of the growing number of conservative Republicans who support Sen. Barry Goldwater. Both groups want to detour from the highway to racial integration. Both groups feel they can reach their goals by traveling the road of racial separation.

Muslims want the Negro to abandon his quest for amalgamation into the mainstream of American life. They want him to establish a separate black society within a separate black state. Some of the Goldwater conservatives proclaim a goal ironically similar. They want the G.O.P. to become "the white man's party." By de-emphasizing the civil-rights issue, they believe, thus abandoning the Negro vote, that the G.O.P. can capture the already crumbling "solid Democratic South."

The Muslims, in short, want some sort of earthly black heaven. The senator's friends want a white-Republican White House. And to get what they want, both plan to shunt the Negro to the side.

I believe that the Muslims and the Goldwater forces have as much chance of realizing their aims—through separation of the races—as the N.A.A.C.P. has of selling a life membership to Alabama Gov. George Wallace. On the other hand, I am aware that we live in an age in which the most improbable sometimes materializes. Therefore, as a matter of practical realism, I am convinced that Americans who want this country to move forward must meet the challenge of any group, black nationalist or lily-white, that would bring about separation or segregation in any area of human activity.

As the oracle of the white-Republican movement, Senator Goldwater is busy these days. Though he doesn't want to be President—he says—he is bursting with counsel to his party on how to elect a President in 1964. He is impressed, as are many others in his party, with the political breakthrough Republicans have made in the South in recent years. A study conducted by the Republican National Committee reveals that broader Republican gains were achieved in Dixie in 1962 than the party had won since the days of Reconstruction. Democratic bastions long held in Texas, Florida and North Carolina have fallen to the G.O.P. Goldwater Republicans, shrewdly viewing the southern discomfort over the Kennedy Administration's civil-rights stance, are weighing the delicate question of how to capitalize on this resentment. They are tantalized by the idea that they can win a national election without the Negro vote, without emphasizing the explosive, emotion-charged civil-rights issue.

Their reasoning both angers and puzzles me. During the 1960 elections, because I believed in Vice President Richard Nixon's basic sincerity about the Negro question, I took a leave of absence from my job to campaign with the Republican candidate. Time and again I vainly attempted to warn him that he was courting defeat by soft-pedaling the civil-rights issue. His failure to speak in Harlem during his visits to New York City; his decision not to yield to pressure that he speak out about the abortive Georgia failing of Dr. Martin Luther King; his obvious embarrassment when his running-mate, Henry Cabot Lodge, publicly announced that there ought to be a Negro in the cabinet; and his insistence on being photographed with an archsegregationist—former Supreme Court Justice James F. Byrnes—all indicated that Mr. Nixon had written off the Negro vote.

Negro voters retaliated by writing off Mr. Nixon. The day after the election the Democratic national chairman attributed the Republican loss partly to Mr. Nixon's failure to hold the Negro vote gains that had been acquired by Mr. Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956. Mr. Nixon himself acknowledged that he might have been elected President if he had only taken a strong, early stand on integration.

All around the country, during the early stages of the campaign, I talked with many people who viewed Senator Kennedy and the Vice President as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Negroes, in particular, were waiting for a reason to give preference to one or the other. Toward the end of the campaign they got their reason. Dr. Martin Luther King, the much admired Negro leader, was unjustly jailed in Georgia. The anger of Negroes all over the country was aroused, and many whites were outraged. Senator Kennedy placed a now historic telephone call to Mrs. King to express his concern. At the same time his brother, Robert, contacted Georgia authorities. The Negro vote went to Kennedy.

According to a Gallup poll of December, 1960, seven out of ten Negroes voted for Senator Kennedy. Negro support of the Democratic ticket proved equally strong in both north and south, providing winning margins in Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Texas and South Carolina.

An unlearned lesson

Despite these eloquently clear political facts of life, some Republicans are again advising the G.O.P.—the party which for so many decades has been asking Negroes to vote for Mr. Lincoln—to emphasize "economic conservatism" over civil rights. Yet Nixon himself, returning from a trip to India, once told the press that every time a photograph of racial conflict in America was published on foreign front pages, it was like putting another gun in the hands of the Communists.

The lily-white leaders among the Republicans are exhibiting a genius for misreading current events.

Mr. Goldwater, for example, says the filibuster, the traditional enemy of civil-rights progress, should be upheld. And although in his book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, he pays his respects to the *objective* of the Supreme Court desegregation ruling of 1954, he goes on to say, "I am . . . not impressed by the claim that the Supreme Court's decision . . . is the law of the land."

At least Mr. Goldwater gives lip service to the court's objectives. Mr. Eisenhower on the other hand, was in my opinion so unaware of his personal, moral responsibility to civil rights that he left the White House without ever once having indicated whether he believed the ruling was right. When queried by the press, he consistently dodged the issue. The best he could say was that the high court decision was the law of the land and that he was therefore obliged to enforce it. Mr. Eisenhower got away with his evasion because so many millions of Americans regarded him as a father who could do no wrong and because they were unable to resist the glamour of his grin.

But if some top Republicans are insensitive to the fact that civil rights is our most crucial domestic problem, there are others who are not.

New York Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller has made it quite clear where he stands. He has issued a blanket endorsement of the President's civil-rights proposals and stated that they should be backed by Republican congressmen. And he has labeled "sinister" the scheme for a white G.O.P. "The transparent purpose of this plan," he said recently, "is to erect political power on the outlawed and immoral base of segregation. . . . No such plan ever has or ever will succeed."

New York senators Jacob Javits and Kenneth Keating are also on record. Senator Javits, in a Senate speech, said he is "deeply disturbed" over proposals for a "white man's party." Senator Keating has declared, "If the Republicans try to outsegregate the southern segregationists, they will remain forever the minority party. . . . The Republican Party was born out of the struggle against slavery and has been on the side of freedom throughout

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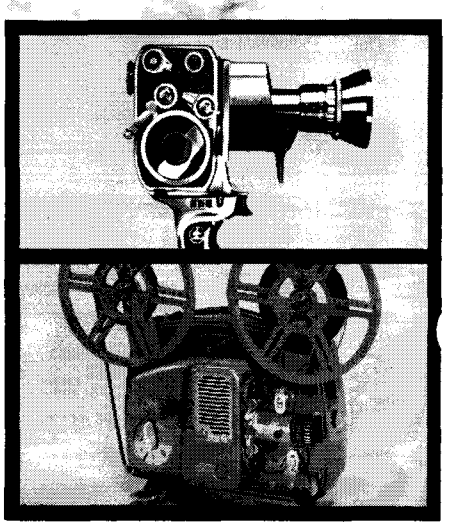

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Napoleon Lyre Clock designed by Festeau Le Jeune, Paris (Circa 1830), from the Old Charter Clock Collection.

Tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . the Bourbon that didn't watch the clock . . . many long years!

EXCLUSIVE EDITION! *Rarer than rare—Old Charter at 10 years old is now available in limited bottling to Bourbon connoisseurs who relish the rare quality only extra aging gives to a fine whisky.* Send us your dealer's name, we'll see he has some.

Only a superior whisky improves with age. Old Charter—when it goes into the cask—is the finest whisky obtainable. Long years later, it emerges with all the subtle bouquet, flavor, and mellowness nature can bestow. Isn't it time you tried Kentucky's Finest Bourbon?

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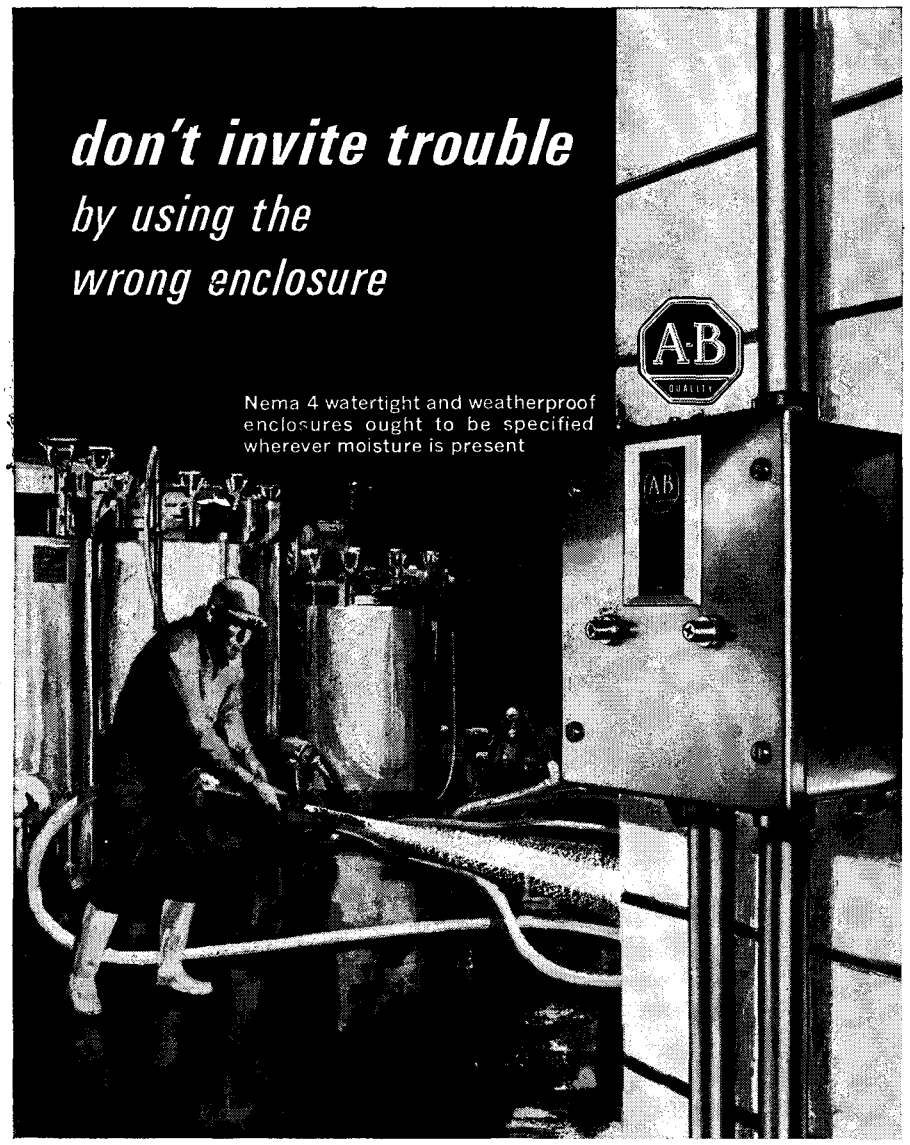
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by using the
wrong enclosure
Nema 4 watertight and weatherproof enclosures ought to be specified wherever moisture is present
A-B
QUALITY

■ Using a Nema 1 enclosure, where a Nema 4 watertight enclosure is the only *right* answer, is being "penny-wise and pound-foolish." *You* invite completely unnecessary troubles which often result in production delays or even complete production interruption. Simple arithmetic can quickly prove that almost any production loss will wipe out the "money" you expected to save by using the cheaper enclosure. Indoors or outdoors —especially where daily washdowns are required—Allen-Bradley's Nema Type 4 stainless steel enclosures will—over the years—prove to have been an investment in good judgement. In addition, you obtain the benefits of the lasting finish of stainless steel—inside and out—which is easy to keep clean, while the installation will always have a "quality" appearance.

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The Series K line of control has only one moving part, so efficiently guided that you are assured of millions and millions of completely trouble free operations. Two solderpot overload relays—three can be furnished where required—provide dependable life insurance for the motor, and—they are both trip-free and tamperproof. Though reset from the front, no moisture can get into the Nema 4 enclosure via these reset buttons.

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SPEAKING OUT

its history. For Republicans to set aside this heritage is wrong politically and morally, and could lead to disaster for our party and our country."

In a recent *New York Times* dispatch from Washington, Warren Weaver points out that "the prospect of a 1964 national ticket headed by Senator Barry Goldwater has the reelection plans of liberal Republican congressmen from the Northeast in a sorry state of disarray." Mr. Weaver writes that senators and representatives who will be seeking reelection in 1964 from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts face a dilemma in equating their political philosophies with those of Senator Goldwater.

But even conservative Republicans should be alarmed by the tactic of forming a "white man's party," simply because it would fail. Such a party would not attract enough southern voters. I have more faith in the basic decency of many southern whites than Mr. Nixon or Senator Goldwater seems to have. I think the temper of southern whites is changing with respect to the just demands of the Negro. I think this was demonstrated in Birmingham. Someone has written that it is remarkable that Dr. Martin King was able to wage and win a chaotic crusade in Birmingham, but not as remarkable as the fact that he was not murdered on the spot when he went there to lead it. Bull Connor's police dogs and fire hoses and the imprisonment of school children were sensational news, but not so sensational as the fact that the Birmingham white *community* maintained a strict hands-off policy. Ten years ago, if Negroes had shown such aggressiveness, there surely would have been full-scale rioting and mass slaughter.

I believe the masses of southern whites would be relieved to get the monkey of segregation off their backs. I believe they are becoming increasingly aware that this beast makes a sham out of their sincere, personal religious views, destroys their economy, and gives their communities a negative and ugly image. The southern white man who has not dared to speak liberal thoughts for fear of ostracism has today a better climate in which to voice his views. He now has the tremendous moral encouragement of the President's magnificent civil-rights message. His business leaders, for their own purposes, want racial tensions eliminated. A number of his elected public officials—some governors, some mayors—are taking firm, official stands which would have earned them impeachment 10 years ago. The leading religious denominations are making statements and raising funds and executing policy designed to expose the hypocrisy of acknowledging the fatherhood of God on Sunday and denying the brotherhood of man on Monday.

So there is no certainty that Senator Goldwater or anyone else could capture the South through an all-out abandonment of the demand for racial justice. I submit that it is as intolerant to assume that all southern whites are insensitive to justice as it is to condemn all Negroes as inferior. Certainly southern whites have the usual share of intelligence. And intelligence surely must persuade southern whites who stop to think that, as Dr. Martin King says, "injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere."

Recently I discussed with Doctor King the plan to form a Jim Crow party. I asked him what he thought the reaction of the Negro would be. "I think that Negroes should and would become more politically unified than ever before in the history of this nation," the noted minister said. "I think they would rise up together in a tremendous voting bloc to repudiate the idea of Jim Crow politics and political immorality which dares to bypass the burning issue of civil rights. The dignity of the human personality ought never be made a partisan, political issue. It is not a question of black people against white people. It is a question of injustice against justice."

The highly respected Negro weekly, the Norfolk *Journal and Guide*, says editorially, "The G.O.P. enchantment with Dixie, pursued a la Goldwater, will bring a rude awakening to those dreaming pleasant political dreams."

James Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, finds it hard to believe that any group of responsible politicians sincerely believes civil rights will not be an important issue in the 1964 campaign. "If they believe the issue will not be civil rights, they are entirely wrong—barking up the wrong tree," Mr. Farmer observes. "I don't see how anyone who is politically alive can ignore what is happening in the country today and not see that it will be a key issue, if not *the* key issue."

Matter of principle

Speaking for myself, as a Negro citizen, I have no pretensions to leadership and no delusions about my power to sway voters. Despite my affiliation with the Nixon campaign in 1960, I am not a Republican. I do not vote for party but for men who, to me, exemplify high principle. In my syndicated newspaper column and in speeches around the country, I have been highly critical of the Kennedy Administration for what I have considered a token approach on civil rights. I was deeply impressed by the President's civil-rights message, which I believed contained the words of a statesman, not simply a politician. Although I felt he soured the situation later by asking civil-rights groups to slow down, I will take him over Barry Goldwater any day in the week.

If the Republicans nominated Mr. Goldwater or any other States' Righter who wants to win by ignoring the Negroes' plight and the danger of racism in our country—in short, the civil-rights issue—I would feel it my duty to participate personally in the campaign. I would go everywhere I could possibly go, urging members of my race and other Americans to clobber Jim Crow politics so brutally that never again in the foreseeable future would anyone thus attempt to turn back the clock of progress in our nation. I would urge the Negro to work to turn out a greater vote for the Democrats than they received in 1960. For by doing this, we would dramatically repudiate the idea of a "white man's party." We would refute the evil proposition that one group of Americans may legitimately gain by barring other Americans from their rights.

Joseph Alsop said in his syndicated column: ". . . this is a moral decision as well as a political decision; and it is to be hoped that a majority of the Republicans will see it that way."

I hope so too. But I say that we must be forewarned. We must be aware. We must prepare by alerting others, by stepping up voter-registration drives in the North and South. We must do this, not alone for the Negro but also for the sake of our national integrity. THE END

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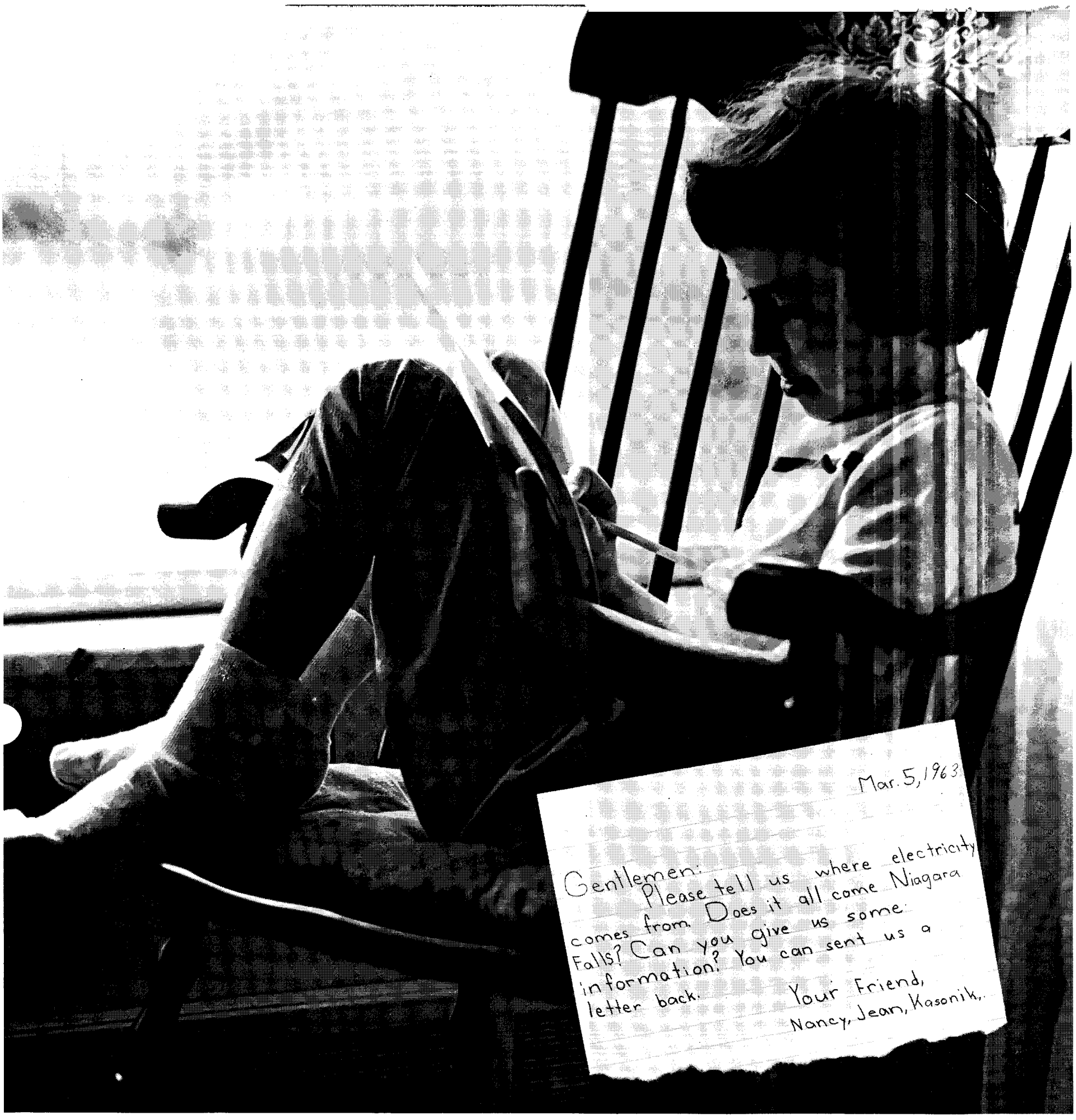
Mar. 5, 1963
Gentlemen:
Please tell us where electricity comes from. Does it all come Niagara Falls? Can you give us some information? You can sent us a letter back.
Your Friend,
Nancy, Jean, Kasonik,

No, Nancy, it doesn't all come from Niagara Falls

The letter above came from the little girl in the picture. She lives in Monroeville, Pa.

If we could tell her "yes," we would, because we like to tell little girls they're right. But this time we can't.

Most of the electricity delivered to Nancy's home is produced by the nearby investor-owned electric light and power company serving her neighborhood. And when it is needed, some of her electricity could come from other places far away. That's because her local electric company is interconnected with other investor-owned companies.

As a matter of fact, most of the electricity Nancy (and everyone else) uses doesn't come from falling water at all. More than 80% of it comes from plants that use steam-driven turbine generators, because this is usually the most practical way to make electricity.

So we say this to Nancy (and to all of you we hope are peeking): "Electricity from many different places can help to light and run your home, because local investor-owned companies across our nation are working together to serve you and all America with abundant, low-cost electricity today—and through all the years that lie ahead of you."

INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES ... *serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation*

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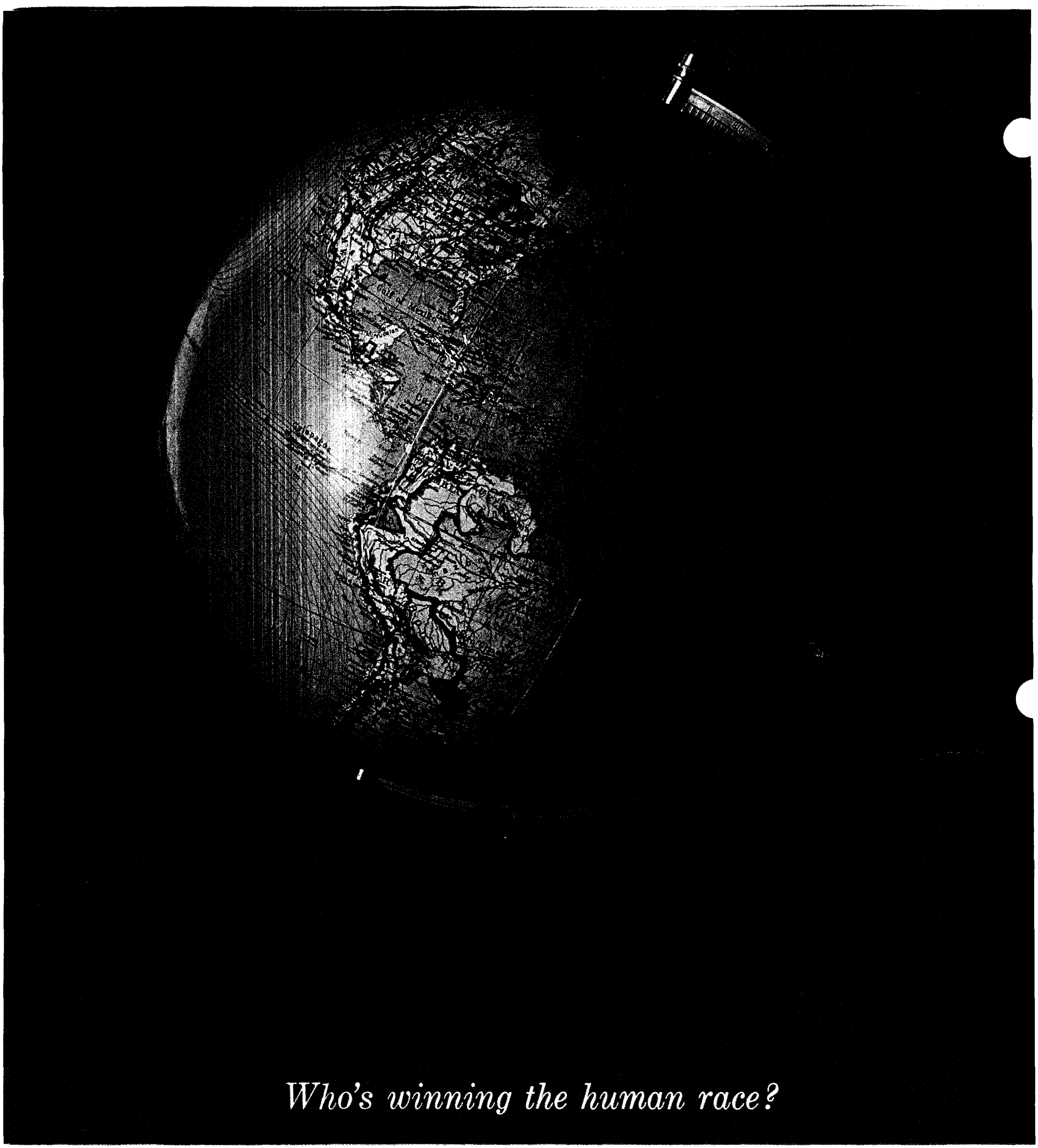

Who's winning the human race?

In forty-six years of Communist rule Russia has not developed a single new drug of consequence. The pharmaceutical industry in Russia is owned by the state.

In half that time, from 1939 to 1962, American drug companies developed at least 75 new drugs important to modern medicine.

Drugs that:

Drastically reduced the death toll from such mass killers as pneumonia, tuberculosis, influenza.

Cut down such crippling diseases as polio.

Sent thousands home from mental institutions, restoring them to normal living.

All of these drugs were made possible by a competitive American drug industry and medical center research. And by a patent system that encourages new inventions and discoveries.

Under this system American drug companies are spending hundreds of millions of dollars in research every year to find still better drugs against a host of ills: heart disease, viral diseases, cancer, the common cold.

Drugs that will not only add years of life for millions of Americans, but for many people all over the world.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the costs of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

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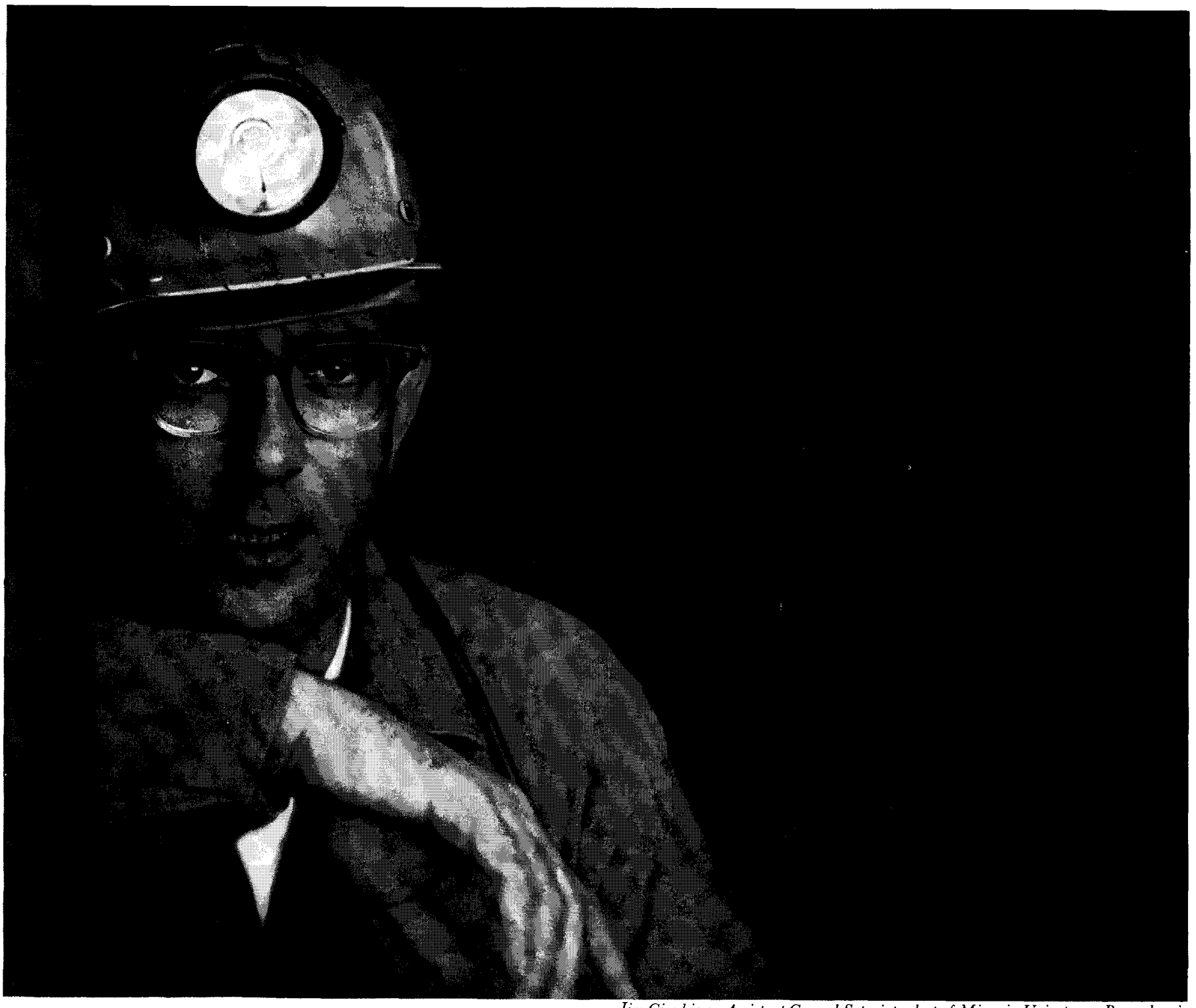
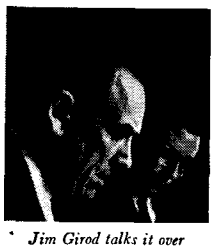


Jim Girod is an Assistant General Superintendent of Mines in Uniontown, Pennsylvania

"With my company benefits...who needs life insurance?"

"But a MONY man showed me I did...especially after the twins came!"



Jim Girod talks it over with Ed Sittler, CLU

"I thought I was in great shape. My company takes good care of its people. And I had some insurance, besides.

"So I guess I didn't give MONY man Ed Sittler much encouragement. But he really impressed me, because he seemed more interested in me than in a sale.

"Ed made sense. 'You'll be sitting pretty when you retire,' he said. 'But with the twins, you've got 5 youngsters to protect. Will your wife have enough income if you suddenly died?'

"Well, Ed designed a MONY plan around what my company was doing, to give Rose Marie the right protection.

"He also showed how I could use the cash values in the life insurance policies to help send the kids to college.

"He built a plan of MONY Health Insurance around my company benefits, too . . . which kept the cost down! Here's one family man with peace of mind . . . thanks to Ed, and MONY."

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE. *They'll be glad to discuss both life and health insurance, and are well trained to work out a plan to help you. For more information about* MONY *insurance, mail coupon at right.*

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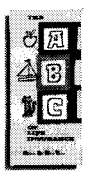
Please send me your free, easy-to-read booklet, "The ABC of Life Insurance."



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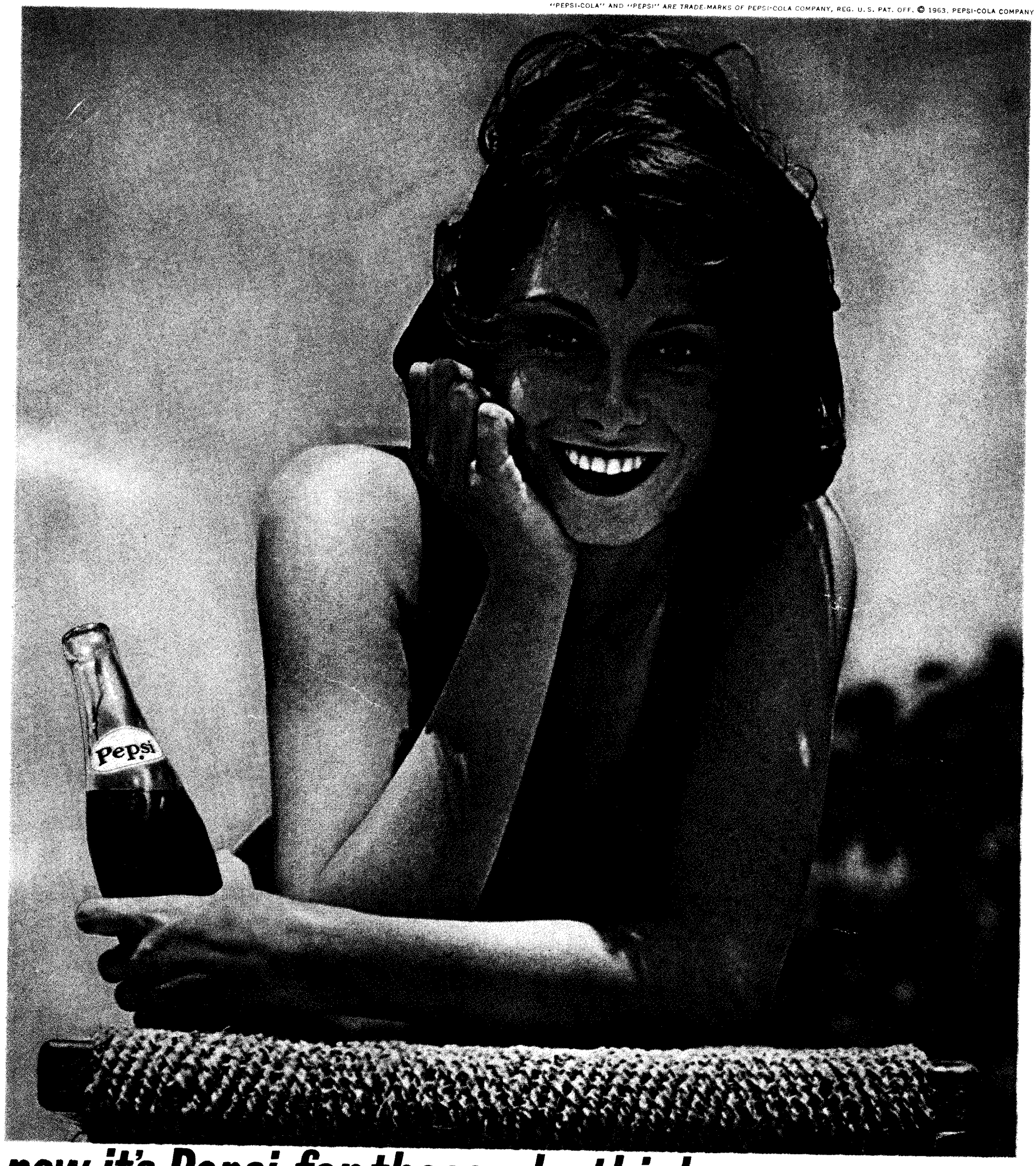

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

Sunshine brings more people out today—and more people bring out Pepsi! Light, bracing Pepsi matches your modern activities with a sparkling-clean taste that's never too sugary or too sweet. And nothing drenches your thirst like a cold, inviting Pepsi-Cola. So think young—say "Pepsi, please!"

PEPSI-COLA

PEPSI-COLA INVITES YOU TO WATCH THE 1963 MISS AMERICA PAGEANT TELECAST... SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

Crime in America

Mafia: The inside story

For decades this criminal society managed to keep its secrets. But now a member has talked, identifying the men who rule big-time crime.

By PETER MAAS

In the biggest intelligence breakthrough in the history of America's fight against organized crime, the anatomy of the Mafia has been revealed for the first time. The syndicate has now been cracked. Indictments are going out and arrests are being made. In future issues, Quentin Reynolds and Budd Schulberg will explore other facets of our crime crisis, and the Government's drive to destroy the mobs.

Shortly after eight A.M. on June 22, 1962, at the U.S. Penitentiary in Atlanta, a convicted narcotics dealer named Joseph Valachi picked up a two-foot length of iron pipe left over from some prison repair work. Before anyone could stop him, Valachi suddenly rushed at a fellow inmate from behind and beat him to death.

At first it appeared to be nothing more than a routine prison murder. It was not. It stands as one of the most dramatic developments in the long battle between the forces of law and the forces of racketeering. Organized crime is the biggest business in this country. It grosses close to 10 percent of the national income—more than $40 billion a year—and virtually forms a state within the state. While it pays no taxes to the Government, it pays to corrupt countless public officials at all levels. Besides its illicit rackets, it has increasingly infiltrated and taken over legitimate businesses and labor unions. Last year the Justice Department's drive against organized crime resulted in a record 251 individual convictions, compared with only 45 in 1960. Now, in the words of Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the Valachi case has provided the department with the "biggest intelligence breakthrough we have ever had."

For weeks Joseph Valachi had been living in terror. Even though he was behind bars, he had learned that the underworld had sentenced him to die because he was suspected of having "cooperated" with the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. In a frantic attempt to save himself, he assaulted the convict who he believed had been appointed his executioner.

At first Valachi refused to give prison authorities any reason for the killing. "I just went crazy," he insisted. "I was in a fog." But then, seized anew by fears for his life, he began to crack. He asked to see the narcotics agent who had questioned him initially after his arrest in 1959. At that time the agent had managed to wheedle some fragmentary information out of Valachi about narcotics traffic across U.S. borders. Now it became quickly apparent that he had a far bigger story to tell.

At this critical juncture, a special section of the Justice Department, expressly created by Attorney General Kennedy to deal with organized crime and racketeering, stepped in. It had Valachi yanked out of the prison system proper and turned over to a veteran FBI agent, who spent eight months coaxing his unpredictable prisoner to talk. During his interrogation Valachi admitted taking part in at least four previously unsolved gangland slayings stretching back to 1930. In addition, he supplied details about more than 30 others. From him, at long last, the Justice Department learned the real reasons behind the famous meeting of

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WHAT IT MEANS

By
ROBERT F. KENNEDY
Attorney General

The Valachi case represents the biggest intelligence breakthrough yet in combating organized crime and racketeering in the United States.

It is the result of exceptional teamwork among the FBI, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and the Organized Crime and Racketeering Section of the Justice Department. Without such coordination the information from Valachi would have been largely wasted.

The stakes involved are enormous. Many Americans think that organized crime doesn't involve them, and so tend to be only vaguely concerned.

The fact is that the economic and political power of organized crime has grown so rapidly that while the lives of most Americans may not be directly affected by it, they are definitely, and harmfully, affected in indirect ways.

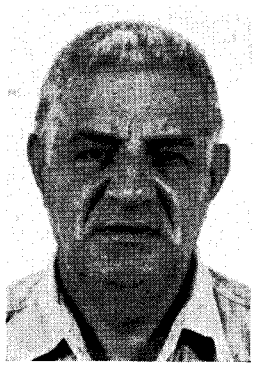
We can all be affected by the negligence of a public official or a police officer who has been corrupted, by a gambler's "fix" of a sporting event, or by needlessly increased prices resulting from racketeers' involvement in business and labor.

Today, the power of organized crime is being considerably blunted by the work of dedicated men and women in federal, state and local enforcement agencies. But the battle cannot be won overnight, nor can it ever be fully won without the active help of an aroused citizenry.

All Americans can participate in defending our basic freedoms by taking an active and informed interest in local as well as state and national politics, and by helping our law-enforcement officers wherever and however they can.

All Americans can help by remembering that if they place a bet with a bookie on a horse race or a football game, a heavy percentage of their money will end up in the greedy hands of a Valachi, a Genovese, or one of their henchmen.

No one can afford to remain aloof from this effort. Magazines, newspapers, TV and radio have a stern responsibility in putting the news of racketeering constantly before the public, in its true perspective. They can do much toward helping the hard work of law-enforcement officers at all levels of government. But in the ultimate job of driving out gangsters and racketeers from our national life, nothing can replace the force of an aroused, determined, informed and articulate public. That means everyone in America.



Narcotics dealer Valachi: His evidence may destroy crime syndicate.

underworld chieftains in 1957 at Apalachin, New York. And for the first time the Department also got an inside account of many bloody feuds that have mysteriously erupted in the gang world. Among them: the unsuccessful attempt to assassinate racketeer Frank Costello and the murder of mobster Albert Anastasia.

But Valachi's major disclosure was the complete story of the operation of a powerful underworld society that is popularly known as the "Mafia." Actually its members don't call it the Mafia, he reported. It is big and highly organized. It runs a huge network of criminal activity from coast to coast—murdering, corrupting and netting hundreds of millions of dollars. Its true name, in Italian, is *Cosa Nostra*. The English translation is "Our Thing."

"Before Valachi came along," says William Hundley, who heads the Justice Department's section on organized crime, "we had no tangible evidence that anything like this actually existed. He's the first to talk openly and specifically about the organization. In the past we've heard that so-and-so was a 'syndicate man' and that was all. Frankly, I always thought it was a lot of hogwash. But Valachi named names. He showed us what the structure is and how it operates. He told us who the strong ones in it are. And better yet he told us about the weak ones—those who could possibly be turned into informers. In a sense we're like a football coach who has suddenly been given all the strengths and weaknesses of the other team. Except this isn't a game."

Valachi, now 58, is squat and swarthy. He has impassive brown eyes and a shock of iron-gray hair. His voice is guttural and his English crude. When he speaks of *Cosa Nostra*, he smokes cigarettes in an endless chain, and he says he can feel the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. It is not surprising; he has been ordered to kill men for doing far less than he has done.

Valachi has been in *Cosa Nostra* since 1930. Starting out as a gunman, he moved into the policy numbers racket under bigtime mobster Vito Genovese. By the end of World War II he was already recognized by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics as a "major figure" in the shipment of dope across U.S. borders. Finally seized, he was sentenced in 1960 to 15 years in prison.

No one else has ever broken *Cosa Nostra*'s rigid conspiracy of silence and lived to tell about it. Valachi has named scores of its members. He is a walking encyclopedia of its habits, its rules, its vendettas and its main areas of activity. Today, as a result, he is the most closely guarded prisoner in Federal hands; only a handful of top officials know his whereabouts. A great deal of what he has revealed to the FBI is still secret.

Cosa Nostra is divided into units, each of which is called a "family." Each family reigns supreme in its own area. These areas include Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Newark, New York City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and San Francisco. In Valachi's words, resort centers such as Miami and Las Vegas are "loose" or "open." This means that any family, wherever its base, can maintain members and rackets there.

The ruler of a family is known as the *capo* or "boss." Under him are a number of "lieutenants." Each lieutenant is in charge of a *regima* or "crew." A crew in turn is composed of "soldiers." Some soldiers work directly for their lieutenants. Others are permitted to conduct their own illicit operations, often involving "outsiders" who are aware only of a vague syndicate or mob lurking in the background.

About a third of *Cosa Nostra*'s members are in New York City. They are split into five families. Valachi named the boss of each. These five men are the overlords of organized crime in the nation's largest metropolis. While police have long recognized them as big-time racketeers, their exact status in the underworld had remained uncertain. All have pretended respectability in such fields as importing, real estate and manufacturing.

One of them, Vito Genovese, was asked by a Senate investigating committee if he had any moral scruples about killing a man. He replied, "I respectfully decline to answer on the ground that my answer may tend to incriminate me." So feared is Genovese that he retains his position even though he is serving a 15-year sentence in a Federal penitentiary for trafficking in narcotics. He is currently petitioning the U.S. Supreme Court to reverse his conviction. Nobody, meanwhile, has dared displace him. As Valachi commented, "They wait to see how Vito makes out."

A second *Cosa Nostra* boss in New York City named by Valachi is Joseph (Joe Bananas) Bonanno. In an effort to achieve legitimate status, Bonanno has taken up residence in Tucson, Ariz., where he poses as nothing more than a successful dabbler in real estate. A third, Carlo Gambino, blandly describes himself as a labor-management "consultant." Still a fourth—and the oldest in terms of tenure—is Thomas (Three-Finger Brown) Luchese. The fifth, Joseph Profaci, has died of cancer since Valachi's defection. He ran his family in Brooklyn for more than 30 years, and the wreaths of flowers at his funeral last year were in the best gangland tradition. Profaci is believed to have been succeeded by his brother-in-law, Joseph Magliocco.

Cosa Nostra's grand council

On a national scale, *Cosa Nostra* has no "Mr. Big." Instead it has been governed in recent years by a grand council, or "commission," of 12 individual bosses scattered across the country. As a result of intensive undercover intelligence work, the FBI now knows who the 12 are. All the New York bosses sit on it. The others are Joseph Zerilli, Detroit; Angelo Bruno, Philadelphia; Sam Giancana, Chicago; Stefano Magaddino, Buffalo; Raymond Patriarca, Providence and Boston; John T. Scalish, Cleveland; and Sebastian (Big John) La Rocca, Pittsburgh.

The council has one main purpose: to keep *Cosa Nostra* a going concern. It is the final arbiter on disputes that crop up between one family and another. When a boss dies or is otherwise removed, it must confirm the man who succeeds him. It also decides when new talent can be brought into the fold.

There have been only two such periods in modern times. Membership "books" were opened in 1930 for one year. In 1954 they were reopened, this time for four years. There is one inflexible requirement for admission: Italian parentage on both sides. Valachi says that he has never heard of an exception to this. Theoretically, a proposed candidate must also kill for *Cosa Nostra* before he is fully accepted. But, according to Valachi, this requirement was largely ignored during the last recruitment period. Then, "how much dough a guy could bring in was what counted."

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Ironically, Valachi views such a change from "old days" with scorn. For him it is still another sign that *Cosa Nostra* is going soft. "They're all hungry for the buck," he says. "Nobody gives a —— about the organization."

Valachi grew up in New York City, the son of an immigrant day laborer. With a grammar-school education and four years in Sing Sing behind him, his initiation into *Cosa Nostra* in 1930 took place in the back room of a restaurant. Religious pictures had been put up on the wall for the ceremony. On the table lay a revolver and a knife. First his finger was pricked and blood drawn. Then, as he repeated the oath of allegiance, he had to hold a piece of burning paper in his cupped hands. He pledged total submission to the leaders of the organization. He also had to swear never to touch the wife of another *Cosa Nostra* member. But above all else, there was the most important oath: "If I talk, I'm dead."

In *Cosa Nostra* jargon a member is "made" when he has been finally admitted. A "greaseball" is an old-line member born outside the United States. Murder is a "hit." The assignment to carry out a hit is called a "contract." A member who receives a contract gets no money to carry it out. It is an obligation under his oath of allegiance. When one member has to meet another for the first time, a third member known to both must officiate. The recognition signal is, "He is a friend of ours." The key word is "ours." If the introduction is, "He is a friend of mine," it means nothing more than that.

Anyone who goes "wrong" or informs is automatically sentenced to death. "When a guy talks," says Valachi, "it's a family affair, and the family must take care of it." As a soldier in the family of Vito Genovese, Valachi was often tapped for such executions. One case involved Eugene Giannini, a suspect tipster to narcotics agents. Enlisting the aid of three confederates, Valachi had Giannini tailed for a week. From this he learned that his prey regularly showed up at a crap game in East Harlem. An inspection of the area revealed a nearby alley that offered easy access to an adjoining street where a getaway car could be stationed. Valachi invited Giannini to join him for a round of drinks, and the two men spent a convivial evening together. At the end of it, Valachi introduced Giannini to a girl and left. A few nights later he sent word into the crap game that he wanted to see Giannini. At first Giannini poked his head cautiously outside the door, but when he saw Valachi apparently alone, he stepped boldly into the street. Valachi asked him how he liked the girl. Giannini never had a chance to reply. New York police records note that Giannini's body was found on an East Harlem street at 6:20 A.M. on September 20, 1952. "Unknown persons," said the report, had fired two bullets into the back of his head.

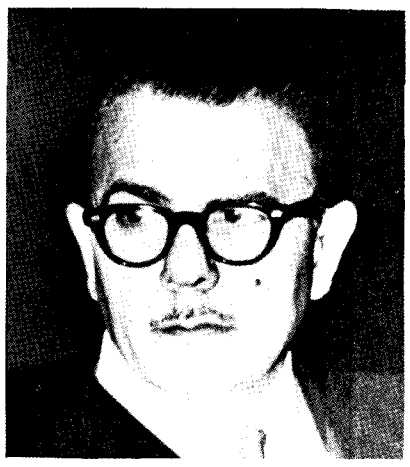
For the average newspaper reader, if he noticed it at all, Giannini's murder hardly was worth what little space it got. But for *Cosa Nostra* it was a basic method of protecting its vast income from narcotics, gambling and various shakedown rackets.

Another of its thriving operations, although less publicized, is moneylending or "shylocking." *Cosa Nostra*'s coffers are full of money to lend—at weekly interest rates of 20 percent. This means that a loan of, say, $10,000, if it rides for just one year, requires repayment of $114,000. But to an entrepreneur strapped for cash and unable to borrow through normal channels, the temptation

Now jailed on narcotics count, Vito Genovese still rates as the biggest Cosa Nostra boss.

Joseph Bonanno insists he is in Arizona real estate, but he attended Apalachin conclave.

Sam Giancana is top man in Chicago. He has long string of arrests, three convictions.



Philadelphia's Angelo Bruno has interests in real estate and in vending-machine companies.

John T. Scalish of Cleveland has history of arrests dating back to the days of prohibition.

Longtime boss in Manhattan, Tommy (Three-Finger Brown) Luchese beat two murder raps.

THE TOP EXECUTIVES OF AMERICAN CRIME

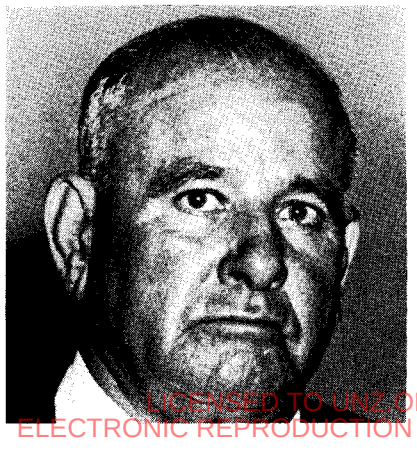
Popularly called the Mafia, but known to its members as *Cosa Nostra*, the multi-billion-dollar syndicate which controls American crime is ruled by a deadly council.

Joe Profaci ran Brooklyn mob from former Teddy Roosevelt estate. He is dead of cancer.

Pittsburgh leader "Big John" La Rocca was once convicted of assault with intent to kill.

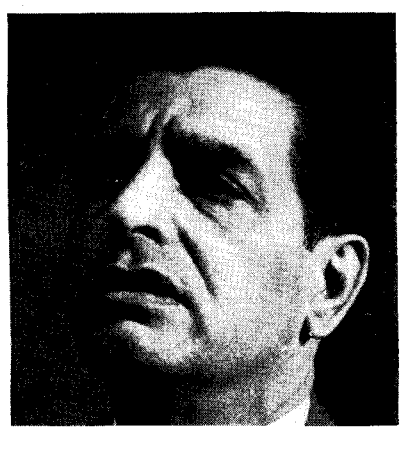
Detroit's Joe Zerilli operates behind such legitimate fronts as a bus company and bakery.

Steve Magaddino, identified as Buffalo boss, has only two arrests, with no convictions.



Present at Apalachin, Carlo Gambino has followed Albert Anastasia as New York boss.

New England boss Raymond Patriarca has served time for armed robbery, white slavery.



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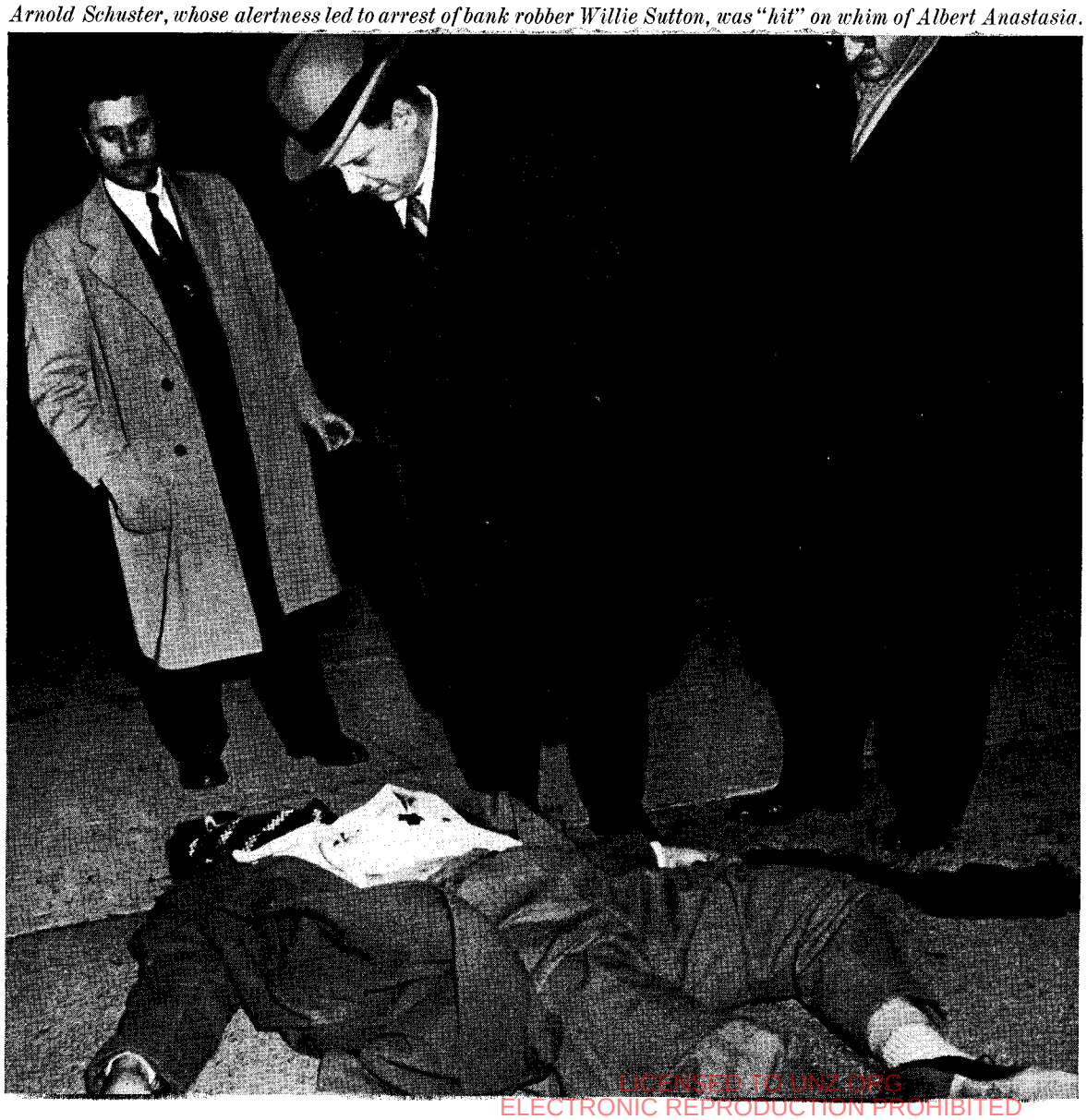
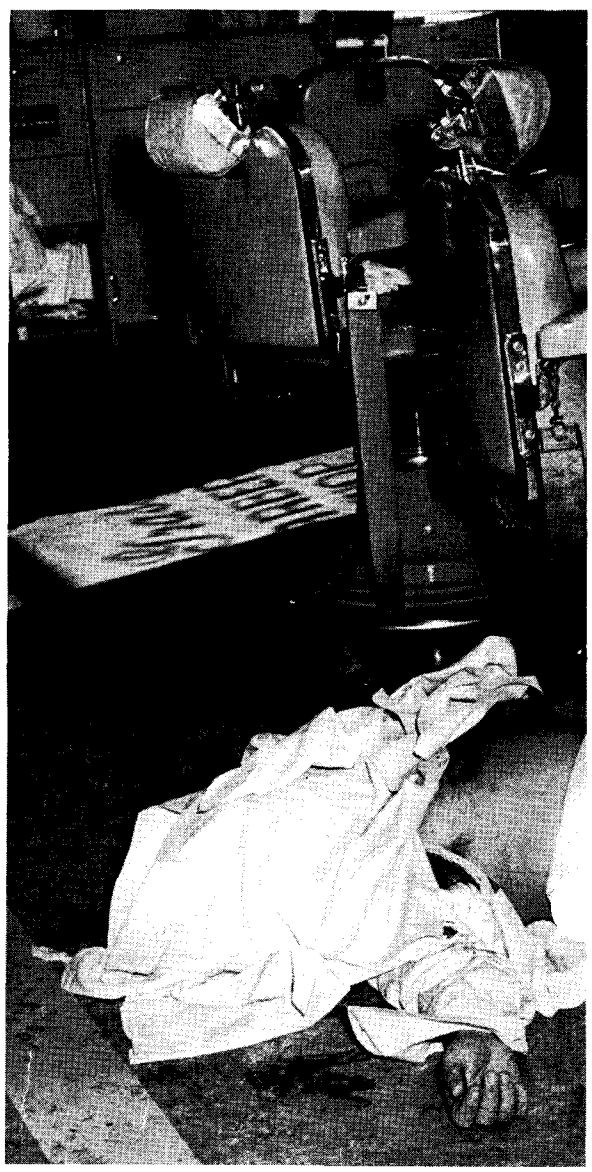
The disclosures may finally solve these gangland crimes

Frank (The Cheech) Scalise was shot to death in Bronx vegetable store for selling memberships in Cosa Nostra.

Arnold Schuster, whose alertness led to arrest of bank robber Willie Sutton, was "hit" on whim of Albert Anastasia.





can be irresistible. The result often is that he fin himself with a new set of partners. Sometimes they are content to have acquired a legitimate front. Other times their greed gets the best of them. Three hoodlums named by Valachi as members of *Cosa Nostra* were indicted recently in what the Justice Department calls the "most audacious" bankruptcy fraud ever to come to Federal court in New York City. As security for an $80,000 loan, the indictment charges, they took over a meat-packing firm and milked it of some $745,000 within a week.

Today, for all its muscle, *Cosa Nostra* is nonetheless having its troubles. One of its most lucrative rackets has been the illegal importation of narcotics. The investment required was relatively small; the turnover was quick, and the profits enormous. A pound of heroin purchased in Marseilles, France, for about $5,000 can be cut up and retailed in the United States for an average of $32,000. But now, according to Valachi, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics has cracked down so hard that *Cosa Nostra*'s grand council no longer sanctions traffic in dope.

This has led to an even more serious problem: a breakdown in *Cosa Nostra*'s discipline. Despite the grand council's edict, individual members still persist in handling narcotics secretly. Valachi blames it on the "greed of the bosses." In the "old days," as he calls them, each family divided its total take among all its members. Today only the Chicago family follows this procedure. Elsewhere there is no pooling of profits. The result has been an ever-widening gap between the haves and the have-nots. Vito Genovese, for instance, has amassed a personal fortune estimated at more than $30 million; Joseph Zerilli, *Cosa Nostra* boss in Detroit, can live luxuriously in the

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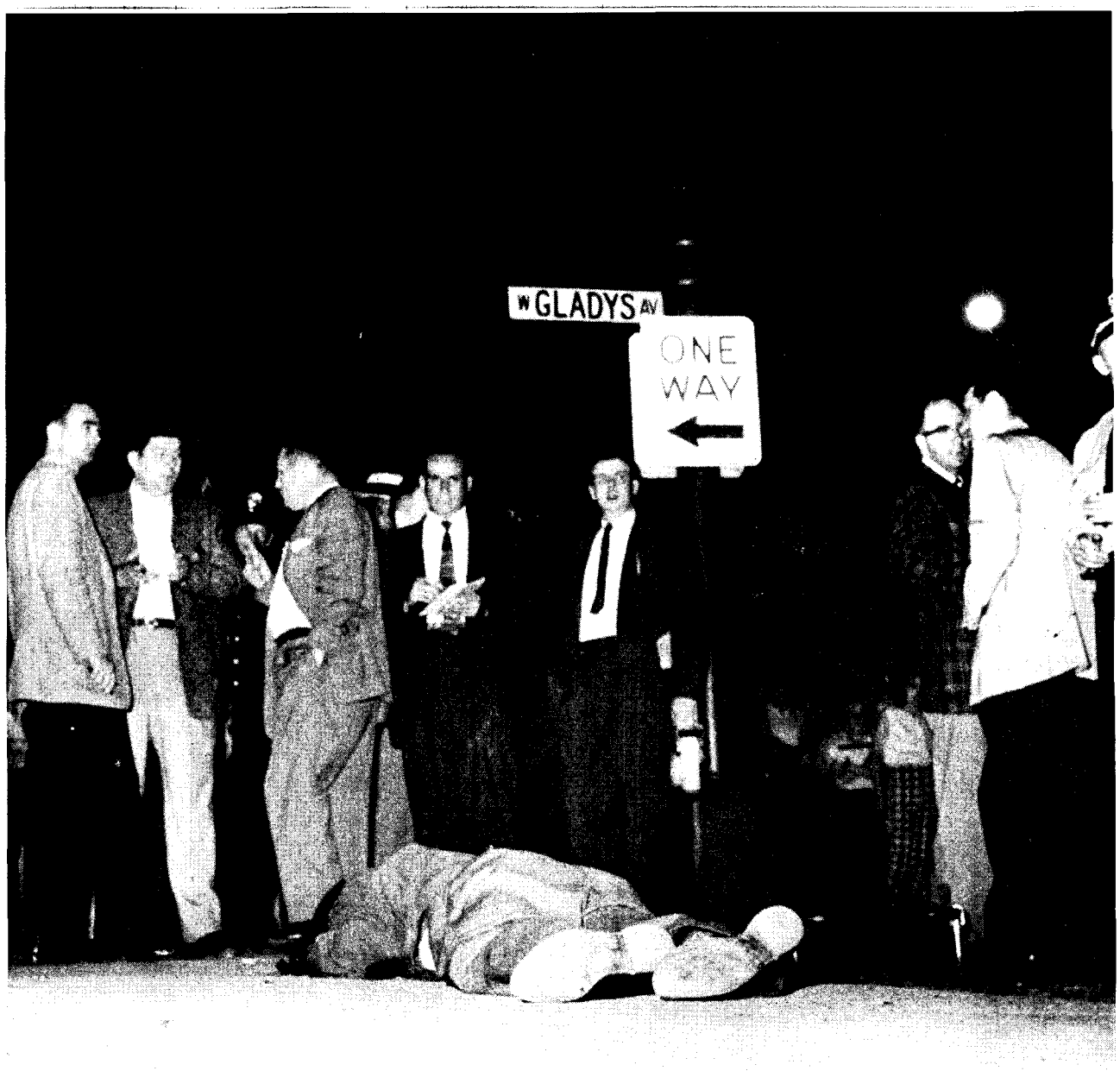
fashionable suburb of Grosse Pointe. On the other hand many *Cosa Nostra* rank-and-file soldiers, lacking a bankroll for currently favored rackets like gambling and moneylending, have been reduced to working on the docks and construction jobs. So they return constantly to narcotics as a way "to make a buck."

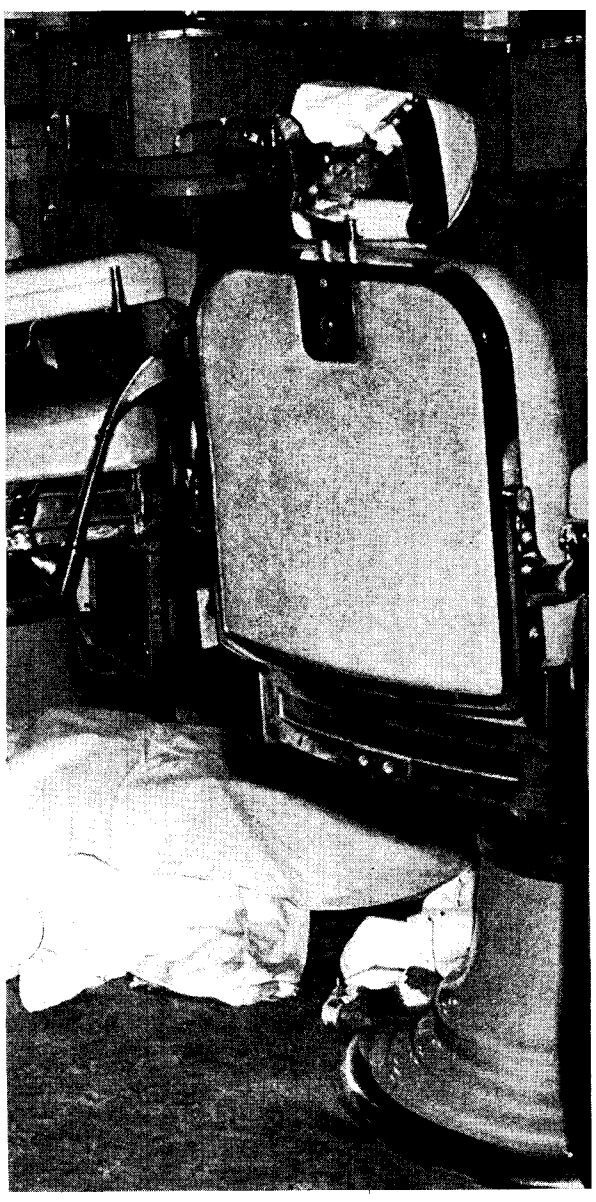
The tendency of *Cosa Nostra* chieftains "to grab everything" for themselves pervades the organization today, Valachi says. He cites the case of one Stephen (Buck Jones) Casertano, a soldier in the family of Vito Genovese, who ran a modest moneylending operation. After Casertano got cancer, Genovese generously assigned a man to collect his outstanding loans, amounting to about $20,000, with the explanation that he would turn the money over to Casertano's widow. When Casertano died, however, Genovese kept it all.

To stop the grumbling from their soldiers, a number of bosses have eliminated the family head tax they traditionally imposed. This tax, usually ranging from $25 to $50 a month, was theoretically reserved for such expenses as hiring defense lawyers for a soldier who had been arrested, and supporting his wife and children if he ended in prison. In fact, a boss could do whatever he wanted with the money and often did. This is what started open warfare in one *Cosa Nostra* family, according to Valachi. The late Joseph Profaci decided in 1958 to hike his taxes, and he soon had a rebellion on his hands, led by the notorious Gallo brothers. Today, even after his death, scarcely a week passes without New York newspapers headlining new bloodshed between the Gallo gang and the Profaci loyalists.

The jealousy and intrigue within *Cosa Nostra* extend to its highest overlords. Nothing in recent years caused a bigger uproar within the organization than the attempt to murder Frank Costello one night in 1957, as he entered the



A cross carved on the forehead of this corpse told the Chicago police that he had been victim of a gangland slaying.



Little Augie Pisano, a lieutenant in the "family" of boss Vito Genovese, was murdered for being "a troublemaker."

Albert Anastasia was shot when he threatened revenge against the men who had tried to kill Frank Costello.

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Valachi vows, "I'm going to destroy them."

CRIME IN AMERICA

lobby of his Manhattan apartment house. From Valachi, for the first time, the Justice Department got a complete account of the fight.

A few historical notes are necessary. In the mid-1930's Vito Genovese, already a *Cosa Nostra* power, had to flee the country to escape a murder charge. Costello, who had been a Genovese lieutenant, took his place as family boss. As World War II drew to a close, Genovese was located in Italy. (Genovese, who had received honors from Mussolini for his financial contributions to the Fascist movement, was working as an interpreter for the American Military Government while simultaneously running a huge black-market ring.) He was brought back to the United States to stand trial. Just as his case was going to court, the principal witness against him was found dead in a jail cell where he was being kept in protective custody. He had been poisoned.

Once freed, Genovese regained control of his family. But Costello still remained czar of a huge gambling empire that he had carved out, independent of the Genovese family. As such, he had a voice in *Cosa Nostra* policy that Genovese wanted for himself. Genovese's solution was to plot Costello's death. According to Valachi, Genovese picked a gunman named Vincente (The Chin) Gigante to pull the trigger. In his haste, however, Gigante aimed badly. The bullet only creased Costello's skull. As Valachi wryly notes, "The Chin wasted a whole month practicing." Even so, the shooting effectively removed Costello as a rival; since that time he has been in and out of court and is currently fighting a deportation order.

For another *Cosa Nostra* chieftain, the struggle was more decisive. He was the infamous Albert Anastasia, known even among his own henchmen as a "mad hatter" who "killed left and right for nothing." Anastasia, a longtime Costello ally, promptly began broadcasting threats of revenge. An angry Anastasia was enough to make even Genovese nervous. He contacted an ambitious Anastasia lieutenant, Carlo Gambino, and convinced him they would both benefit from Anastasia's death. A few days later Anastasia was getting a haircut in the barbershop of a New York hotel when the killers picked to do the job walked in, drew pistols and cut him to pieces in a storm of bullets. With his flanks neatly covered, Genovese could benevolently watch Gambino inherit Anastasia's mantle as a *Cosa Nostra* boss.

(In talking about Anastasia, Valachi also gave the FBI an explanation for some less significant but equally celebrated crimes, including one that had baffled police for 10 years. One night in 1953 a young man named Arnold Schuster was on his way home in Brooklyn when he suddenly spotted a familiar face that he had seen on a "Wanted" poster. It was Willie Sutton, the legendary bank robber and the object of a nationwide manhunt. Schuster told the police, and Sutton was arrested. Schuster experienced a brief moment in the limelight—then was shot down. According to Valachi, Anastasia was watching a television interview of young Schuster when he suddenly exploded with rage. "I can't stand squealers," he told one of his gunmen. "Hit this guy!" To cover himself, Anastasia then had Schuster's killer, one Frederick Tenuto, murdered in turn. At that time Tenuto was on the FBI's "most wanted" list as an escapee from a Pennsylvania prison. He is still on it today. Although the FBI has long believed Tenuto was dead, it has to keep him on the list until state authorities withdraw their charges.)

The attempt on Costello's life and the slaying of Anastasia threw *Cosa Nostra* into turmoil, and resulted in the conclave of *Cosa Nostra*'s grand council at Apalachin. Normally a gathering like this would not have entailed such an influx of mobsters. But each boss, uncertain of his future, brought along a retinue of bodyguards.

This tiny New York town was suggested by Stefano Magaddino, identified by Valachi as the *Cosa Nostra* boss in Buffalo. A Magaddino lieutenant named Joseph Barbara had a home there, and Magaddino argued that it was a perfect place to escape police surveillance. In fact, just the opposite happened. An alert New York state trooper noticed the sudden appearance of many important underworld figures and raided the meeting just as it began.

In a series of smaller gatherings, held later throughout the country, Carlo Gambino eventually won confirmation as Anastasia's successor. Genovese, for his part, argued that Costello had actually been out to get him. But he was just going through the motions of offering a defense; he had become so powerful that nobody was willing to dispute him.

In April, 1959, Genovese was finally convicted on a narcotics charge and sent to the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta. The next year Valachi himself wound up in Atlanta on a similar conviction and became a cellmate of his old boss. Valachi's life was uneventful until May, 1962, when he first heard that he had been marked for death as an informer. (Though Valachi had once supplied narcotics agents with a few tidbits about a particular case, he had never mentioned even the existence of *Cosa Nostra*.) A few days later Genovese turned to him and said, "One apple gets touched and goes bad, it's got to be taken out." With that, Valachi says, Genovese embraced him with the "kiss of death," a farewell kiss on both cheeks. In a frenzy of fear, Valachi requested solitary confinement. When a month passed without his giving prison authorities any reason for his request, he was returned to normal prison life. The morning of his release he spotted a newly arrived convict who he thought was his executioner. That was when he attacked.

Valachi's revelations have already started more than a dozen FBI investigations that are rapidly bearing fruit. He himself will testify publicly, although the time and place have yet to be decided. Moreover, the FBI has also cultivated a number of other informants within the organization. And with concrete proof of the existence of a national crime syndicate, the Justice Department will soon press for new legislation to fill the gaps in existing laws.

Meanwhile, ever since Valachi was whisked out of Atlanta a year ago, rumors have buzzed among *Cosa Nostra* bosses that he had talked. Now they know the truth. Joseph Valachi, feeling betrayed by the order for his execution, has turned against his executioners. "I'm going to destroy them," he says.

In the next issue, a former member of Joey Gallo's Brooklyn mob describes its murderous fight with Cosa Nostra *for underworld power.*

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Fearing he might talk, Cosa Nostra ordered the brutal murder of New Jersey member Willie Moretti—then turned out for lavish gangland funeral.

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Last gasp of the

Copilot and terrorized passengers examine the right engine as Tin Goose flies low and slow. Inside the cabin: the clean fresh smell of gasoline.

At Dulles International Airport in Washington, D. C., a complete lounge—chairs, people, ashtrays, *everything*—detaches itself from the central terminal building and lumbers off on huge wheels to deposit passengers aboard a jet parked across the field. It is one more example of the way air travel has gone beyond the fringe—beyond the furthest grope of mind or stretch of spirit.

The air passenger, that frail bundle of doubt, is now processed, packaged and sealed up in an aluminum tube like so much frozen rhubarb. His trip is an interval between seat belts fastened and unfastened, measured in old magazines read and asparagus salad consumed. The pilot, that clean-cut, confident young fellow you used to see up there in his shirt sleeves, steering, has become a disembodied middle-aged voice out of the upholstery telling you you're 35,000 feet above Peoria. You have to take his word; it's too far down to see what's written on the roofs.

Things aren't going to get any better in the supersonic age ahead—just faster and more efficient. All things considered, it's easy to see why a small band of us were drawn to Los Angeles a few weeks ago when Trans World Airlines decided to reenact the first "all air" transcontinental passenger flight aboard a 1929 Ford trimotor, known in its day as the Tin Goose. T.W.A. planned to put a crew in vintage uniforms and haul as many as 13 terrified people across the United States. The Goose was to follow the same schedule as the first flight which left Los Angeles at dawn on October 25, 1930, and arrived in Newark, N. J., the next afternoon. T.W.A. said we would commemorate the 25th anniversary of the Civil Aeronautics Act and dramatize "the dynamic progress [of] U.S. air transportation."

We were feted the night before at the Los Angeles airport in what was referred to by T.W.A. personnel as The Last Supper and The Wake—a frankness that has simply disappeared from modern air travel. The happiest people there were the old-timers who had flown the trimotor when it was new and realized they were not going to have to do it again. They were full of helpful phrases like "Flying takes intestinal fortitude" and "Fear is just a state of mind." We could do with a lot more of this sort of morale work around air terminals today, instead of all that Muzak.

Everyone who wasn't going on the Tin Goose flight, in fact, was in high good humor. A representative of the Ford Motor Company recalled that an early trimotor passenger had actually "lost his teeth over a wheat field," and a T.W.A. vice president recalled that on one flight he had "thrown up all the way from Burlingame to Winslow," a reminder that in the trimotor a passenger could still open the windows. When a waiter dropped a tray of dishes, T.W.A. president Charles Tillinghast chuckled and said that it was probably one of his airliners landing.

In boarding any plane, it is comforting to know what previous adventures have strained its framework, and we weren't left long in doubt about this one. It is one of six or seven trimotors still in one piece, so to speak. One is in the Ford Museum in Dearborn, Mich., where it belongs. Ours, Number 414H, was tested and apparently found wanting by the Navy 33 years ago. It had since hauled passengers, carried chicle in Guatemala and sprayed gypsy moths in Montana. There were two dubious years when it was "probably under foreign registry," and it now belongs to John M. Louck of Monmouth, Ill., who tours aviation shows, giving rides for three dollars a head. T.W.A. rented the Goose and its barnstorming crew for the reenactment. I calculated it had about six more miles to go before collapse.

The pilot, Jack Marshall, had managed to live to be 39 in spite of having flown in Korea and Laos and been a crop duster, barnstormer, encyclopedia salesman and trumpet player. (The kind of background that made you wonder if he hadn't just about run through his luck.) The copilot, Dave Runyan, was 24, only ten years younger than the plane. Mr. Louck, 59, and Lee Flanagin, 58, our honorary captain and T.W.A.'s most veteran employee, became known to us volunteers as the Wright Brothers. Their turns at the

By Anne Chamberlin

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Tin Goose

A ramshackle museum piece, a dozen volunteers make a desperate journey down memory's airlane.

wheel were always the most exciting, and once resulted in our flying completely off the map in an episode known as the Harrisburg dogleg.

The brave-pioneer look has rubbed off most air passengers these days. But the group that lined up for the Tin Goose flight looked like the kind of people you would want to go through Death Valley with on foot—which I figured we might be doing. Mr. Stephen Kidd, of Princeton, N.J., for example, wore a pair of those oversized earmuffs used on rocket-testing sites. Bob Serling, aviation editor of U.P.I., insisted on carrying a green broom. It made us think he knew something we didn't. He did confide: "Whenever I think I'm going to throw up, I make myself think about sex," which was most helpful.

Refreshed as we were by two hours' sleep, our first sight of the floodlit Tin Goose, at 4:30 A.M. in the Los Angeles smog, inspired great confidence. It made you think that if this collection of old packing cases, wires and corrugated metal could fly, anything could. The two side engines were encased in what looked to me like discarded milk cans, with slits in them, the various loose metal parts kept together by big safety pins. There was a third engine stuck in the front, which was the one some of us liked the best. You couldn't see whether it was running or not, which left you free to concentrate on the other two.

The wheels were stuck out on some metal struts, with a small cable added, no doubt to catch them in case they started to fall off.

Inside, the cabin was paneled in peeling plywood and had 13 metal seats, which vibrated like reducing machines. The NO SMOKING sign was nailed permanently to the wall to remind us that the gas tanks were in the ceiling over our heads, and we came to look forward to the clean smell of fresh gasoline in the cabin after each stop. It meant they had remembered to refuel. Nobody tells a passenger that kind of thing anymore.

The only constant in air travel is luggage. T.W.A. sent our bags ahead on another plane to Kansas City, a sure sign that we would spend the night someplace else, like Wichita, which we did. Our bags were then headed for Newark, and we spent the next night in Columbus, Ohio.

There is not much point in describing the instrument panel except to say that it made a lot more sense than the Rube Goldberg dashboards you see in modern planes. It was even simpler than it looked, because only some of the dials actually worked. "Look at it this way," the pilot explained. "If everything worked, *anybody* could fly this plane." The pilots could slide open their side windows, which was handy, because the windshield would often fog up like the outside of a mint julep, and they could reach around and wipe it with paper towels.

A sign by the throttles read INTENTIONAL SPINNING PROHIBITED, and the throttles themselves were held in place by elastic bands, which were replaced as they wore out. You felt the repairs were the kind you could do yourself.

The real test, of course, was getting this tin packing crate into the air, and the issue was in doubt on every single takeoff. We made 13 of them. We would charge down the runway, blue flames spouting from our right engine, smoke pouring out the left. As we labored into the sky somewhere over Los Angeles and disappeared into a blinding bank of gray smog, we enjoyed our first thrill of Passenger Participation. None of that radar stuff here. The pilot couldn't see a foot farther than we could.

This was followed by many other thrills denied air passengers today. A trip back to the chemical toilet jeopardized the equilibrium of the entire plane and caused the pilot to crank the trim control furiously and glare back over his shoulder. I suppose 25 people go back and forth to the lounges during a jet flight these days, and the pilot doesn't even know about it. The heating-and-cooling system consisted of paper napkins—stuffed in a hole in the windows for heat, removed for cooling. We found it helpful during cold spells to wrap our feet in newspapers. It was nice not to have to ring for the stewardess.

Then there was the sight of Captain Flanagin sliding back a trapdoor in the ceiling, sticking his head through and reemerging to say, "We always think about safety." Or Mr. Louck putting his hand on the ceiling, as though taking its temperature (boiling gasoline?) and then shrugging at the pilot, who just shrugged back. We enjoyed going *through* the Rockies instead of *over* them. You really get an idea of how formidable a mountain is when it's *above* your plane. In fact, the only thing that took our minds off the mountains and made us wonder how the pilot planned to get through them (especially after he came back for a new map) was having a bolt come out of the left engine. Oil came spurting out of the hole and the engine began to look like a hot-fudge sundae. A watching volunteer asked the pilot when the entire engine would go. "After it runs out of oil," he replied curtly.

A boost from Mr. Horsepower

There was not much point in asking questions. The cabin noise in a Tin Goose makes it like putting through a long-distance call next to a pneumatic drill. The front seats nearest the engines were already known as the "deaf seats." The pilot and copilot wrote notes to each other, and Mr. Louck lost his voice trying to shout through Mr. Kidd's earmuffs.

At Parker, Arizona, where we put down to look for a new bolt, we discovered something else that has gone out of air travel. Our arrival was an *Event*. Patrolman Lauren Hightower saw an unauthorized object about to drop on his territory and came to the airfield with a gun in his squad car. He was followed by Mr. Joe Burns, who wore a T shirt that said MR. HORSEPOWER. He had been filling his swimming pool when he recognized our faltering antique overhead from having worked on trimotors in Detroit. Mr. Horsepower took Mr. Louck to the Ford garage, and we soon had a handsome new brass bolt—from an outboard motor. While Mr. Horsepower was fastening this "golden spike" in place on the left engine, we had a chance to calculate there were only about 26 more bolts that could fall off.

We had some effect on nearly everybody we flew over. As we strained for altitude over the Colorado River, a lady on waterskis took one look at us and fell off. In Winslow small boys came to stroke the Goose's corrugated flanks, and a lady said we were the biggest thing to happen there since the Hopi snake dance. In Amarillo men in cowboy boots came from the Chamber of Commerce to roll out a red carpet for us. We were very big in Amarillo.

Flying at 2,000 feet at a sedate speed of about 85 miles an hour, we passengers acquired all the power of backseat drivers. To get to Albuquerque, for instance, you follow Route 66, turn right over the dry river bed and follow the railroad tracks. The pilot claimed we passed a car on Route 66. I claimed it was parked. A lot of cars passed *us*. So did birds, bugs and one cow.

What with the front windows open and all, we learned there was a very high pollen count in Missouri. After Indianapolis, enroute to Dayton, we detoured over Antioch College because the copilot went to school there.

Mrs. Thelma Jean Hiatt Harman, T.W.A.'s first stewardess, came aboard at Pittsburgh to carry our last lunch trays. Now a grandmother, she wore the very same beige uniform in which she had carried trays aboard DC-2's, a chore which fell to the copilot on original Tin Goose flights. "We used to say, 'We carry it up on a tray and bring it back in a vomit can,'" Thelma Jean reminisced. She also remembered giving someone mouth-to-mouth respiration all the way from Los Angeles to Albuquerque. We could have used all these skills throughout our flight.

We circled Princeton because Mr. Kidd lived there, and anyway it was thanks to Mr. Kidd's abiding interest in the countryside that we found Harrisburg. When we flew off the edge of the Wright Brothers' map, Mr. Kidd suggested a sharp turn to the left and, sure enough, there it was. We found the swimming-pool count very high between Philadelphia and Princeton, where we observed a man mowing his lawn in sneakers. We followed the New Jersey Turnpike to Newark, using Exit 14 to reach the airport. And we *knew* it was Newark because it was marked on the roof.

It had taken us nearly three full days of flying—54 hours and 10 minutes in the air, a full day longer than the original flight. They say that 25,000 people crossed the continent in the 350 jet trips that went on 35,000 feet up while we were down there scraping trees. But I claim we were the only ones who *knew where we had been.*

We all stood a little taller, somehow, as we watched the color drain slowly from the face of the Newark Airport functionary who asked our pilot what "flight plan" he had in mind for going on to Idlewild. "Idlewild?" he said in the tone a man gets when he has just crossed the United States of America by train track and rooftop. "I just thought I'd fly out over the water and look around for it."

It made us passengers wonder if we should not climb back on board and help him in the search. *That* was the glory of air travel back in the days when you could see the ground. You felt they *needed* you. Why else would passengers have been crazy enough to fly? THE END

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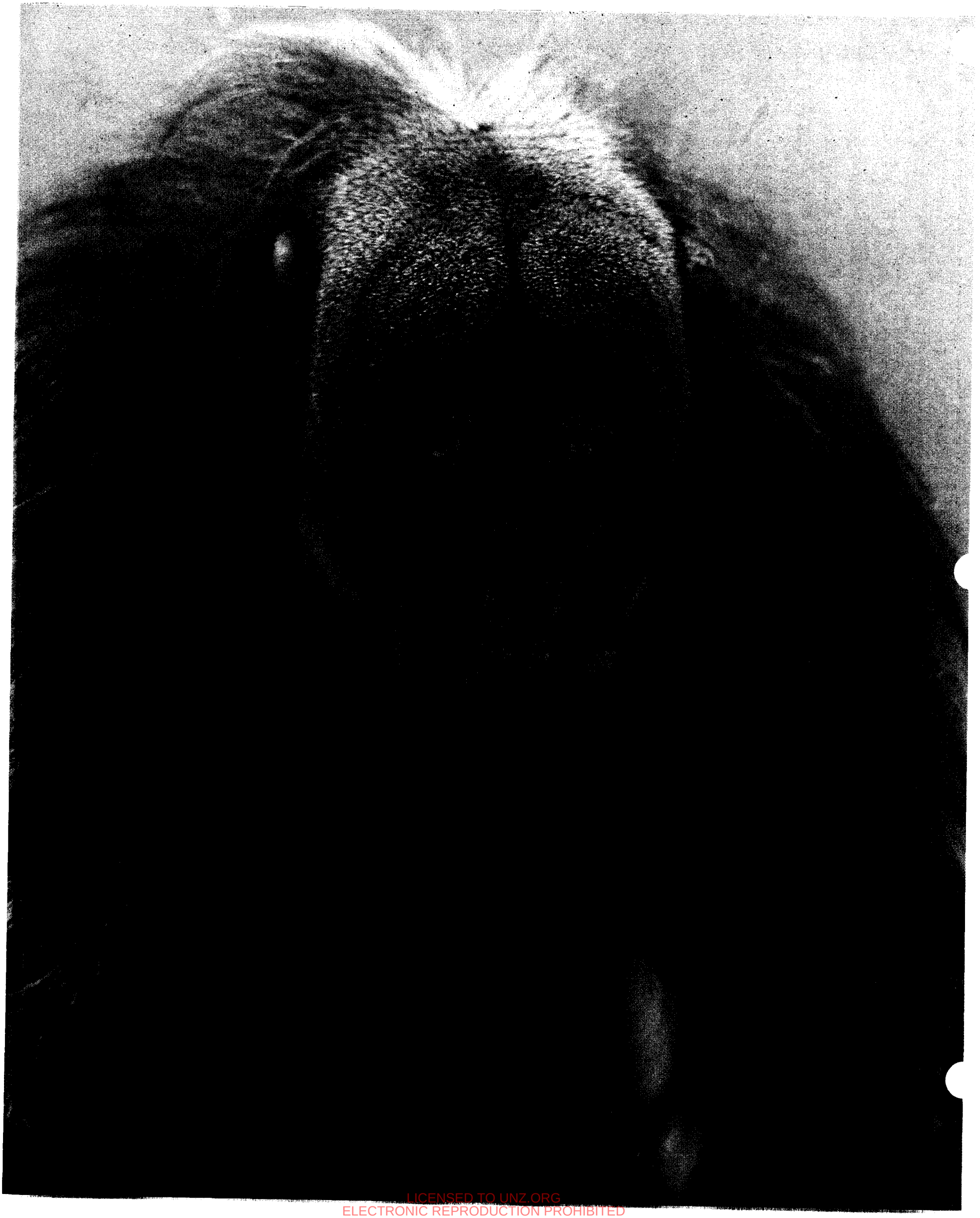

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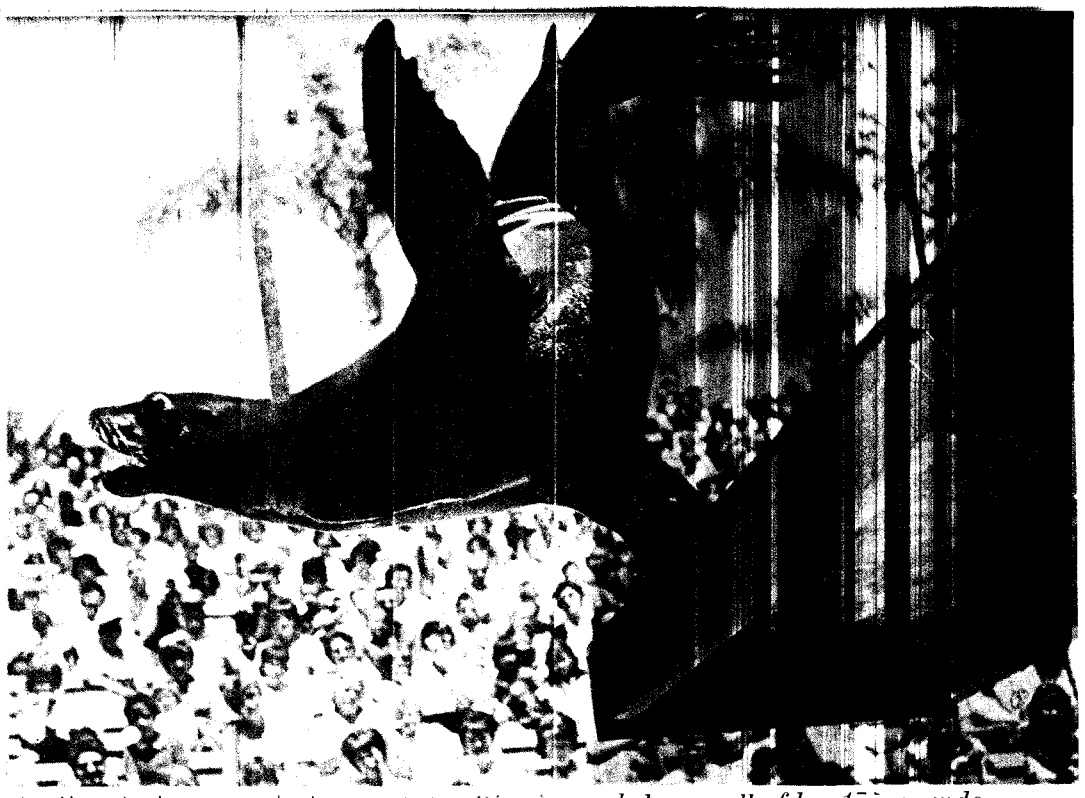
This ouakari, a primate captured in the spring of 1960 at the Amazon's headwaters, is one of the top attention-getters at San Diego's zoo. Its native diet is tree frogs, tree roots, snails and caterpillars, but in the zoo it limits its meals to nuts, beans, berries and seeds.



Sea lion Susie, a crowd-pleaser at San Diego's zoo, balances all of her 175 pounds on one wet flipper before taking off on a thunderous 15-foot dive into the drink.

ZOO'S WHO

Aristocrats of the animal world

From the sunny shores of San Diego to the woody glades of Washington, D. C., the stagestruck inmates of our zoological parks eat and emote to entertain.

All animals are equal," observed English writer George Orwell, "but some animals are more equal than others." It might be added that in the nation's zoos all animals are entertaining, but some, like the doleful ouakari at left, are more so. Show business, it would seem, is not confined to humankind. At the magnificent San Diego Zoo and Marineland in Los Angeles, sea lions and dolphins go through months of training before they are turned loose on their publics. The dolphins learn to play football, baseball and basketball and to tootle a horn. The sea lions are taught to balance water glasses on their schnozzolas, and themselves—on their flippers. But acrobatic ability is not the only road to zoo stardom. A favorite at the St. Louis Zoo, four-year-old, 1,100-pound Siegfried the walrus has achieved a measure of local fame through his prodigious appetite—he has put on 1,000 pounds over the past three years—and his engaging habit of spitting water at spectators. Like Siegfried, Cookie, a Burmese elephant in Chicago's Brookfield Zoo, is a baby and growing; at the moment, Cookie, a consumer of rice, fruit and marshmallows, weighs 800 pounds. She is one of the most popular animals at her stamping ground, as is Tomoka, a gorilla resident at the Washington, D.C., Zoo. The fourth gorilla ever born in captivity, Tomoka spent the first seven months of his life in the home of his keeper, Bernard Gallagher. Tomoka was raised in a crib, pinned with diapers, and fed on baby food. "He wasn't as much trouble to bring up as most children," says Gallagher. "But he did suffer cute embarrassment his first day at the zoo—when he had to appear without his clothes on."

Cookie, a 20-month-old elephant at Chicago's Brookfield Zoo, swigs milk from one-gallon bottle.

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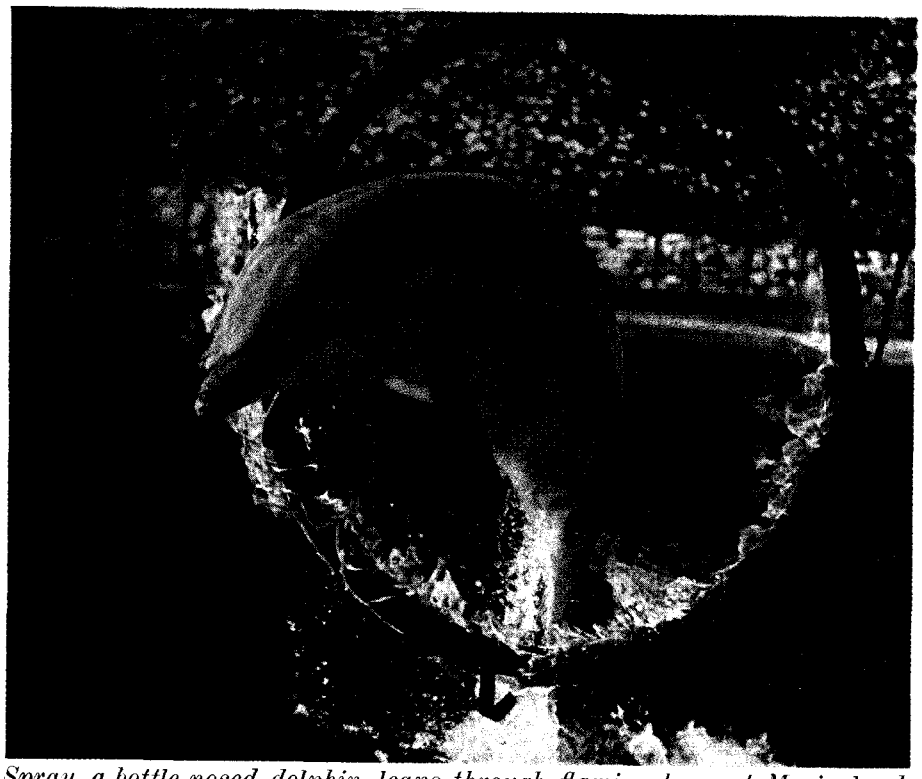
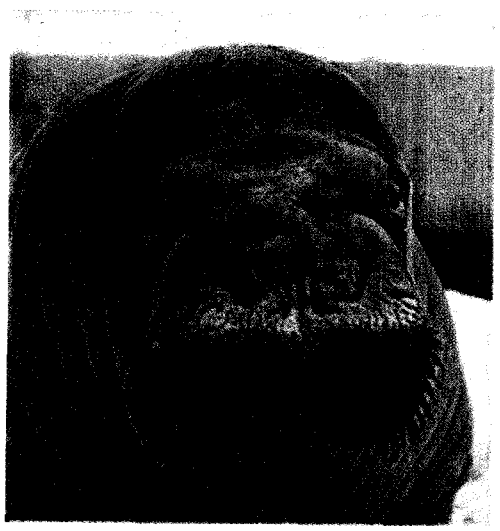


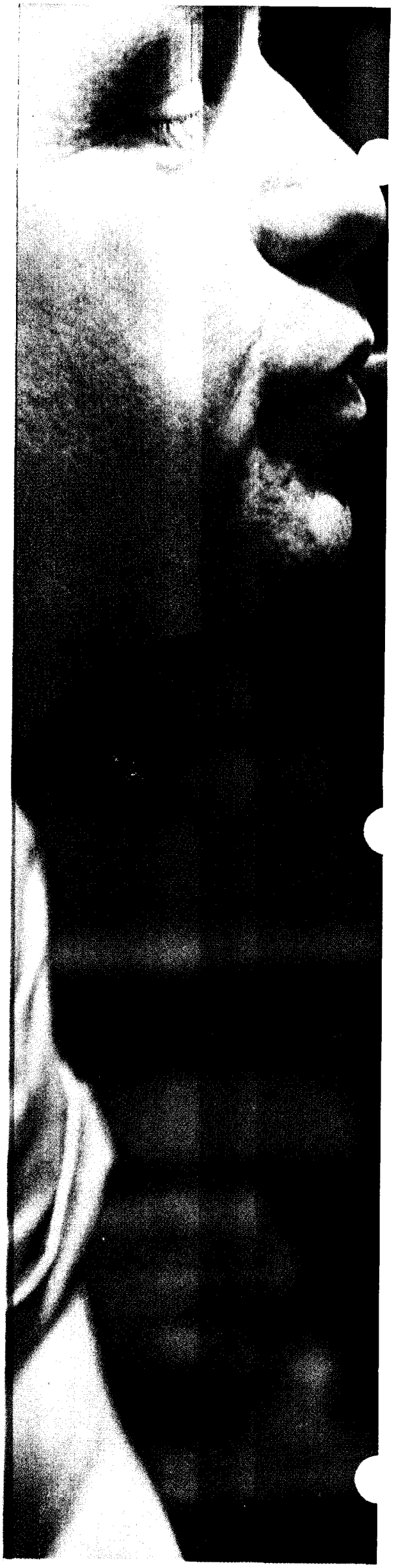
Spray, a bottle-nosed dolphin, leaps through flaming hoop at Marineland.



There is a bit of ham in every daffy inhabitant of zooland

Siegfried, St. Louis walrus, dribbles happily after feasting on chopped clams and cream.

A gentle father who helped deliver his family litter of four, Bengal tiger Ben poses proudly with playful but sleepy two-month-old cub at Brookfield Zoo.



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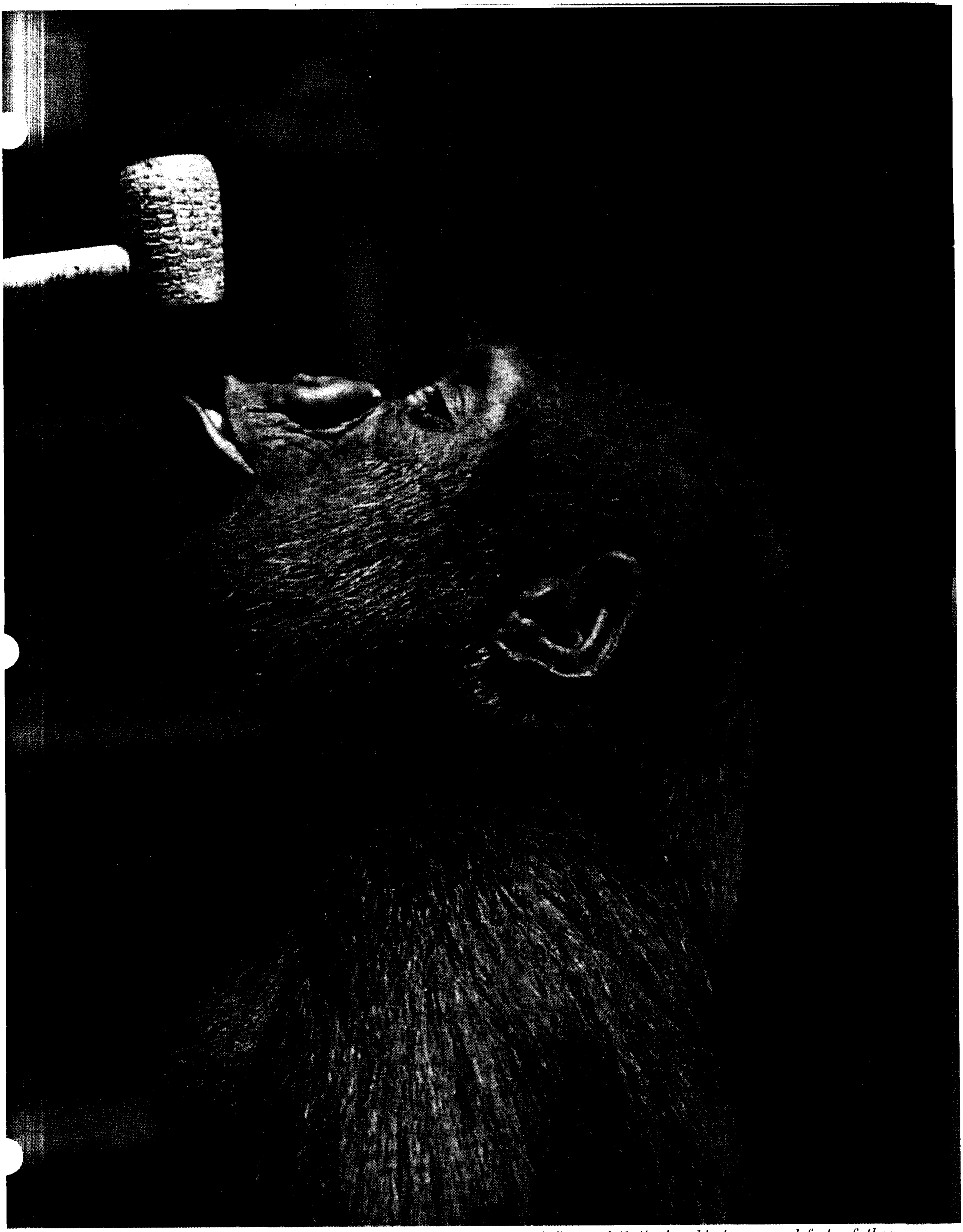

Tomoka, a prime favorite at the zoo in Washington, D.C., clowns it up with Bernard Gallagher, his keeper and foster father.

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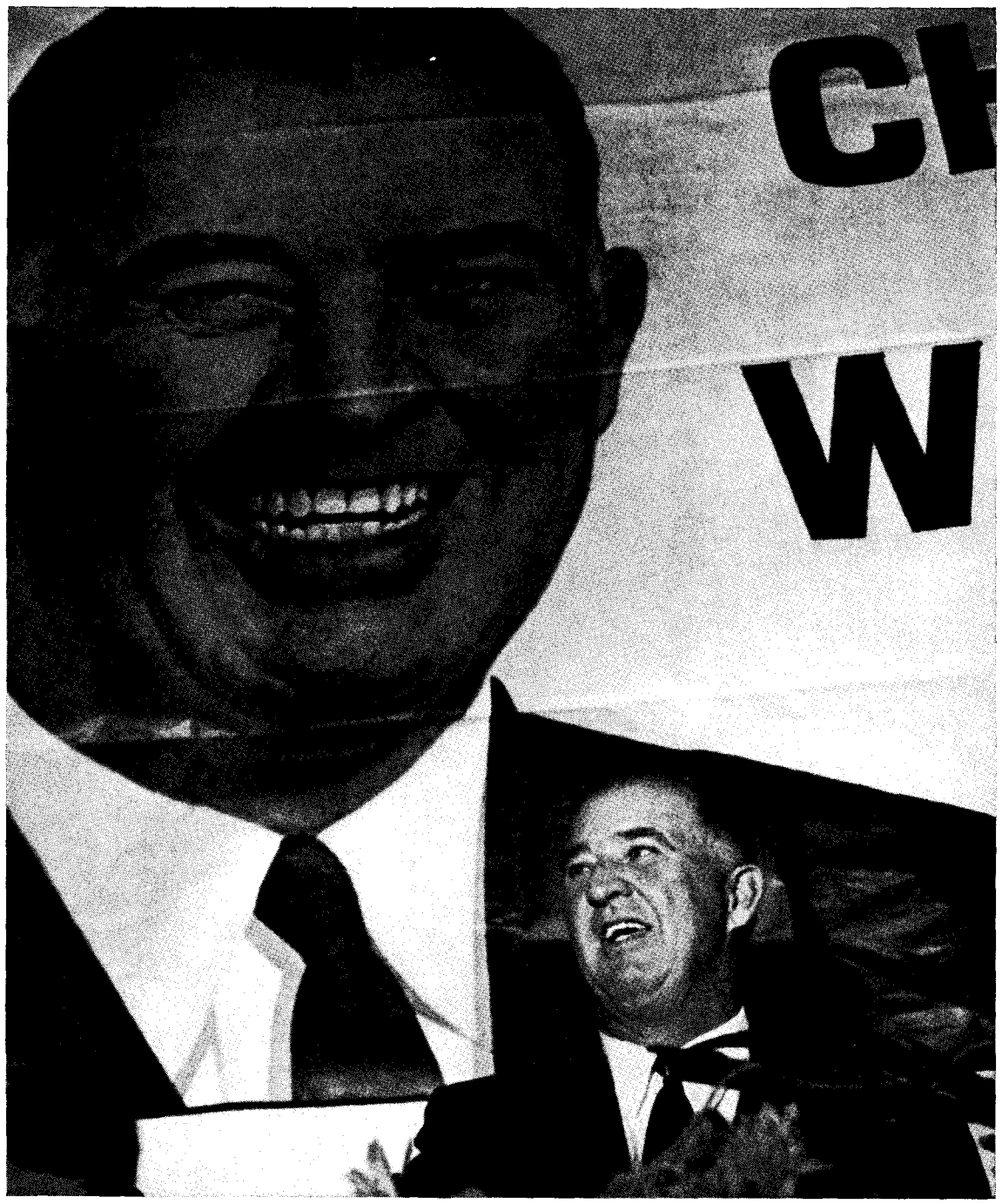
A. B. Chandler was sometimes corny, sometimes crude, but he always put on a good show and he went out like a champion.

Happy's last hurrah

By HAROLD H MARTIN



He had been Kentucky's senator once and governor twice, and now he was trying for a third term.

The flag-draped platform stood before the high red-brick façade of the Methodist church, in an open space between the bank, the courthouse and the jail buildings. The cornerstones bore dates in the 1890's, when both architecture and political oratory were ornate. The place was Versailles, Kentucky, the hometown of Albert Benjamin Chandler, and he had come back here to make his final speech of the campaign to his friends and neighbors. It was a fitting stage set for the message that he was to deliver—a blend of sentiment, humor and biting invective that has been Happy Chandler's trademark for as long as many Kentuckians can remember.

With a catch in his throat he began by saying that near this very spot he had made his first political speech from the back of a spring wagon 41 years before. He spoke of those who were there that day, and with an elephantine memory for family names and faces, he surveyed the crowd and called by name their sons and daughters.

With masterly derision he then broiled and basted his opponent, Edward Breathitt, whom he referred to only as "that little fellow—don't remember his name right now—who is running against me." He spoke of Mr. Breathitt's sponsor, outgoing Gov. Bert Combs, as "that little judge," and he added that "he's turned out to be a damn sight littler than I thought he was." With unerring timing, he switched from nostalgia to ridicule, to denunciation, to humor.

Then he turned to the old issue that had served to elect him in two campaigns in the past—the sales tax—and promised that when he went back to the governor's chair he would take this impost off food and clothes and medicines.

"After November," he shouted, "you go in the store and tell the man, 'Happy's back, and there's no more tax on Santa Claus.'"

Knowing that a political audience wants its humor broad, Happy addressed "all you country boys in the audience."

"You know how hard it is to wean a bull calf," he said. "Well, I'll tell you this, when I get up there to Frankfort, I'm going to do some weaning. I'm going to jerk the public tit out of their mouth and turn them back in the fodder pen."

A story that never failed

He knew also that a candidate who is 64 years old must somehow assure his hearers he is still virile. To that end he had employed a campaign handshake that would crush bone, and he mounted a speaker's platform with a bound. He also told a story which never failed to go over: "When I first started running for office, they said I was too young. Now they say I'm too old. Well, I'll tell you this: I'm old enough to know how, and young enough to do it."

As the loud guffaws died down, Happy switched again to nostalgic sentiment: "I walk down the streets of this old town to which I came as a young schoolteacher and football coach, and I look for the old familiar faces. All, all are gone. Bill's gone, Joe's gone, Hiram's gone, Hob's gone. Those we loved long since have left us for a little while. But they are blessed, for they were faithful. They fought the good fight, and tomorrow we who loved them will fight the good fight too. We will go out here to the voting booths and make this the greatest victory in the history of Kentucky. God bless you. I love every one of you. Come up here, Mama."

"Mama"—Mrs. Mildred Chandler—blue-eyed, blond and stately in a simple black dress, came up and stood beside her husband. She lifted up the silvery soprano which for 30 years had sounded from the choir of St. John's Episcopal Church, and Happy, leaning toward her, raised a hog-call baritone in the nostalgic strains of *There's a Gold Mine in the Sky*.

They sang in harmony until near the end. Then Happy, who does not like to finish second in anything, grabbed the last note and took off into the stratosphere. ". . . Far away in the SKY-Y-Y," he bellowed, drowning out Mama.

In the back of the crowd three men standing together brayed softly in chorus—"Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw"—as Happy finished.

Happy did not hear them. He was hanging almost upside down over the platform rail, reaching down to shake the hands of those who thronged

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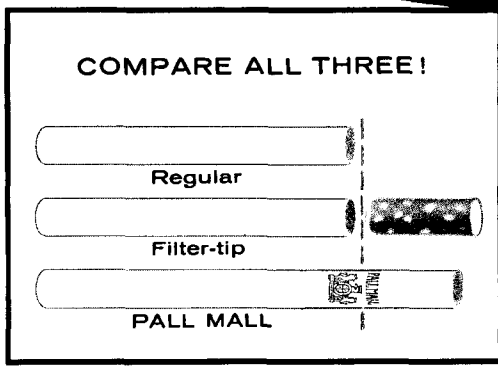

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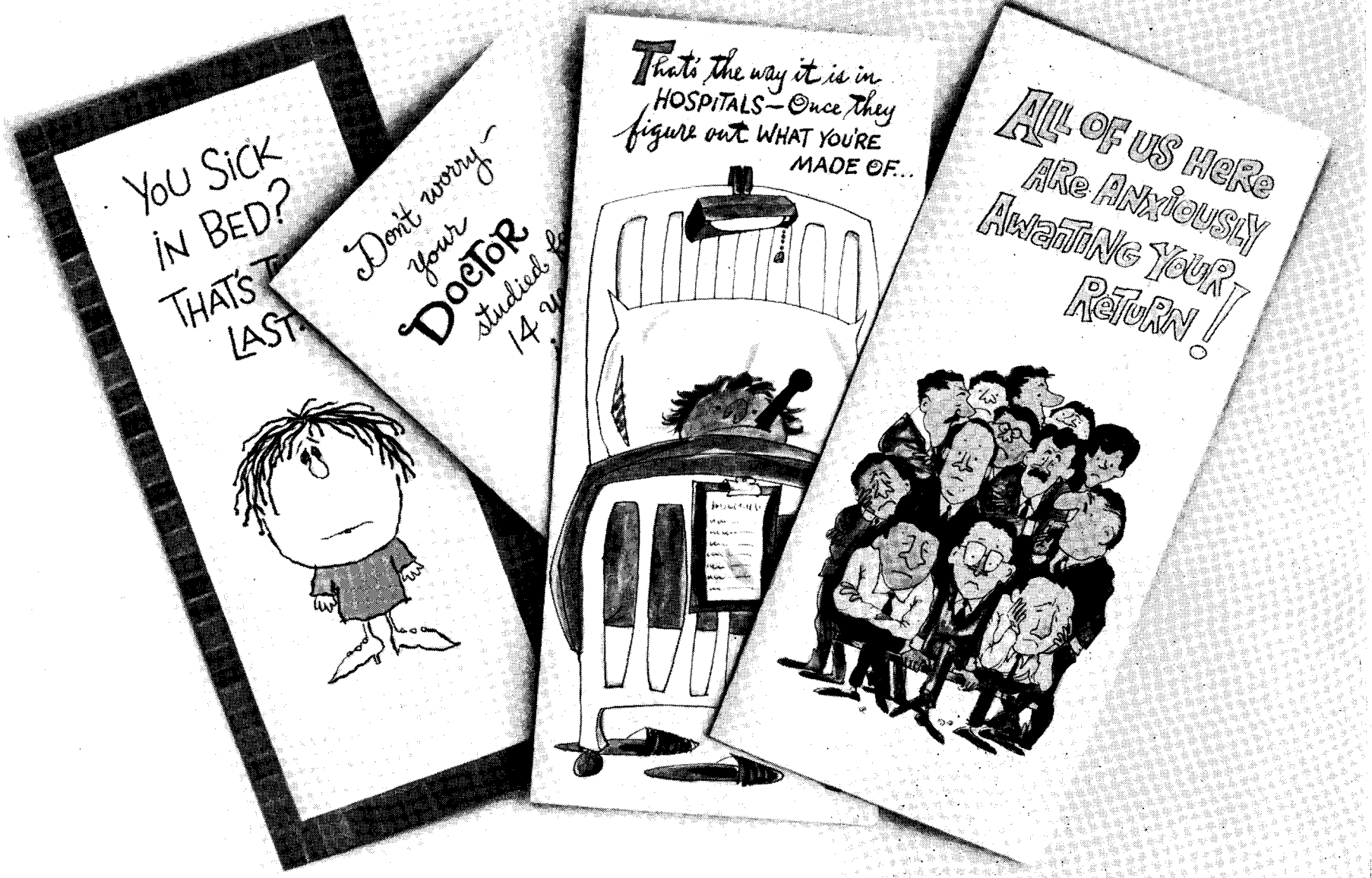
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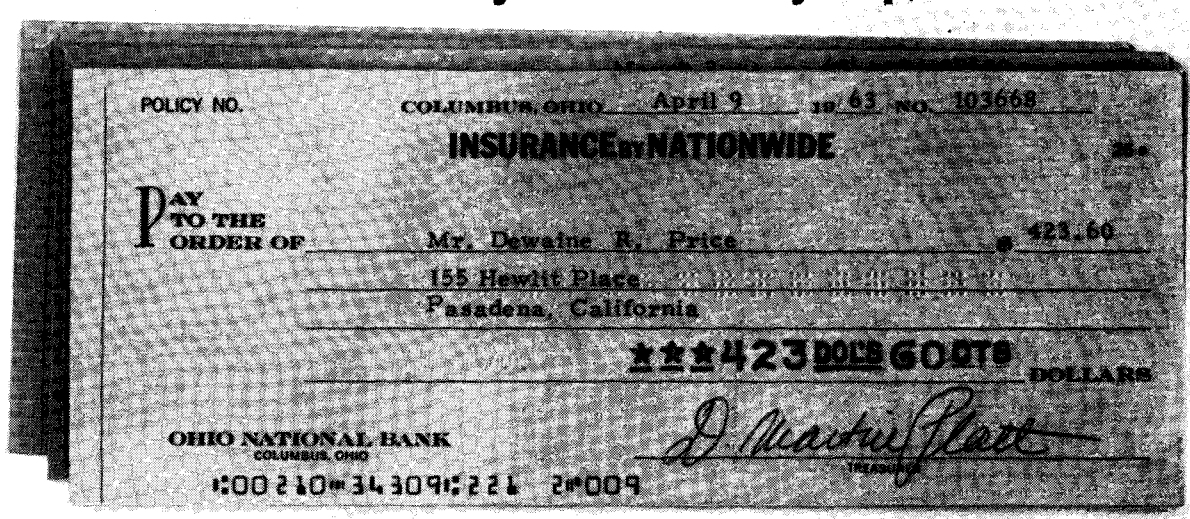
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"I feel like little David," Mama said. "Goliath is coming, and I can't find a rock."

to wish him well. With his right hand clasping theirs, he placed his left hand on their heads, and calling each by name, like a bishop bestowing a blessing, he said, "Lord love you," or, "God bless you," or, "Remember me in your prayers."

The hands reaching up to him, the faces looking up into his with trust and affection, were like strong wine to the teetotaling Happy, who in the burley and bourbon capital of the world has never smoked or taken a drink. "My cup runneth over," said Happy as he climbed into his car for the short ride to his green-roofed red-brick ranch house under the big trees on Elm Street.

Even the storm that broke as he rode home seemed a good omen. It had held off until he had finished speaking, and now it was soaking the tobacco land of central Kentucky. Tomorrow the land would be too wet to set tobacco, and the farmers would go to the polls to vote for Happy.

He was confident of victory, and with what seemed to be good reason. Thirteen times in 30-odd years he had gone to the post against strong contenders, and 12 times he had won, a record comparable to that of another legendary Blue Grass product, the late Man O' War. In 1935 Kentucky's Democrats sent Happy to the governor's chair; in 1940 they put him in the U.S. Senate. In 1955 they forgave him for abandoning his senate seat for the more lucrative post of commissioner of baseball, and named him to the governorship again. And now, with a brashness no other Kentucky politician had ever had the ·merity to display, he was asking for a third .erm in the handsome old capitol at Frankfort.

To Happy the race was already won, and at home in the big corner bedroom, as he got ready to climb into the antique four-poster with the canopied top, the family came in to share his jubilation. "This time tomorrow night," said Dan, his oldest son, "we'll be pulling into headquarters at Louisville for the victory celebration."

"It'll be a landslide," said Happy.

"I'll guarantee you it'll be the biggest victory ever seen in Kentucky," said Dan, "and you'll get the warmest welcome from the people any candidate ever got."

"We'll beat 'em by 4,000 in Fayette," said Happy, taking off his new black shoes. "We'll get a 1,500 majority in Scott," Dan said.

"Woodford will give us 2,200," said Happy. "Franklin will give us 1,500 and Shelby 1,700, and Henderson will give us 5,000. I can lose Jefferson [Louisville] by 7,000, and it's still a landslide for me."

The phone rang. Mama answered it. She whispered a name to Happy. "That's Hog Jaw's brother," said Happy. "He's drunk already. Tell him I've gone to bed." He returned to savoring the coming victory. "Miss Bessie's precinct will be the first one to report," he said. "She'll come hollering through the door ten minutes after the polls close. She'll bring two hundred votes. All but ten of them will be for me. If I lose twenty-five or thirty out there, I'll know it's bad."

"Somebody unzip me," said Mama. "Not you, Happy. You always jerk loose the hook and eye. This has been the dirtiest campaign in history. All sorts of skulduggery. They are writing letters to the old folks telling them if you take the sales tax off, they will have their pensions cut."

"The teachers are making the children tear the pages out of their history books that tell about what a good governor you were," said Lee, Happy's 15-year-old granddaughter.

"Lee, honeybunch, Mama, sweetheart, don't worry your pretty heads anymore," Happy said. "It's all over now but the shouting. We fought the good fight, we finished our course, we kept the faith. Now all of you get out of here and let Happy get some sleep."

A warmly affectionate, violently partisan, fiercely loyal family, they gathered around Happy, standing shoeless and weary in the middle of the room. One by one they hugged him and kissed him and told him good-night and left.

"You know what I always say, Mama," Happy called after her down the hall. He broke into song: "Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking, dear, of you."

"Go to sleep," said Mama.

"God love you, Mama," said Happy.

He climbed into the bed, and in 10 minutes he was snoring peacefully. But in her own bedroom down the hall Mama Chandler lay wide awake, staring at the ceiling. For some days now she had felt a premonition of disaster. "I feel like little David," she said. "Goliath is coming, and I can't find a rock."

A big smile for protection

Happy hadn't been hearing what his opponent was saying about him on television, she said. He hadn't been reading the strong editorials against him. He hadn't seen the cartoons that Hugh Haynie had been drawing in the *Courier-Journal*, savage caricatures that made Happy look ridiculous. When people had told Happy, he had laughed: "I'll sue Haynie for ten cents' damages. That's all the harm he's done me."

But Mama, a political realist, knew better. She knew it had hurt, and Ben, the quiet son, knew it. But Dan and Happy kept telling her, "It'll be a landslide, Mama. You wait and see."

This, Mama knew after 38 years of marriage, was Happy's way. Even if he knew in his heart he was licked, he wouldn't let it show. Even when he was a little boy, when his mother had gone off and left him, and his gentle, ineffective father was trying to raise him in the little town of Corydon, he was the same way. He might be hungry and cold, but he always had that big smile on his face, as if the world was a happy place.

"Happy," Mama once told a friend, "likes to say he has calluses on his sensibilities—that nothing anybody can do or say can hurt him. But that's not true. He learned long since that the only protector he had was that big smile. As long as he kept smiling, as long as he laughed and sang, nobody would ever know whether he was hurt, or scared, or shy, or mad, or glad, or what."

There were other things that worried Mama. The way to reach the voters now was by television. Happy tried hard on the air, but the cameras were not too kind to him. Sometimes they made him look older than he was, and above all things, in this campaign of youth against age, he didn't want to look old. And somehow Happy's ebullient warmth didn't come through as it should; the wires, the lights, the malevolent eye staring at him, stood between him and the people. Happy had to have the people there before him—living, breathing, laughing when he laughed, crying when he cried, getting mad when he got mad.

The Saturday before the election had been a day of agony for both Mama and Happy. They had cut the 15-minute tape of Happy's last broadcast, and it had taken nearly three hours. First, in reading over the speech that Joe Leary, his campaign manager, had written for him, Happy discovered that Joe had fouled up a quote from Kipling's *Recessional*. They got that fixed and put the speech on the teleprompter, but Happy couldn't see it so they moved the teleprompter closer. But Happy still couldn't read it without leaning so far over it looked as if he were trying to crawl into the camera. They decided to shoot it that way anyway, but in the middle of the speech the teleprompter went haywire and Happy shouted, "Fix that damn thing. Nobody can read with it jiggling and jerking that way."

They fixed the teleprompter and started over, but when Happy got to the Kipling quote, he read it "noble and contrite heart" instead of "humble and contrite heart," and Mama uttered a loud groan. So they stopped the cameras and started over, and Happy said "noble" again. "'Humble,' Happy, 'humble,'" Mama said. "I've been singing the *Recessional* in church on every Armistice Day since World War I. It's 'humble.'" Then she stood up, and in her sweet soprano she sang the whole *Recessional* through while the camera stopped and Happy waited, drumming on the desk with his fingers.

"Mama," said Happy, as she finished, "do you want me to give you a knuckle sandwich?"

They started the camera again and Happy got along pretty well this time until almost at the end of the speech. Then he stopped and shouted, "Hold it! . . . Mama," he called, "how do you say this word: d-e-a-f?"

"Deaf, Happy. D-e-a-f spells deaf."

"Lord love you, Mama," Happy said. "I always want to say 'deef' when I see it written out."

So they started again, and again the teleprompter went haywire. Finally Happy shouted, "Hell, who are we trying to kid? Everybody knows I am sixty-four years old. Give me my specs. Hand me a copy of that speech. I'll read it."

He grabbed a copy of the speech and started reading: "My fellow Kentuckians, I'm grateful for this final opportunity to visit with you by television. I am grateful that between you and me there are no editorial writers, no cartoonists with evil minds and evil pens, no reporters who can twist or slant the things I have to say. . . ."

People who saw it later said it looked pretty good on the air, though somehow the lighting wasn't just right, and it made Happy look as if he was reading from the entrance of a dark cave.

None of these things, however, troubled Happy as he rose on the morning of the election. He got up late and ate his usual breakfast of soft-boiled eggs and bacon, toast and milk. Then he and Mama went downtown to vote, and he was pleased that a sound truck was going about town squawking, "Don't be misled by little Ned. Be like your pappy. Vote for Happy." After voting, he stopped by George Shipp's barbershop where Emory Chastain had cut his hair every election day for 30 years. But Emory had retired, and a young barber named Smith cut Happy's hair.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces," said Happy gloomily.

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"Don't you worry. We fought the good fight, we finished our course, we kept the faith."

HAPPY CHANDLER

This nostalgic mood was still upon him in the afternoon as he went out to the guesthouse, where, at a desk beside the fireplace, he would tally up the vote as reports came in over a white telephone from the precincts, and on a black "hot line" from the headquarters in Louisville.

It was more than an hour before the polls would close, a restless waiting time of growing tension, and as Happy sat behind the desk idly fingering a bronze baby shoe, his mood seemed to darken. For the first time, the thought seemed to enter his mind that it might not be a landslide. It might not even be a victory.

"My father lived in the same little town for ninety years," said Happy. "He was a quiet, gentle man. He never made much money. He worked with his hands. I remember once a mower blade took off half of the four fingers on his right hand. I went down there to see him to give him my sympathy. When he saw me coming, he raised up that bandaged hand. "'Look, son,' he said, 'look how much I've got left.'

"I've always remembered that. I'll remember it tonight if this thing goes the other way. 'Look how much I've got left.' I've got Mama, the best wife a man ever had. I've got four fine children and nine of the sweetest grandchildren in the world. And to tell you the truth, that's all I give a damn about. Mama and I have got enough laid away to see us through the winter," he went on. "They've accused me of being a millionaire. That's silly. But I made $57,000 last year practicing law and selling insurance. The governor makes $18,000. So winning it will be a financial sacrifice to me, and losing it can be a blessing.

"I'm not much of a preacher," he went on, "but I remember what St. Paul said: 'I am resolved whatever the circumstances, therewith to be content.'" He rose and wandered restlessly along the bookshelves behind his desk, quoting from Henley's *Invictus:*

"'*It matters not how strait the gate,*
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.'

"No man is master of his fate," Happy said, remembering, perhaps, his own long-shattered dream of becoming President of the United States. "That's good poetry though."

A child peered in the door. "Come in here, Little Business," called Happy. Miss Celeste Lewis, age three, toddled across the floor and climbed up in Happy's lap. "I lug you," Happy said. "Hug Pappy."

"I lug you too," said Celeste, hugging Happy. She climbed down, and Happy gave her a pat on the bottom as she headed for the door.

Mama came in, carrying a huge 30-cup coffeepot. "Everything's ready," she said. "Ella Vee's got a pile of fried chicken in the kitchen and two baked hens and a country ham, and a big bowl of Caesar salad. Anybody that's hungry can help himself."

"You go lay down a while," Happy said.

"I ought to," Mama said. "I'm so tired my brain has already laid down."

"Mine hasn't," Happy said. "I'm feeling fine. Feel that arm, like solid oak. I'm in better shape than I was before the campaign started. I've worn 'em all out." His dark mood seemed to have left him. He looked at his watch. "In fifteen minutes," he said, "they'll have finished voting. Then those telephones will start jumping, poll workers calling in the good news. We'll leave here by seven o'clock, headed for Louisville."

Dan, his son, came in. Happy raised a clenched fist. Dan raised a clenched fist. "All for one and one for all," they said in unison. Happy moved back to the bookcase. "I've been called a lot of things," he said. "But I'm neither a knave nor a clown nor a fool. Read this." It was a book called *Basic Principles of Speech.* On one page it paid tribute to the great oratorical powers of Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Happy Chandler. "In Happy Chandler of Kentucky," the authors had written, "we observe some of the characteristics of the political good fellow. Yet we sense also humor, warmth, friendliness, courage and genuineness."

Happy beamed. "Lot different from what some of these sonsabitches have been saying about me, isn't it?" he said.

Friends began to drift in, taking the chairs that had been placed in a circle in front of Happy's desk. Behind the desk Happy sat calmly, a yellow pad before him, a pencil in his hand. His eyes were on his watch. At a table in front of Happy's desk Ben tuned a small radio. Dan sat with a hand poised above the telephone. At five o'clock Happy broke the silence.

"Boys," he said, "they are in the box now. The polls have closed. They've named the baby."

Mimi came in smiling. "The vote in Lexington was light," she said. "But they voted heavy in the country precincts. That's good news for us."

For a time the phones were silent. Happy sat by the phone, poised, waiting. The radio began reporting news of heavy Breathitt majorities in East Louisville. "They better wear that crown uneasily," said Happy. "Wait till the south-side boxes start coming in."

The night defeat arrived

There was a shout at the door. Miss Bessie Lewis, in a polka-dot dress and a little black hat, scurried into the room. "One hundred fifty to thirty," she yelled. A faint shadow crossed Happy's face.

"That's—that's wonderful, Miss Bessie," he said softly. "That's just fine." (The night before he had said if Miss Bessie's precinct turned in 25 to 30 votes against him, he'd know it was bad.)

The phones still were silent. The radio was reporting a growing majority for Breathitt.

"Get Louisville headquarters on the phone," Happy said. "All that radio stuff is coming out of Breathitt's headquarters. Tell Mack Walters they are outmaneuvering him. They are trying to stampede this thing."

In Kentucky, in primary races, rural counties watch to see how the vote in Louisville goes. If one candidate takes an overwhelming lead in Jefferson County, by quiet agreement the rival county chairmen swing their counties onto the bandwagon. It is a matter of practical politics, of patronage, roads and jobs.

A precinct from Happy's home county of Woodford reported in: 150 for Chandler, 101 for Breathitt. "Uh-oh," said Happy. "Marion County," Dan said at the phone. "Breathitt 1,00[illegible], Chandler 800." Happy shook his head. "I can't understand that," he said. "I just plain can't understand it."

Washington County came in next. Again the news was bad.

"I'd have bet anything on Washington," Happy said. "I wouldn't have believed anybody could beat me in Washington. What caused it, you suppose?" he asked of nobody in particular.

Then for a while things seemed to get better. Tiny Robertson County reported in, giving Happy an 83 majority. Happy gave a laugh. "That's a landslide for me. I lost it by four votes last time."

Jessamine, the adjoining county, reported in, a 700 majority for Happy. "We got something going here now." Happy beamed. "We're headed for the top." The radio reported Happy trailing by 7,000 in Jefferson. Looking directly at the sputtering little radio, he seemed to be arguing with it. "Yeah?" he said. "Last time at this time of night I was 12,000 behind."

"You carried Bracken by 228 votes," Dan reported from the phone.

Happy beamed. "That's a key county," he said. "Whoever carries Bracken always wins the race. Ring WHAS and tell 'em to spray it out that we won Bracken."

Out in the yard, Mama Chandler was easing her nerves by sweeping the patio bricks over and over again. "Looks like we've lost," she said calmly. "But I'm not going to get the high blood about it. It's a strain up there at Frankfort. Every time I'm up there, when my oculist looks in my eyes, he can see the tension. Takes me six month at home to get relaxed again."

In the kitchen Mimi, Happy's daughter, was fixing sandwiches. Her eyes were red. Lee Gregg, Happy's 15-year-old granddaughter, was openly crying. "I just don't see how the people of Kentucky can be so ungrateful," she said.

In the guesthouse Dan was shouting on the phone. "No, no, no," he was saying. "We aren't conceding anything. We are sticking to our guns."

It was a defiant graveyard whistle, for by now it was clear that the roof had fallen in. The election had been a landslide, all right—by some 60,000 votes—and it had buried Happy and his hopes, perhaps forever.

Finally, at 7:45, Happy left the desk and slipped quietly into the house. There, in his room, alone with Marshal Earp, the brown poodle, he ate a bowl of soup and a chicken sandwich and drank a glass of milk. A young lawyer named Smith, who had won his own race, slipped in to extend his sympathy. He looked as if he were about to cry. Happy grabbed him in a bear hug. "Don't you worry about Happy, son. You just go out there and make the best damn commonwealth attorney Kentucky ever had."

The family came in quietly. One by one they hugged him, and he hugged them back, but nobody cried, and for this sentimental, fiercely loyal family, this in itself was a victory. Then he picked up the poodle and sat down on the high old-fashioned bed. He sat there holding the dog in his arms, looking around him at Mama and the boys, at Mimi and Lee. It looked for a moment as if he might break down. Instead, he gave a great roaring laugh.

"Just look what I've got left," he said. "Just look what I've got left." THE END

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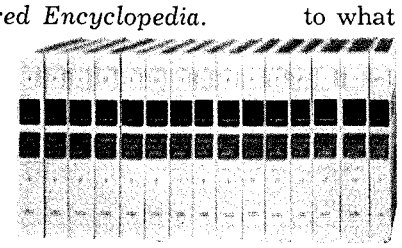

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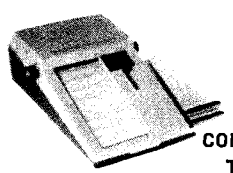

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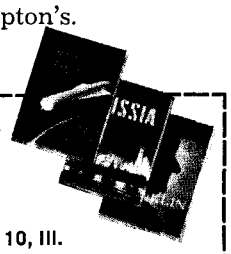

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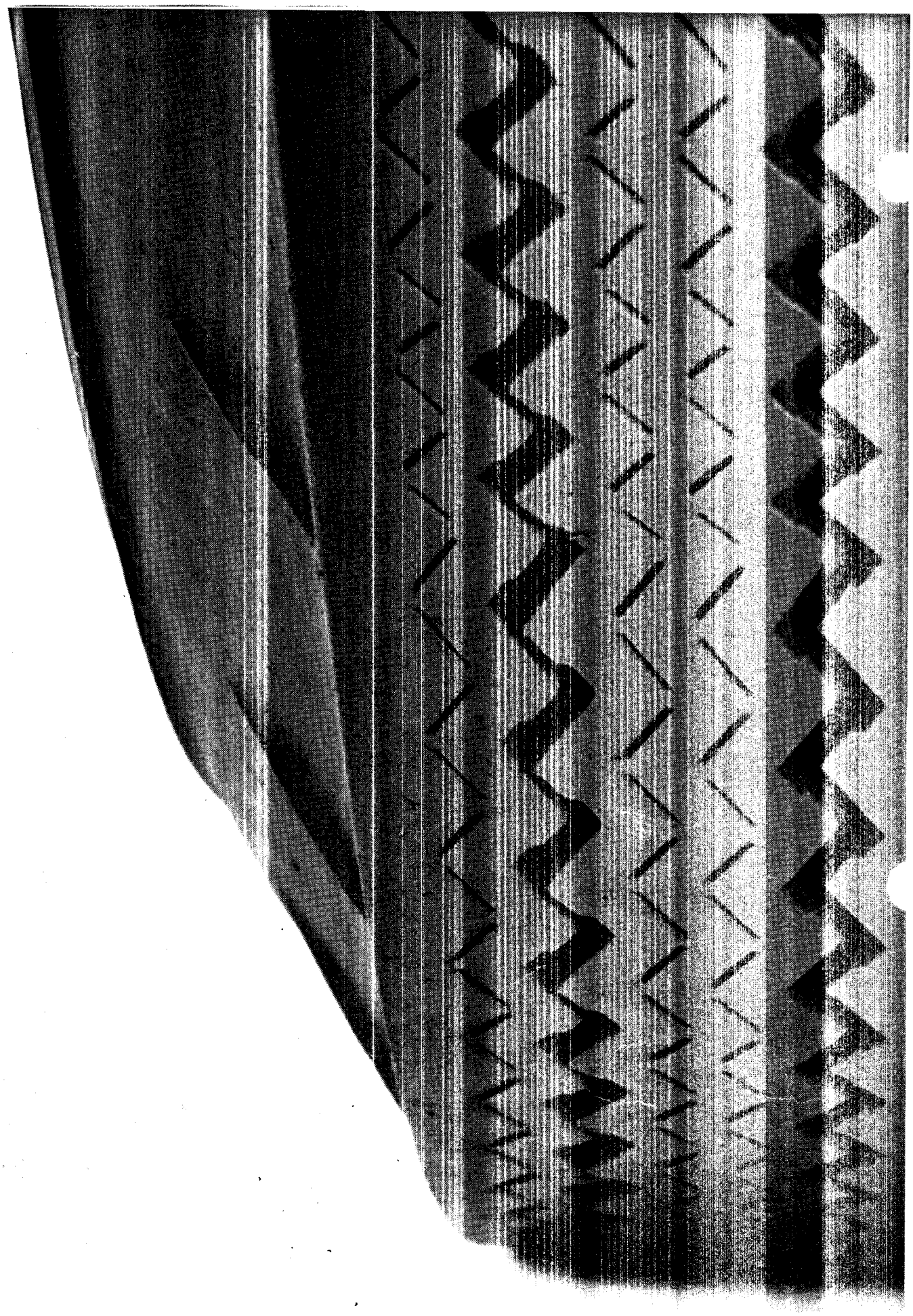

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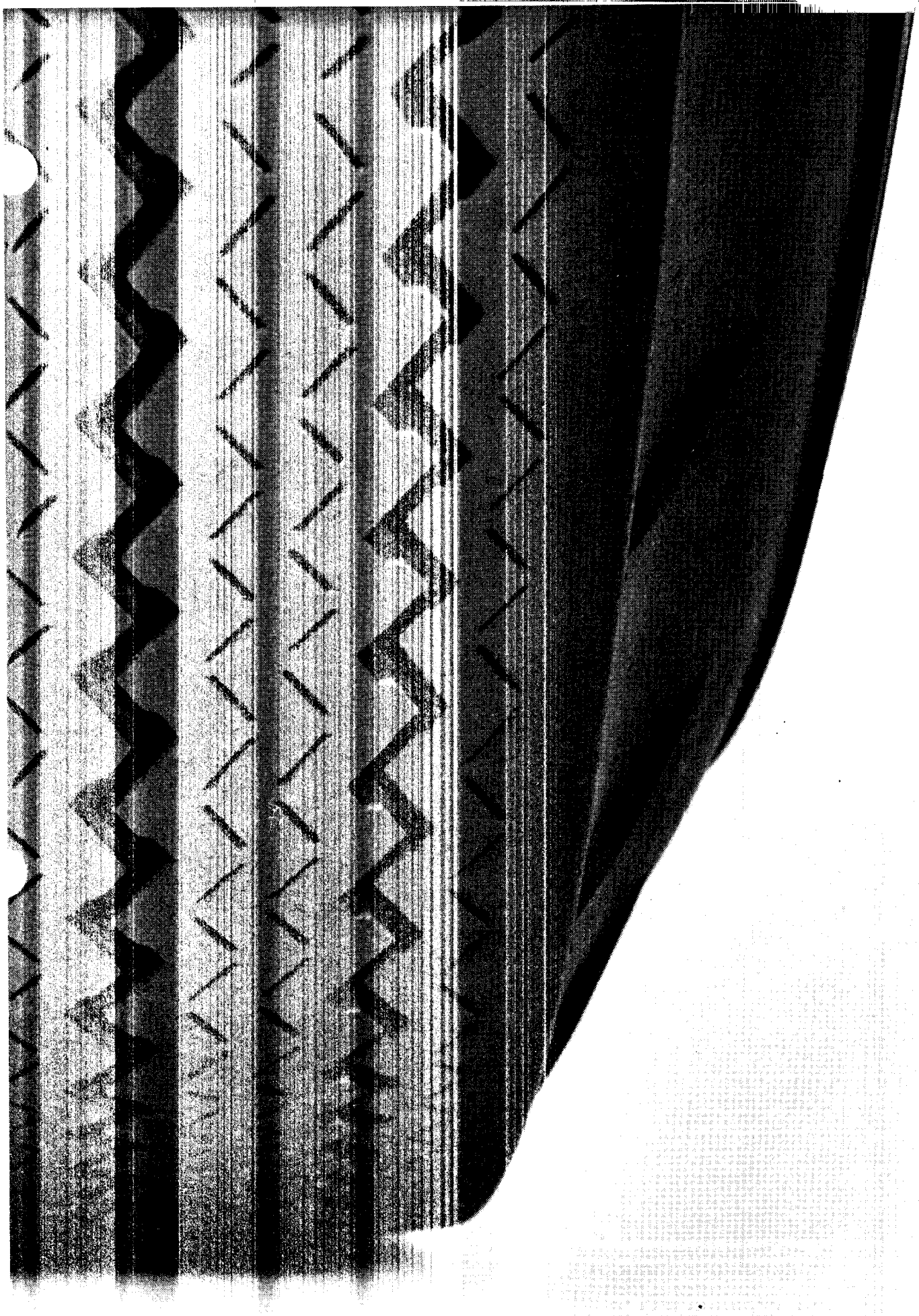

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Christina Paolozzi fondles Lupino, a pampered Pomeranian who is almost as footloose as his blond mistress.

BY GAY TALESE

Photographs by John Launois

When the doorman in the lobby of the Park Avenue apartment building saw Christina Paolozzi stepping out of the elevator, preceded by her dog, he became very tense. Her dog, a pampered Pomeranian named Lupino, was unleashed, as it always is. The doorman knew that if he hoped to avoid chasing the animal down the street, while pedestrians laughed and while Christina waited impatiently at the curb yelling, "*Lupino!*" he had better intercept the dog at once.

But when he reached down to grab Lupino, the dog snapped at him, darted between his legs, raced out the door, and scampered down Park Avenue.

"*Lupino, Lupino!*" shrieked Christina, as the doorman, swearing to himself, chased after the pet.

People paused to watch. Auto traffic stopped. A jam resulted. Horns honked. There was noise, confusion. And Christina Paolozzi had what she wanted and craves—attention.

She goes to extremes to get it. Last year 24-year-old Christina, daughter of an impoverished Italian count and a Boston-born millionairess, posed in the nude for *Harper's Bazaar*. She throws wild parties, cracks up cars, skis recklessly, does whatever she deems daring. For these reasons she has become the darling of that social phenomenon, the jet set.

The jet set, as readers of society columns know, is made up of a rich clique of international thrill-seekers who are constantly bored—and boring—and thus must travel from place to place in an endless search for new pleasures. That they are never completely fulfilled is inevitable because theirs is a never-ending journey away from themselves.

Along such trails Christina Paolozzi is a trailblazer. She was among the first of the jet-setters in recent years to go slumming in Harlem. She was among the first to twist at New York's Peppermint Lounge. Last spring in Palm Beach she and other "revolutionaries" were busy organizing a force to attack Castro—and might have tried had not the State Department banned such extravaganzas. Her big venture last year was the nude pose for *Bazaar*, which caused her eviction from both the *Social Register* and the Paolozzi villa in Rome, but made her the envy of some of her friends. "Many of them called up angrily," says Christina, "and said their breasts were ten times as beautiful as mine, and they asked, 'How dare you sit there and show *them*?'"

Although Christina has many whim sical pursuits, she is neither very dedi cated nor very talented in any of them. She cannot be classified as an actress, although she has played bit parts in a

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The Reds call Christina Paolozzi decadent, but faddists follow a girl who follows only her fancy.

The lost little rich girl

handful of films, including *La Dolce Vita*. She has modeled, but her career as a model has been hampered by the fact that she refuses to get up in the morning. She is not a painter, although she dabbles at it; she is not a dancer, although she has enrolled for lessons at the June Taylor studio in New York; and she is not a writer, although she has scribbled part of a novel—a largely autobiographical tale of wild scenes on yachts and in villas.

She is not even beautiful. While she has a fine Botticelli face with large brown eyes and a thin nose—a nose which was reshaped for her at a cost of $300—she has thick hips and ordinary legs. When she appeared bare-chested in *Harper's Bazaar*, newspaper columnist Inez Robb said it proved that "not diamonds but clothes are a girl's best friend."

If she is neither beautiful nor talented nor dedicated to what she does, why is Miss Paolozzi influential? Why does Italy's Communist Party look upon her as the symbol of Western decadence? And why do so many people talk about her?

To some observers, such as the fashion editors of *Harper's Bazaar*, Christina Paolozzi is a credit to the chic. She is the first, they say, to seize any new idea in makeup, coiffure, dress, and to turn the idea with inspiration to her own ends, and then, quickly bored, to discard it—"relinquishing a look not before it grows old, *but even before it is news*." To Richard Avedon, who photographed her for *Bazaar*, she is the "divine discontent." But she is also a living example of what happens to an individual who has too much money, too much time and no purpose.

Almost from the moment she gets up in the morning—or afternoon—Christina exhibits a restlessness, a tension that is mollified only when she gets attention.

"Oh, my problems are so ridiculous," she sighed recently as she walked barefoot through her mother's Park Avenue apartment after breakfast. "Too much money. Too many playgrounds. But I am actually *tired* of being the poor little rich girl, *tired* of being the Communists' symbol of the decadence of my generation."

She paused and glanced at her watch. "Oh," she said, "I'm late. I should be at the model agency." She called her Pomeranian, "Lupino, Lupino!"

The dog, dragging a large, greasy chicken bone across an expensive Chinese rug, ran through the living room. Ten minutes later, after the doorman had chased Lupino halfway around the block, Christina was sitting in a cab, en route to her modeling agency. She stepped out of the cab, and Lupino again darted away.

"Lupino, Lupino!" Christina called. Men turned and smiled at her. Women eyed her coolly. When Lupino returned, she picked him up, held him during the elevator ride, then released him inside the model agency office so that his barking would announce her presence.

"Hi, Christina," called a trim, dapper man behind a filing cabinet. Three underfed fashion models turned their long, bony necks around and smiled feebly.

"I do not like the greeting I'm getting today," Christina snapped. "I think I shall go out and come in again." She walked out and came in again.

"*Contessa, DAH-ling!*" cried the trim, dapper man, rushing to embrace her. The models smiled, showing all their teeth.

"That's better," Christina said.

Then she strode into the office of the agency's president, who wanted her to sign a new contract. "They need me more than I need them," she said. "They like all that publicity I get for them."

While the agency president beamed, Christina read the small print on the reverse side of the contract. "I *wish* I could read English better," she said.

"You read all right, baby," he said. "Only thing you don't read is the clock."

A few minutes later, after crossing her legs a few times and doodling along the edge of the contract, she finally signed. The agency president smiled. Then, while she went to get her coat, he said, "Just think, a couple of years ago Christina was a kooky kid, but now she's developing into . . . developing into"—he groped for the right word, but failing to get it, said finally—"into a *lady*."

Waving at everybody, Christina yelled, "*Ciao*," and everybody waved back, "Good-bye, Christina! *Ciao, Contessa!*"

The undeserved promotion to her mother's rank of contessa pleased her, and she left smiling.

Next, because she had a slight recurring skin rash, Christina hailed a taxicab to take her uptown to her doctor; but when she arrived, the nurse told her she would have to wait a few moments.

Christina paced the floor. Lupino nipped at the heels of two other patients. "Oh, I *hate* waiting," Christina muttered. "That doctor is paying me back for all the times I've kept *him* waiting."

Five minutes later, however, she was called in, and the doctor, a portly middle-aged man with horn-rimmed glasses, was very pleasant.

"When did the itch come back, Christina?" he asked.

"It was fine for two days in Palm Beach, then it came back."

"Well," he said, looking at her chart, "could it be too many soft drinks?"

"I *must* drink them," she said. "I can't help it. Maybe my rash came back because of the tension of my being back to work again."

At Park Avenue party, Christina adjusts stray hair strand while bearded friend looks on.

"I doubt it," said the doctor.

"I think it could be the tension over Cuba," she said seriously. "This has got me terribly upset."

One hour later, having vexed her doctor sufficiently, Christina Paolozzi, wearing leotards, was stretching across the floor of a June Taylor dance class, together with 40 other students. She loves the class and becomes contrite when she misses several sessions in a row, but not contrite enough to show up. After the class was over, she waved to the instructor and said cheerfully, "See you Monday."

"Of what year?" he asked.

She laughed and went rushing out the door, the dog running ahead of her. "Lupino! Lupino!" she cried. Pedestrians stopped to watch. More attention.

Finally she got Lupino into a taxicab and headed back to the Park Avenue apartment. She was going to a dinner party later that evening with Juan José Arteaga, a wealthy Cuban bachelor who recently was released from jail after being captured during the Bay of Pigs invasion.

She likes Juan José very much, she says—at least for the time being—because she has not yet managed to dominate him. Juan José is very independent and does not seem to need her. He finds nothing about her disturbing. "You can get used to anything—once you have spent two years in jail," says Juan José.

But for those who have *not* spent two years in jail, getting accustomed to Christina Paolozzi can be something of a trial. Not even her family has quite managed to get accustomed to her. Born in New York City on December 3, 1939, Christina has lived in Italy, France and Switzerland, going to fashionable schools where she showed no inclination to scholarship.

"Oh, I was horrible," she recalled of those days. "I got all my attention by getting cut up, beat up, by breaking my neck in slalom races. I broke my hip, leg, arms—all for attention. At sixteen I smashed up enough cars, had been around the world, did everything I wanted—and still I wasn't satisfied."

Because her parents had separated, Christina says, the family lost some of its social position among Italian nobility. But this had little to do with Christina Paolozzi's rebellion, because she had

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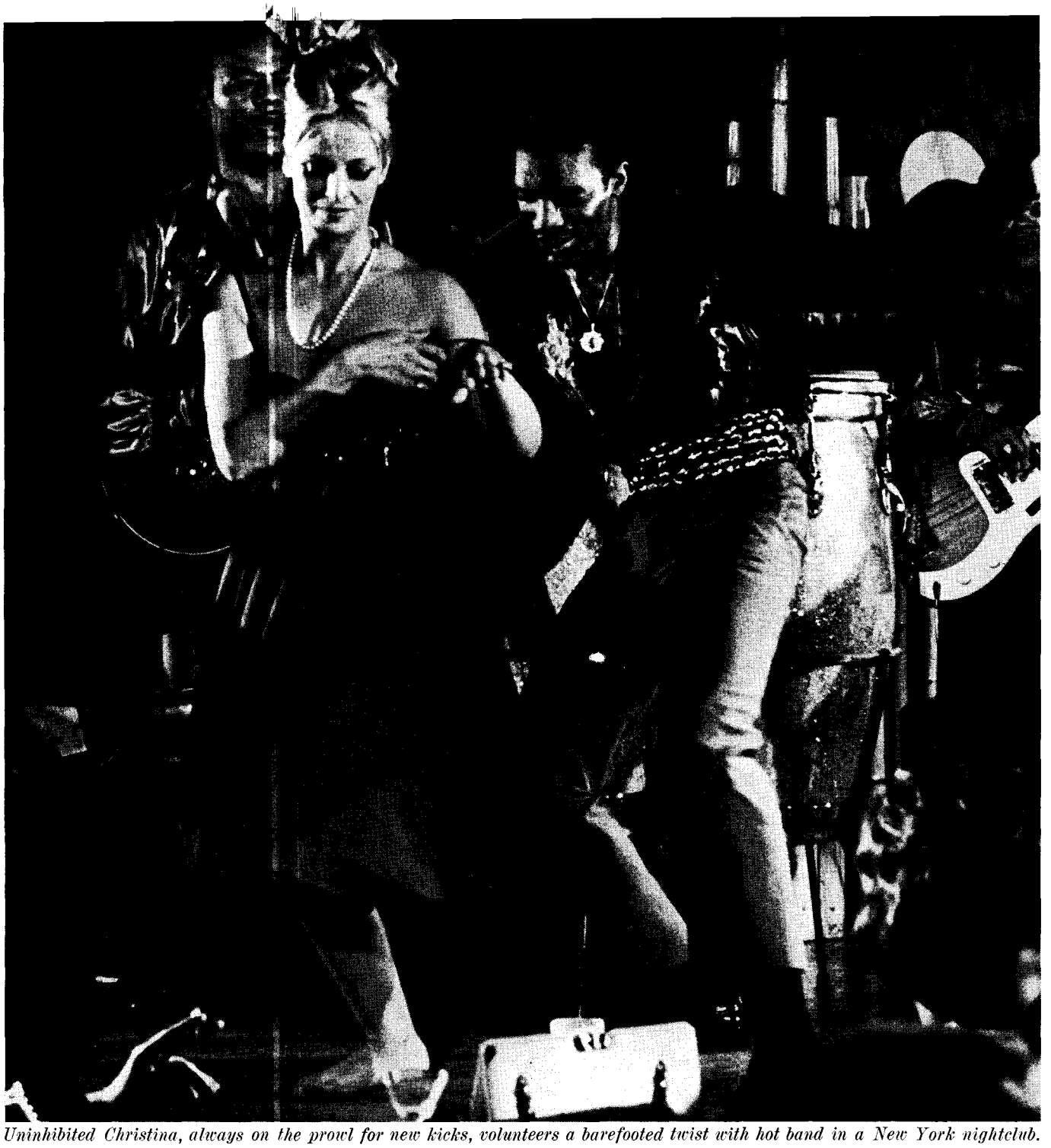
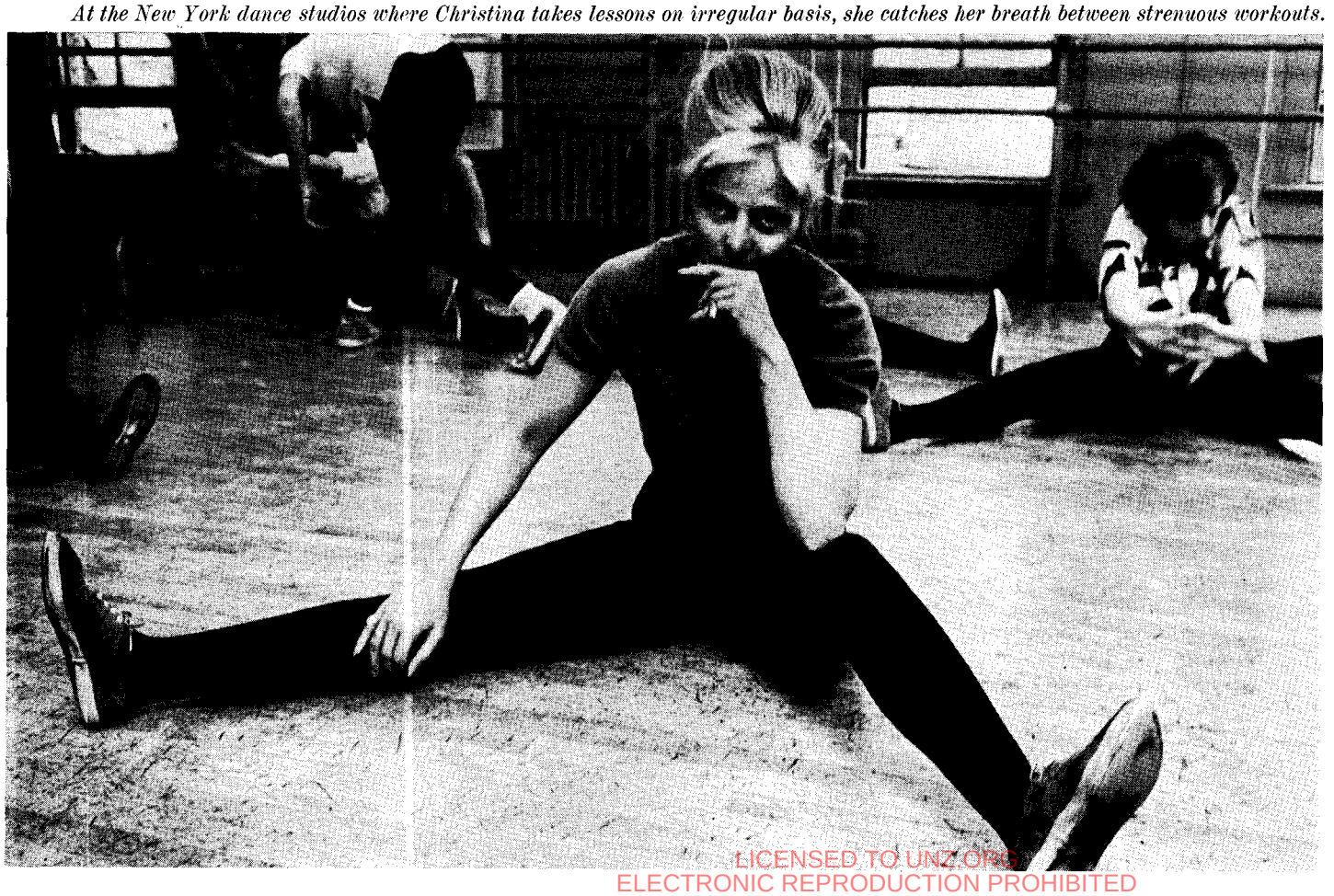


Uninhibited Christina, always on the prowl for new kicks, volunteers a barefooted twist with hot band in a New York nightclub.

At the New York dance studios where Christina takes lessons on irregular basis, she catches her breath between strenuous workouts.



She fell in love with Cuba's Ché Guevara, a "divine evil man."

already decided she wanted nothing to do with the quiet life then demanded of Italian debutantes.

"In Rome, when I was growing up, it was *not* very fashionable to be sportive, but it *was* fashionable to watch; it was *not* fashionable to be an excellent dancer, but it *was* fashionable to be at every ball," she says. "It was also fashionable to pass the days in needlepoint, and each morning to have a masseuse come in—at least *I* did—and to lunch at two P.M. at the golf club or polo fields and *watch*. . . . Well, I could not accept all this."

In 1959, determined to do as she pleased, Christina Paolozzi came to the United States. She did some modeling, threw parties, and one day when some French journalist friends were flying to Cuba, she joined them—for no reason other than she had never before been to Cuba. There she met Fidel and Raul Castro, and she flashed her eyes at Cuba's No. 2 man, Ché Guevara, and "fell in love with him." When recalling her moments with him, Miss Paolozzi becomes visibly excited. "Oh, Ché's such a divine man, so wicked and evil!" she says.

A month later she was in Acapulco on another jaunt; then back in New York, then Palm Beach, then New York, then Europe, then New York, falling in love several times, getting engaged four times. And that is the way her life has been, and possibly will continue, until she is too tired to keep it up. If she has got any satisfaction from it at all, it is that, at 24 years of age, she has become a minor celebrity. Yet she is mildly disillusioned about it.

"It's incredible that a person with as little talent as myself can become a public symbol," she says. "How did it happen? Well, for one thing, I started off with some advantages; when you're born with social position, it's just one more thing you don't have to worry about. Especially in America, where, I've discovered, people with money and talent are usually very dissatisfied, and they need to look for other gods. And what better gods than people with social position or titles?

"But," she went on, "I guess my problem is that I just do not want to face life as it is. It would be boring. And yet, I'm very naïve. For instance, that nude in *Bazaar*. It never occurred to me that the world would judge me for *that*. . . . Oh well, at least Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain has forgiven me. She said she would be very proud if I would marry her grandson, Don Gonzalo de Bourbon. If I married Don Gonzalo, I could become Queen of Spain," she said, her eyes flashing.

Then, taking solemn note of the fact that Don Gonzalo is only a nephew of the pretender to the Spanish throne, she added: "Of course, I would have to kill 25 people. . . . Franco would be first . . . then Juan Carlos. . . . But *first* I'd have to marry Don Gonzalo—and then *I'd* die of boredom." THE END

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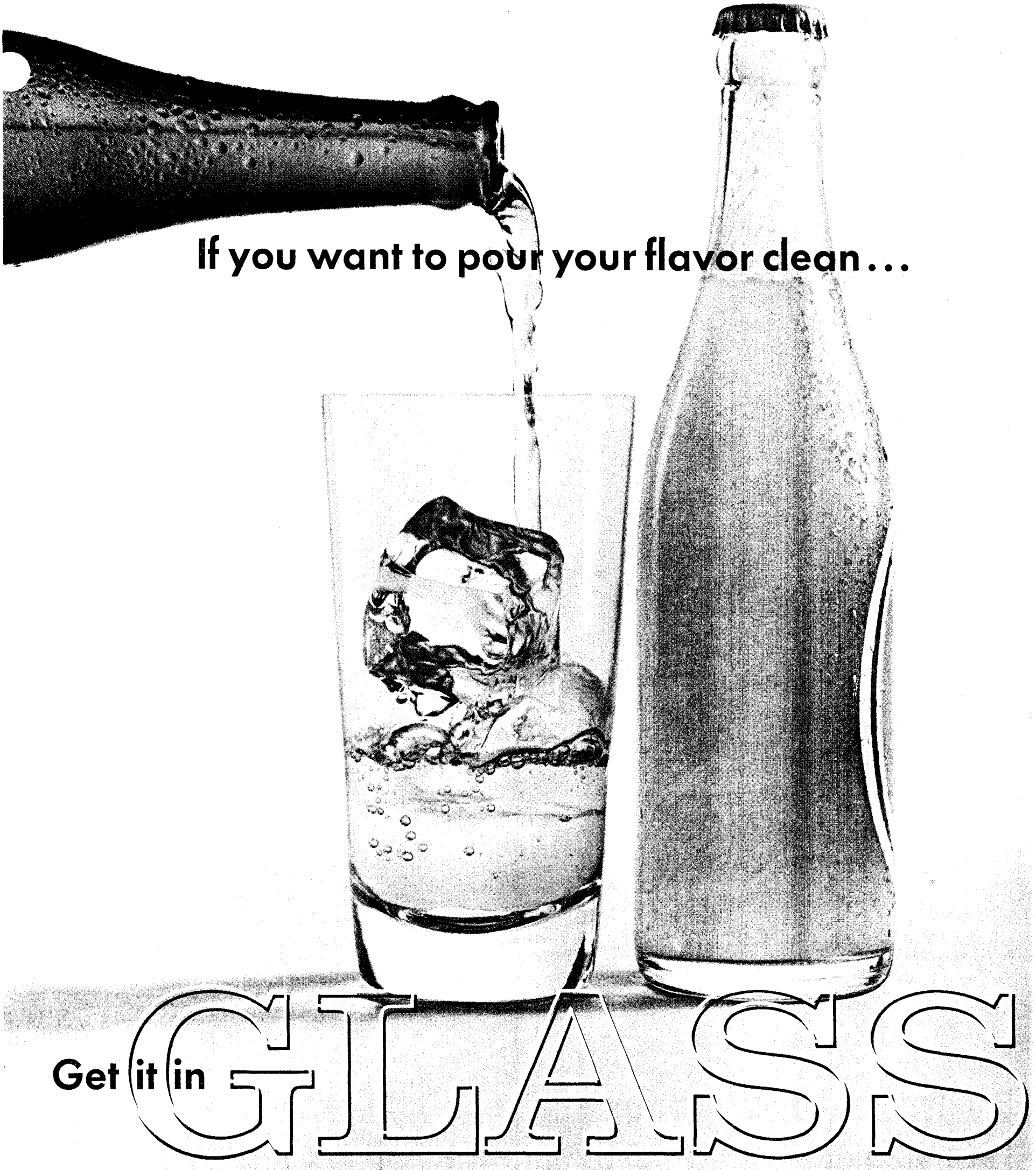

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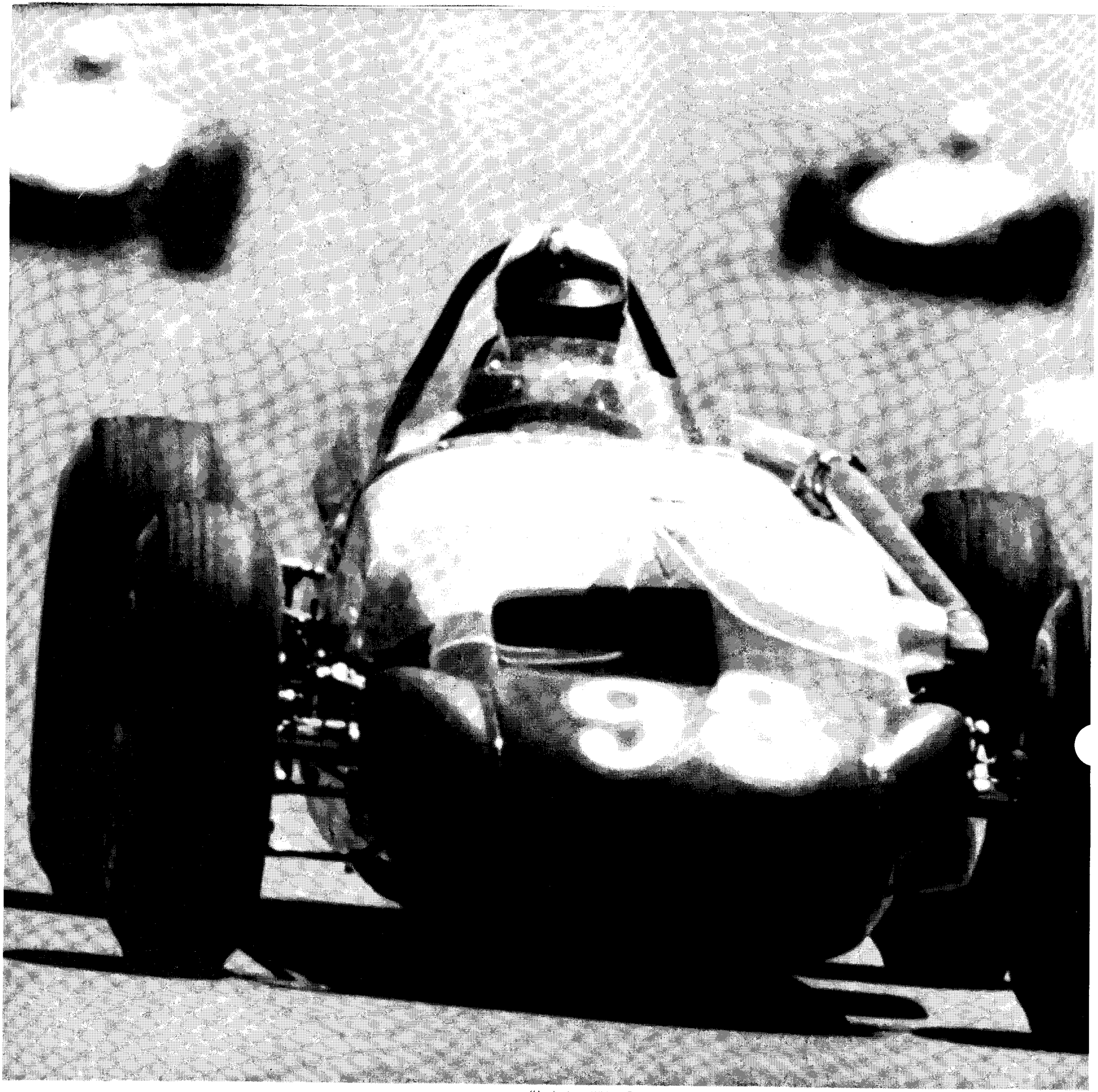

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A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY By Yevgeny Yevtushenko

It takes a courageous man to speak out against a ruthless dictatorship. The 30-year-old Russian poet, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, has that courage—the courage to produce the most sweeping indictment of Soviet Communism that any Soviet author has ever written. The Kremlin banned this book. Now, for the first time, American readers can find out why.

An introduction by ALLEN W. DULLES, *former director of the CIA*

Khrushchev has a revolt on his hands, and he does not know what to do about it. The revolt of the intellectuals, symbolized by the vast, restless crowds which gather in Moscow to hear Yevgeny Yevtushenko recite his poems, is as dangerous to the Soviet regime as the other revolts it has faced.

Three decades ago the peasants revolted against the farm collectives. "It was fearful," Stalin told Churchill in a moment of candor in 1942. Ten million were involved in the revolt, he said, and it took four years to crush them. Seven years ago, Khrushchev showed that he could be as ruthless as Stalin, when he sent his armored divisions to Budapest to drown the Hungarian revolt in blood.

But this is different. Armored columns and mass starvation are not useful instruments against poets and artists. And Khrushchev himself opened the door to the revolt of the intellectuals. He could have buried Stalinism quietly. Instead, in his "secret" speech of 1956, he jumped on Stalin's grave and denounced him. The full speech was intended only for the inner circle of the party, but the U. S. Central Intelligence Agency secured the text, and it was published throughout the world. As Yevtushenko makes clear in *A Precocious Autobiography*, Khrushchev's own revelation of Stalin's brutal crimes was the spark which lit the intellectual revolt.

How to deal with the ferment without either returning to Stalinism or permitting a freedom that might endanger the whole Soviet system? This is the problem which now confronts Khrushchev and the Soviet ruling class. At a recent meeting of the Communist Central Committee Khrushchev denounced any notion of "peaceful coexistence between the Communist and bourgeois ideologies. . . . This shall not be," he said, and added that the party will "continue to direct" the work of intellectuals. To my mind this foreshadows a period of heavy ideological pressure, perhaps stern repression. Yevtushenko and fellow intellectuals will most certainly be prime targets.

Ideological pressure may be enough for Khrushchev's immediate purposes, without resort to outright persecution. The Bohemian life of Yevtushenko and other young intellectuals is not conducive to martyrdom. Despite the urgings of his fellow liberals to stand firm, Yevtushenko has already compromised and agreed to changes in his most famous poem, *Babi Yar*. The pioneering monthly *Novy Mir*, which first published the chilling story of a Siberian concentration camp, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* [*Post*, Feb. 9, 1963], has also apparently bowed to the official line. Moreover, the leaders of the intellectual revolt, like Yevtushenko himself, are dedicated Communists, which makes them readily susceptible to party pressure.

Yet Khrushchev's problem is by no means solved just because Yevtushenko and his friends idealize Communism in theory. In practice, the Communist system denies them the right of free expression in their own country, and thus fatally shackles their talents. For a time, no doubt, the young intellectuals can be pressured into line. Yet the inner contradiction between Communist theory and Communist practice will thereby become all the more visible to the intellectuals. This is why the bloodless intellectual revolt may in the long run be more dangerous to the Communist system than the revolt of the peasants or of Hungarian freedom fighters.

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The story that infuriated Khrushchev

A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO

Translated from the Russian by Andrew R. [illegible]

Yevtushenko and Pasternak held matters of conscience in common.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

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A poet's autobiography is his poetry. Anything else can be only a footnote. A poet is a poet only when the reader sees him whole, with all his feelings, all his thoughts and all his actions, as if the reader held him in the hollow of his hand.

To be entitled to write with merciless truthfulness about others, the poet must be mercilessly truthful when he writes about himself. Splitting the poet's personality in two, into the real man and the poet, leads inevitably to artistic suicide.

Unfortunately many poets, when their lives clash with their poetry, continue to write, passing themselves off as different from what they are. But they are only deluding themselves when they think they are writing poetry.

Poetry is not to be deceived. And poetry deserts those who are false to her.

Poetry is a vindictive woman who never forgives a lie.

Nor will she forgive anything less than the truth. There are people who pride themselves on never having told a lie in their whole lives. But let them ask themselves how often they have failed to tell the truth, preferring a safe silence. Such people use as an excuse the ancient saying invented by their kind: "Silence is golden."

But if silence is golden the gold is not pure. This applies to life in general and to poetry in particular, because poetry is life in a concentrated form.

Reticence about oneself in poetry becomes, inevitably, reticence in writing about others—about their sufferings and sorrows.

For a long time many Soviet writers failed to write about their personal thoughts, about their own complexities or conflicts, and, needless to say, about the conflicts and complexities of others.

This was the time when our literary critics came up with the term "lyric hero." According to their recipe, the poet was no longer supposed to be himself in his own poems—he was to turn himself into a symbol.

Outwardly the poetry of many poets at that time was autobiographical. It contained place names—the poet's native town or village, a list of places he had visited, and some of the events of his life. But in spite of this the poems had no flesh and blood. Some of the more talented of the writers could be distinguished by their manner of writing. But to tell them apart by their manner of thinking was extremely difficult. It was impossible to feel they were real, existing people because the thoughts and feelings of each individual who really exists are unique and cannot be duplicated.

An autobiography is meaningless if it is only an account of the events in a man's outward life and not also an account of his interior life—of his thoughts and feelings.

What I have said in no way means that I am accusing the whole of Soviet poetry of depersonalizing the author's "I."

I could easily put down a list of Soviet poets who retained their individuality even through the hardest times, but unfortunately their names would mean nothing to the Western reader.

The work of a true poet is not only a moving, breathing, sound-filled portrait of his time—it is also a self-portrait, just as vivid and just as comprehensive.

Why then, after all I have said about the superfluity of writing memoirs, have I agreed to write an autobiographical sketch? The reason is that many articles that fall into the hands of Western readers represent me as something different from what I am. I am often represented as a colorful figure, startling against the gray background of Soviet society.

This is not what I am at all.

Many Soviet people hate the same things that I hate.

What I am fighting for is just as dear to many of them.

There are people who bring to a society their own original ideas and make that society stronger through these ideas. Theirs is perhaps the highest form of creativity, but I am not of their number.

My poetry is only the expression of moods and ideas already present in Soviet society but which had not so far been expressed in verse. Had I not been there, someone else would have expressed them.

Am I now contradicting what I said before about the poet being, above all, an individual?

Not in the least.

In my opinion, only in a person with a strong, well-defined personality can what is held in common by many be combined and fused.

I should very much like to spend my life expressing the so-far unexpressed ideas of many, while remaining myself. Indeed, if I ceased to be myself, I would not be able to express them.

Who then am I?

"Let out the red rooster"

I was born on July 18, 1933, in Siberia, at Zima Junction, a small place near Lake Baikal. My surname, Yevtushenko, is Ukrainian.

Long ago, at the end of the last century, my great-grandfather, a peasant from Zhitomir province, was deported to Siberia for having "let out the red rooster" in his landlord's house. This is the Russian peasant way of saying that he had set fire to the house. That's probably the origin of my inclination to reach for that red rooster whenever I meet anyone with a landlord's mentality.

No one in our family uttered the word "revolution" as if he were making a speech. It was uttered quietly, gently, a shade austerely. Revolution was the religion of our family.

My grandfather, Yermolay Yevtushenko, a soldier who could barely read, was one of the organizers of the peasant movement in the Urals and in Eastern Siberia. Later under the Soviet regime he studied at a military academy, became a brigade commander and held the important post of deputy commander of artillery in the Russian Republican Army. But even in his commander's uniform he remained the peasant he had always been and kept his religious faith in revolution.

I last saw him in 1938. I was five then. My mother told me he had gone away for a long trip. I didn't know that he had been arrested on a charge of high treason. I was to learn this later.

Later I also found out what had happened to my other grandfather, who similarly had vanished. He was Rudolph Gangnus, a round-shouldered, gray-bearded mathematician of Latvian origin, whose textbooks were used to teach geometry in Soviet schools. He was arrested on a charge of spying for Latvia.

But at this time I knew nothing.

I went with my father and mother to watch the holiday parades, organized workers' demonstrations, and I would beg my father to lift me up a little higher.

I wanted to catch sight of Stalin.

And as I waved my small red flag, riding high in my father's arms above that sea of heads, I had the feeling that Stalin was looking right at me.

I was filled with a terrible envy of those children my age lucky enough to be chosen to hand bouquets of flowers to Stalin and whom he gently patted on the head, smiling his famous smile into his famous moustache.

To explain away the cult of Stalin's personality by saying simply that it was imposed by force is, to say the least, rather naïve. There is no doubt that Stalin exercised a sort of hypnotic charm.

Many genuine Bolsheviks who were arrested at that time utterly refused to believe that this had happened with his knowledge, still less on his personal instructions. Some of them, after being tortured, traced the words "Long live Stalin" in their own blood on the walls of their prison.

Did the Russian people understand what was really happening?

I think the broad masses did not. They sensed intuitively that something was wrong, but no one wanted to believe what he guessed at in his heart. It would have been too terrible. The Russian people preferred to work rather than to think and to analyze.

All the same it was impossible to stop thinking altogether. We were overshadowed by that most dreadful menace in the history of any people—a split between their external and their inner lives.

It was noticeable even to us children. Carefully as our parents shielded us from realizing this discrepancy, their concern only underlined it.

My parents were psychologically at opposite poles from each other. This—and not political motives (as was playfully suggested by *Time* magazine)—ultimately led to their divorce.

My father and mother got to know each other at the Geological Institute where both were studying. This was in the 1920's.

At that time the great majority of those admitted to the universities were children of workers or peasants. This was a perfectly natural reaction against the czarist era when education was reserved for the children of the well-to-do. It was intended to restore the balance. But, as so often happens when the balance of justice is restored in too zealous and hot-blooded a way, new injustices were introduced.

In modern Russian this phenomenon is graphically described as "overbending."

Owing to overbending in the system of admissions, the sons and daughters of intellectuals stood out among their fellow students like white crows. This was the case with my father.

One day, at a meeting of the Komsomol [Young Communist League] in his institute, he was accused of bourgeois leanings just because he happened to wear a tie.

(My father smilingly told me of this incident only the other evening when we couldn't get into a Moscow restaurant because we both were not wearing ties.)

My father's tie did not, however, get in the way of his friendship with the slender girl whose

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Public readings of poetry attract crowds as large as sports events in the U.S. Thousands sit for hours to hear Yevtushenko.

revolutionary principles made her wear a man's red shirt and boots. They soon got married.

My mother, born in Siberia, was not nearly so well read as my father, but to make up for it she had a deep understanding of such things as the land and working with the soil.

I am grateful to my father, who when I was a child taught me to love books, and to my mother, who gave me in my childhood my love of the soil and of working with my hands. I think that, to the end of my days, I will be half an intellectual and half a peasant. I realize that to be an intellectual is in some ways limiting, but I feel sure that my peasant half will always save me from the worst failing of intellectuals—snobbishness.

My father knew many poems by heart and would recite them for my benefit. He had a prodigious memory. His favorites were Lermontov, Goethe, Poe and Kipling. He recited Kipling's *If* with the emotion usually kept for the recitation of one's own verse. He did in fact write poetry of his own, and there is no doubt that he was genuinely gifted.

Thanks to my father I could read and write by the age of six, and by the time I was eight I was devouring indiscriminately Dumas, Flaubert, Schiller, Balzac, Dante, Maupassant, Tolstoy, Boccaccio, Shakespeare, Gaidar, Jack London, Cervantes and Wells. It all made an indescribable salad in my head. I lived in an illusory world, taking not the slightest notice of anything or anyone around me.

I never even noticed that my father and mother were estranged and were staying together only for my sake.

Until June 22, 1941, I was a youthful romantic who thought that people suffered only in books.

My first reaction to the war was an aesthetic one—I found it decorative. I loved watching the searchlights fingering the Moscow sky at night. I was gripped with exultation, not with fear, when I heard the howling of the air-raid sirens, and I envied the grownups for being issued such handsome helmets and rifles and sent to a fantastically interesting country called the Front.

In autumn, 1941, like many Moscow children, I was evacuated to Siberia.

It took me nearly a month to reach my native Zima Junction, traveling in a train made up of 16 coaches filled with women and children.

Coming toward us and heading for the front were flatcars loaded with guns, and boxcars with open doors through which I caught a glimpse of the young freckled faces of soldiers. But by then I was no longer charmed by their rifles and helmets. Nor did I believe that they felt gay and happy, even when the stirring tunes they whistled or played on their accordions reached me from the boxcars. I no longer felt that suffering was something confined to books.

And when I came to Zima Junction I witnessed what was perhaps the most terrible thing I have seen in my life—the weddings of 1941.

Young boys called up to the front were handed their papers and given two or three days to get ready. The times were grim. The German general Guderian was looking Moscow over through his field glasses. These young men, whose bodies were to block his way to Moscow, had hardly any chance of coming back. Many of them were engaged. Their girls chose to be their wives if only for a day and at the cost of being widowed at once. These were the terrible weddings I saw, weddings where the first night of married life was to be the last.

When today I think about war and what it means, it is these weddings that come to my mind first. And this memory affects me much more than all the fine speeches about the need to fight for peace.

The word "peace" can have a concrete meaning only for those who know what war is. If it were possible to be grateful to a war, I would thank the war for giving me an understanding of the word "peace." And I would also like to thank the war for helping me to understand the words "my country."

I began to realize that "my country" was not a geographical or literary concept—it referred to living people. I despise nationalism. For me the world contains only two nations: the nation of good people and the nation of bad people. I am a nationalist of the nation of good people.

But love of mankind can only be reached through love of one's country.

Does this mean that it was only through patriotism that Russia was victorious in the war?

No, that isn't the whole story.

As I have said earlier, before the war the Russian people were overshadowed by the danger of living a split life.

Nevertheless, in the bottom of their hearts and in spite of everything—even in spite of all the horrors of Stalin's concentration camps—the Russian people never lost faith in the ideals of the revolution. And when the war broke out they rose to defend not only their country but also their revolution.

Hard as it is to admit, the war lightened the Russians' spiritual burden, for they no longer needed to be insincere. And helped lead us to victory.

All of us, from the smallest to the greatest, whether soldiers or workers, peasants or intellectuals, gave everything to the war effort—and I, too, tried to be a part of it. I helped with the harvest, worked in a sawmill, gathered herbs for the wounded.

That was when I began to write, at first in prose.

It was difficult to get paper at that time. A thin notebook cost as much as two pounds of butter. At school we did our spelling exercises on old newspapers, writing between the lines of the war communiqués. I had decided to write a novel. So I swiped my grandmother's two-volume edition of Marx and Engels, and in the course of a year filled in all the spaces between the lines.

My grandmother forgave me. She patted me on the head and said: "Well, that ought to make you a Marxist."

I believe my grandmother's prediction was correct.

I was not yet writing verse, but I put down all the folk songs and ballads I heard in the villages—

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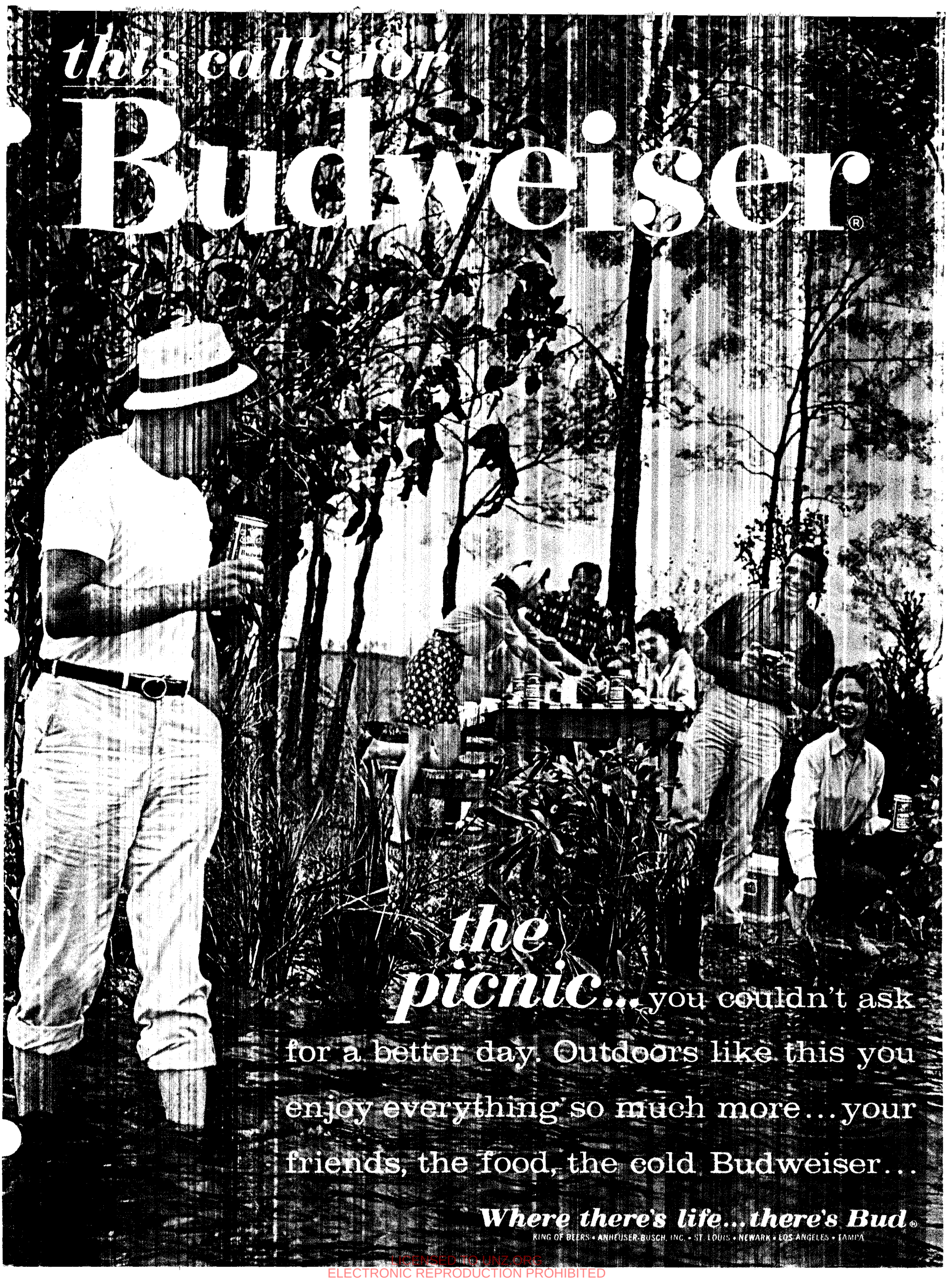
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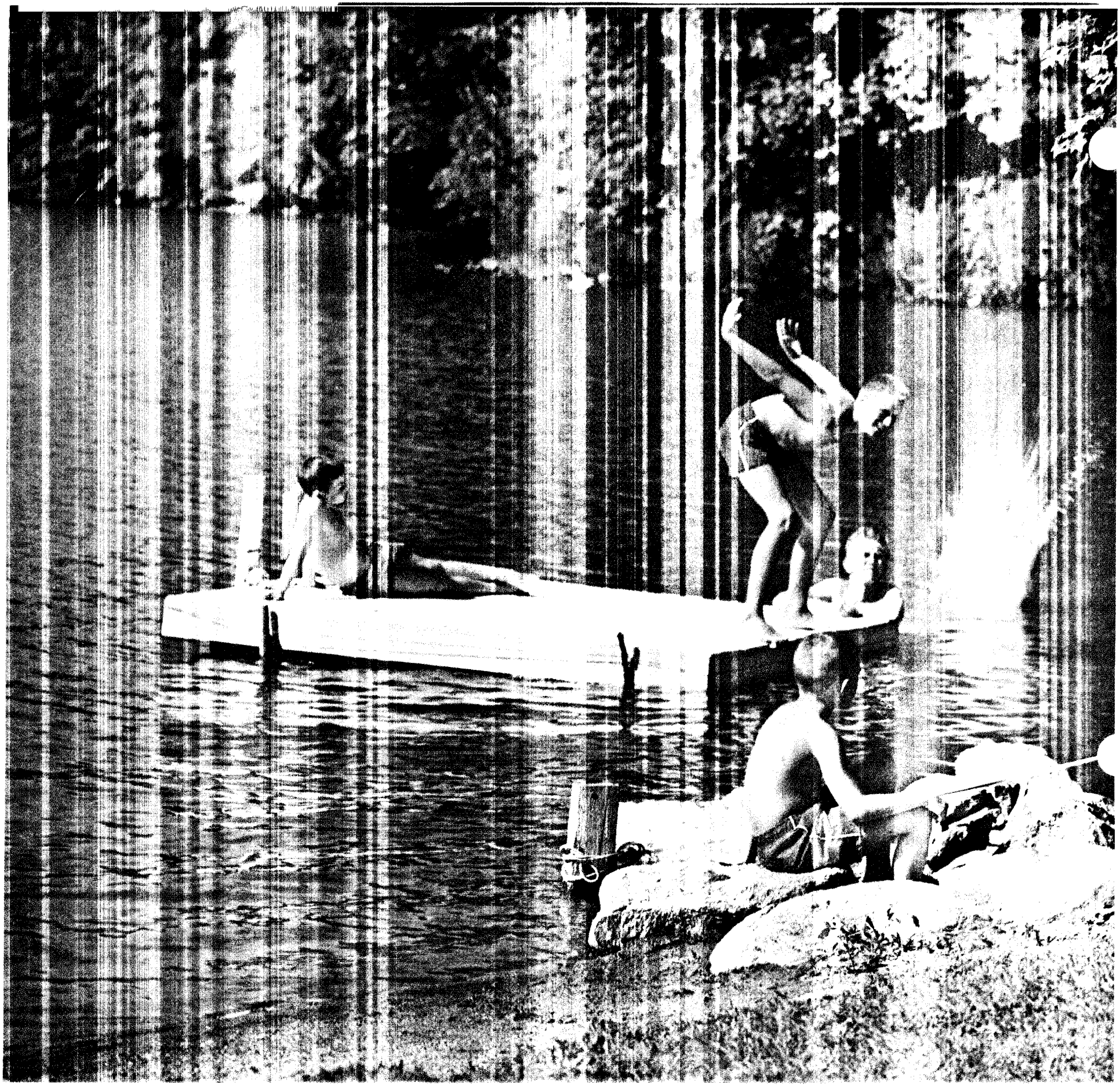

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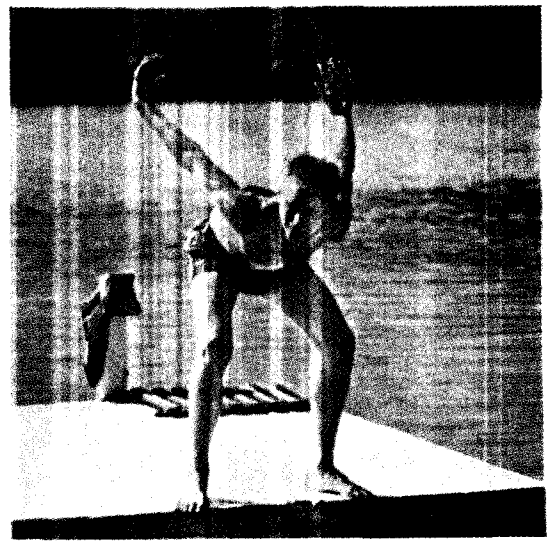

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not with any utilitarian purpose but as though I were instinctively afraid that many of the treasures of folk language would vanish from human memory. It was through the folk sayings and proverbs I heard, always full of metaphors and aphorisms, that the many-faceted beauty of the Russian language was revealed to me.

There in the Siberian countryside, as though sheltered by the taiga [forest] from the pollution of the cities, the Russian language remained pure. Language is like snow—always covered with soot from factory chimneys in the cities and only in the country virginally fresh.

The songs and ballads I collected had the very smell of the taiga.

Almost unconsciously I slipped into the habit of writing verses of my own, in the mode of folklore.

I wanted them to smell of the taiga too.

People have often asked me who taught me to write poetry. My first teacher was the taiga.

I loved her for her severity and her inherent pride. To those who came to her against their wishes, the taiga looked grim and bleak. But to those who came to her with an open heart, she was always kind and, in a way, shyly tender.

In 1944 my mother took me back to Moscow. There I saw the enemy for the first time. If my memory is right, nearly 20,000 German prisoners of war were to be marched in a single column through the streets of Moscow.

The pavements swarmed with onlookers, cordoned off by police.

The crowd was made up mostly of women—Russian women, with hands chapped and roughened by hard work, lips untouched by lipstick and thin hunched shoulders which had borne half the burden of the war. Every one of them must have had a father or a husband, a brother or a son killed by the Germans.

Full of hatred, the women gazed in the direction from which the column of prisoners was about to appear.

At last we saw it.

The Nazi generals were marching at the head, their massive chins stuck arrogantly out, the corners of their lips scornfully turned down. Their whole demeanor was meant to show their superiority over their plebeian conquerors.

The women's work-worn hands were clenched into fists. The soldiers and policemen had all they could do to hold them back.

Then suddenly something happened to these women.

They saw the simple German soldiers, thin, unshaven, covered with dirty, blood-stained bandages, hobbling on crutches or leaning on the shoulders of their comrades. And the soldiers walked with their heads down.

The street became dead silent—the only sound was the shuffling of boots and the thumping of crutches.

The soldiers were no longer enemies.

They were people.

In 1944 I was living alone in an empty apartment in a small, quiet Moscow street. My parents were divorced. My father was somewhere in Kazakhstan with his new wife and their two children. I seldom received letters from him. My mother was at the front. She had given up her work as a geologist to perform as a singer for the troops.

My education was left to the street. The street taught me to swear, smoke, spit elegantly through my teeth and keep my fists up, always ready for a fight—a habit which I have kept to this day.

The street taught me not to be afraid of anything or anyone—this is another habit I have kept.

I realized that what mattered in the struggle for existence was to overcome my fear of those who were stronger.

The ruler of our street was a boy of about 16 who was nicknamed Red.

Everyone was afraid of Red. I too was afraid. I knew he carried heavy brass knuckles in his pocket.

I wanted to conquer my fear of Red. So I wrote a poem about him. This was my first piece of journalism in verse.

By the next day the whole street knew the piece by heart and relished it with triumphant hatred.

One morning on my way to school I suddenly came upon Red and his lieutenants. His eyes seemed to bore through me. "Ah, the poet," he drawled, smiling crookedly. "So you write verses. Do they rhyme?"

Red's hand darted into his pocket and came out armed with its brass knuckles; it flashed like lightning and struck my head. I fell down streaming with blood and lost consciousness.

This was my first payment as a poet.

I spent several days in bed.

When I went out, with my head still bandaged, I again saw Red. I struggled with instinctive fear but lost and took to my heels.

I ran all the way home. There I rolled on my bed, biting my pillow and pounding it with my fists in shame and impotent fury at my cowardice.

But then I made up my mind to vanquish it at whatever cost.

I went into training with parallel bars and weights, and after every session I would feel my muscles. They were getting harder, but slowly. Then I remembered something I had read in a book about a miraculous Japanese method of wrestling which gave an advantage to the weak over the strong. I sacrificed a week's ration card for a textbook on jujitsu.

For three weeks I hardly left home—I trained with two other boys. Finally I felt I was ready and went out.

Red was sitting on the lawn in our yard, playing Twenty-one with his lieutenants. He was absorbed in the game.

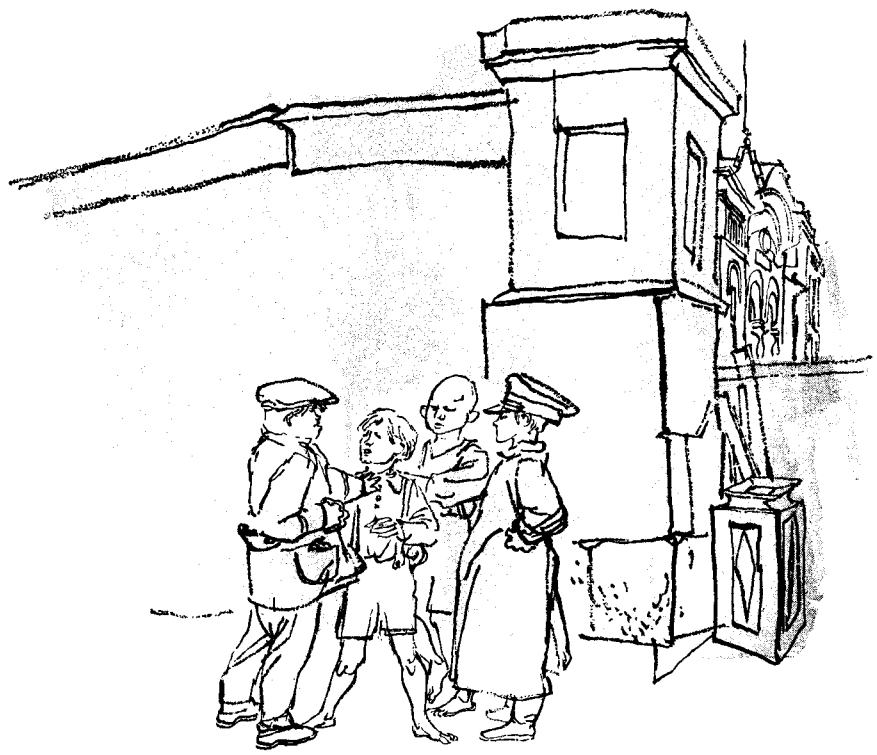
Fear was still in me, and it ordered me to turn back. But I went up to the players and kicked the cards aside with my foot.

Red looked up, surprised at my impudence after my recent flight.

He got up slowly. "You looking for more?" he asked menacingly.

As before, his hand dived into his pocket for the brass knuckles. But I made a quick jabbing movement, and Red, howling with pain, rolled on the ground. Bewildered, he got up and came at me, swinging his head furiously from side to side like a bull.

I caught his wrist and squeezed slowly, as I had read in the book, until the brass knuckles dropped from his limp fingers. Nursing his hand, Red fell down again. He was sobbing and smearing the tears over his pockmarked face with his grimy fist. His lieutenants discreetly withdrew.



The street taught Yevtushenko to stand up for his beliefs.

That day Red ceased to rule our street.

And from that day on I knew for certain that there is no need to fear the strong. All one needs is to know the method of overcoming them. There is a special jujitsu for every strong man.

What I also learned that day was that, if I wished to be a poet, I must not only write poems but also know how to stand up for what I had written.

My mother came home from the front. She looked strange—very thin, and her hair was black; it had been fair.

At first I thought she had dyed it. I asked her about it.

My mother smiled sadly and took off her wig. Underneath it her cropped hair stood up on end like a boy's. She had caught typhus, and at the military hospital they had shaved her head. Something had happened to her voice. At the front she had given several concerts a day, standing on a truck or a tank, singing to men who were going off to die.

She told me they were her most appreciative listeners.

She had sung to them in rain or blizzard, with no means of getting warm except now and then a gulp of vodka from some soldier's flask.

Her voice, which had been beautiful and strong, began to give way. It cracked under the strain.

When she came back my mother found a job, but she didn't tell me where.

One day some boys in my class asked me, "Is your mother a singer?"

"Yes," I said proudly.

"Where does she sing?"

"I don't know. At some theater, I suppose."

"Some theater!" They laughed derisively. "She's singing at a little movie house—the Forum!"

The day of victory over Germany arrived. Rocket after rocket splashed into the sky, and little boys ran along the streets trying to catch the dazzling drops.

Disabled soldiers who sold cigarettes were giving them away free.

Some general had bought a whole ice-cream cart and was offering the contents to the children.

People were hugging each other, crying and laughing. It seemed to them that all their troubles were over and a wonderfully cloudless life would now begin.

As for me, I went to the Forum.

The foyer, packed with soldiers and women, smelled of beer and cheap perfume. Vodka bottles, which the audience had brought with them, passed from hand to hand. People swallowed straight from the bottle and kissed greedily between swigs. The attendants closed their eyes to both vodka and kissing—everything was allowed that day.

No one took the slightest notice of the little orchestra playing martial music on a tiny stage.

I shuddered as a woman came on in a dress covered with sequins, in golden shoes and with a thick black mop of hair which, I already knew, concealed a timid, boyish crew-cut. It was my mother. She came up to the microphone and began to sing. Her voice quavered, and only now and then was it possible to guess at its former beauty.

No one listened to her.

They preferred to kiss and drink, drink and kiss. Damn it, it was Victory Day! And for that victory 20 million Russians had given their lives, and my mother had given her voice.

Soon after this, mother gave up the stage and took a job in theater management. It was tense, exhausting work and brought in very little money—700 rubles a month. On this salary my mother, making sacrifices, brought up my sister Yelena, born during the war, and myself.

I gave my mother a lot of trouble.

I had an impossible character. My avid curiosity about life kept getting me into the most incredible situations.

Once I got mixed up with professional thieves and another time with people who dealt in the black market in books.

It was always my mother who came to my rescue.

My schoolwork was remarkably bad. There were subjects I couldn't cope with at all—physics, for instance. And I always got bad marks on my grammar and syntax lessons. I made hardly any mistakes in writing, and I could see no point in sweating at rules when I could write correctly without them.

The distinguishing features of people of my generation were already noticeable at school, though of course only in an embryonic form. There on the school benches sat the future seekers after truth, the future heroes, the future cynics and the future dogmatists.

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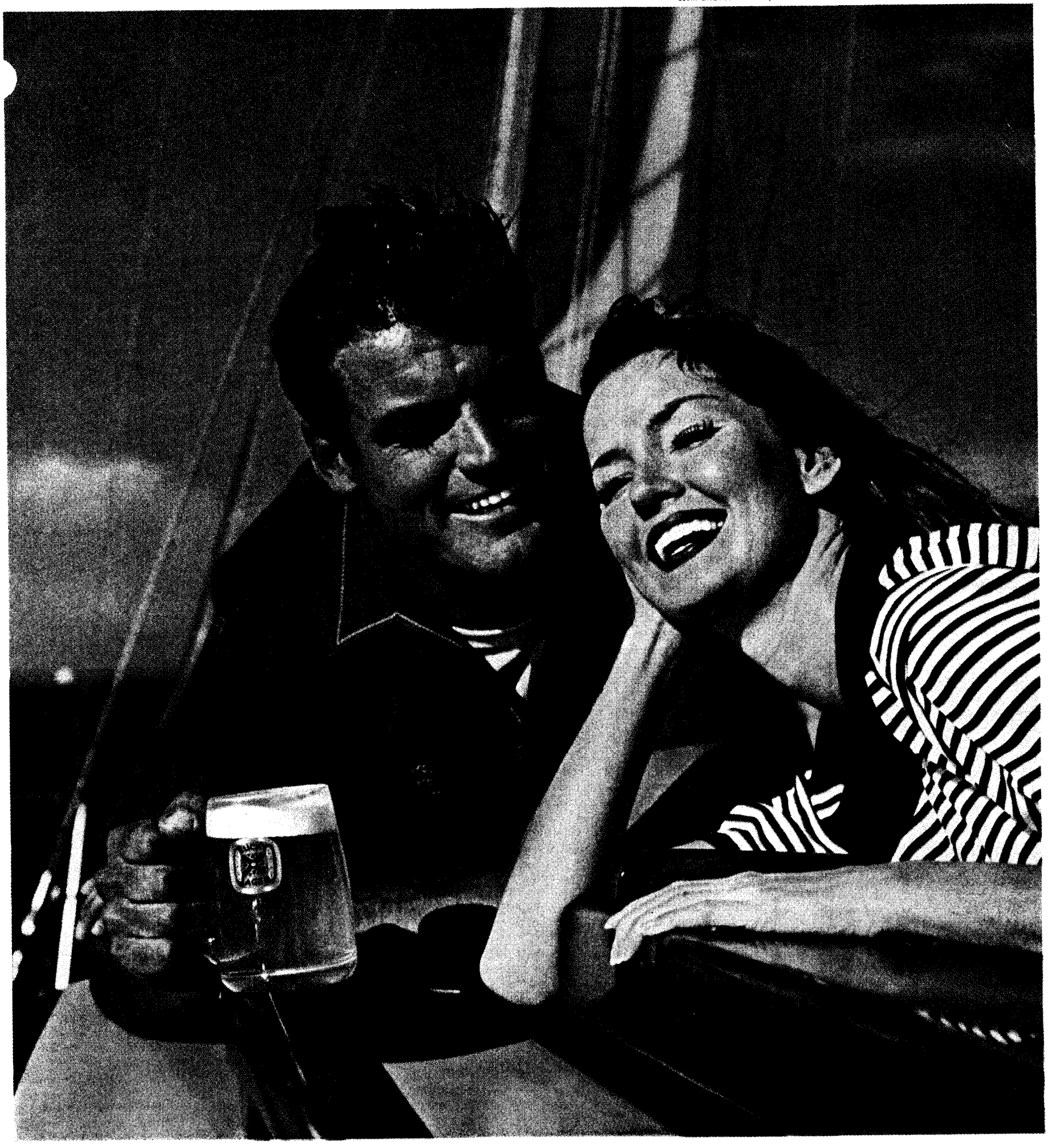

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I already disliked idle cynics who mocked at everything and everyone, just as I could not abide those model pupils who worked hard but without using their brains and accepted everything they were told without question.

Sitting at my desk under the portrait of Stalin, I gazed avidly through the window at the world outside, where snowflakes somersaulted slowly in the air. And when school was over I liked to escape to my other school—the noisy school of the big city smelling of snow, cigarettes, gasoline and hot cabbage pies sold by red-cheeked women standing in the frost.

When I came home I sat down at my desk and spread my notebooks neatly around me, and as soon as mamma, pleased that I should be doing my homework, left the room, I wrote poetry. In those poems I tried to invent a different life for myself. I stopped only when my hand felt completely numb. Sometimes I wrote 10 or 12 poems in one day. I bombarded editors with my verses and unfailingly received them back with rejection slips.

My mother didn't want me to become a poet—not because she didn't like poetry—she did—but because she was convinced of one thing: A poet was an unsettled, insecure, restless, tormented creature. The fate of almost every Russian poet had been tragic. Pushkin and Lermontov were both killed in duels; Blok, burning himself out, virtually committed suicide; Yesenin hanged himself; Mayakovsky shot himself. And, although she never spoke of this to me, she must have known of the many poets who had died in Stalin's camps. All this made her worry about my future, tear up my notebooks and urge me to take up something "more serious."

But it was poetry that seemed to me the most serious thing in the world. And I continued to write with the obstinacy of a youthful maniac.

Needless to say, I wasn't visited by any profound thoughts, but I was concerned with poetic form. Thus for several years I worked at rhymes.

While I was trying to write better and better poetry, my schoolwork got worse and worse.

"This isn't going to get you either money or a peaceful life," said my mother, tearing up my current notebook. But I hated the very thought of a peaceful life. And I despised money.

Some eminent person once said that money is the means to freedom. But as I understand it, money always was and still is the means of making people into slaves. Its absence too is slavery because people need it in order to exist. And it makes slaves of those who have it and spend their nerves and their energy on getting more of it or at least keeping what they have.

It was strange and unaccountable to me that even people with party cards in their pockets could love money so much. To me "Communist" and "disinterested" meant the same thing.

Gradually it dawned on me that many people who called themselves Communists and eagerly quoted Lenin and Stalin at every opportunity were in reality not Communists at all.

For these people, having party membership cards in their pockets and talking about Communism were simply ways of getting ahead and had nothing to do with their ideological convictions.

As a child I could not of course define all this; I only felt much of it intuitively.

But the romantic ideals of the workers and soldiers who stormed the Winter Palace in 1917 are as precious to me now as when I was a child, while those who are preoccupied with personal gain will always be traitors to the revolution to me.

The first mistake made by Western students of the Russian Revolution is to judge the revolutionary idea not by those who are genuinely loyal to it but by those who betray it.

Their other mistake is that they still regard Communism as something imposed by force on the Russian people, without realizing that by now it is a part of the Russian people's flesh and blood.

I love my fellow countrymen not only as a Russian but also as a revolutionary. I love them all the more because in spite of everything they have never become cynical; they have never lost their faith in the original purity of the revolutionary idea in spite of all the filth that has since desecrated it.

I hate the cynics with their lordly view of history, their scorn for the heroic labors of my countrymen, whom they try to represent as a lost flock of sheep, their skill for lumping the good with the bad and spitting at the whole thing, and their utter inability to offer any constructive alternative.

But dogmatism, which I regard as revisionism in one of its most horrible forms, is just as hateful to me.

It is true that dogmatism can be unselfishly fanatical, but much more often—as I have realized ever since my childhood—it serves as a cloak for selfish vested interests.

One should not confuse ideas with the unworthy men who use them as weapons in their personal struggle for survival.

And since, as I have said, Communism has become the very essence of the Russian people, it follows that both cynics and dogmatists are not only traitors to the revolution but traitors to their own people as well.

Throughout the many centuries of their history the Russians have suffered perhaps more than any people on earth.

It might be thought that suffering degrades and blunts the human spirit, destroying its capacity to believe in anything. Yet if we look at history of nations we see that the opposite is true.

It is the more fortunate nations, those favored by their geographical position and historical circumstances, that today show a grosser spirit and a weaker hold on moral principles.

Nor would I call these nations happy despite all the signs of their prosperity.

Never has the ancient Biblical saying "Man does not live by bread alone" had such a ring of truth as it does today.

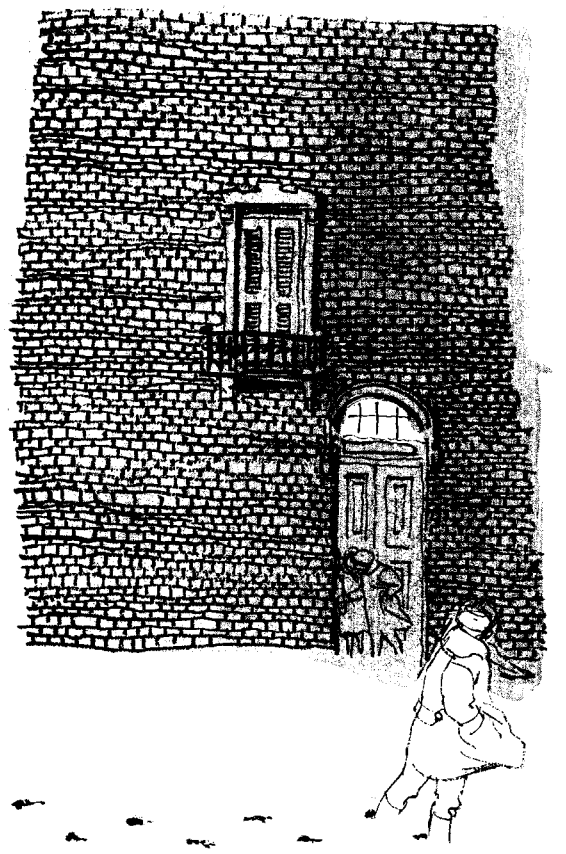
Some great thinker once said that man is an animal with a capacity for dreaming. There are men whose lives confirm only the first part of this proposition. Yet if we look into their hearts we find that, although they have no lofty dreams, there are dreams nevertheless, for man has a need to dream.

However prosperous, a man will always be dissatisfied if he has no high ideal. And, whatever devices he may use to conceal his dissatisfaction even from himself, these will only make him feel more dissatisfied.

But if even the rich feel burdened by the lack of an ideal, to those who suffer real deprivation an ideal is a first necessity of life. Where there is plenty of bread and a shortage of ideals, bread is no substitute for an ideal. But where bread is short ideals are bread.

Such is human nature. Man is an idealist by nature, and only great sufferings give birth to great ideals.

Why was Marx mistaken when he predicted that the revolution would occur first in the country with the most advanced industrial development? How did it happen that, in spite of his prophecies,



"I liked to escape to the big city smelling of snow . . ."

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the first country to adopt the revolutionary path of socialism was Russia, industrially so backward?

The answer is that this country, so lagging in terms of industrial development, was perhaps the most advanced in terms of her people's sorrows and tears.

"Yes," you may say, "but side by side with its triumphs the revolution brought the Russian people new sorrows and new tears." And that is true.

But here our special Russian character must be kept in mind. Suffering is a sort of habit with us. What seems unendurable to others we endure more easily.

Besides, we have paid for our ideal with so much blood and torment that the cost itself has endeared it and made it more precious to us, as a child born in pain is more precious to its mother.

You may say, "But doesn't it occur to you that Communism itself may be a false ideal?"

If the reader believes in God I will ask him, "Can you equate the substance of the Christian religion with the swindlers who used to make a handsome profit by selling indulgences, with the inquisitors, the priests who got rich at their parishioners' expense, or parishioners who pray piously in church and double-deal outside its walls?"

Neither can I, a believing Communist, equate the essence of my religion with the crooks who climb on its bandwagon, with its inquisitors, its crafty, avaricious priests, or its double-dealing, double-faced parishioners.

For me a Communist is not merely someone who belongs to the organization and pays his dues. A Communist is a man who puts the people's interests above his own but who at the same time would never wantonly squander human lives in the name of those interests.

I am ashamed for Stalin, though not only for him. How was it possible for him so to distrust the people? For the people showed such a boundless faith in Communism and extended that faith to Stalin and those around him

The war was over, but many of those who brought about the victory were again under suspicion and surveillance, if not actually arrested. I of course had no idea of the scale on which this was being done, but I saw a good deal, and what I sensed without consciously grasping it found an outlet in my rebellion against school.

At school I fought the squealers the yes-men, the teachers' pets.

I soon earned the reputation of a hoodlum. When I reached the 11th grade, I was moved to a new school, a dumping ground for the hopeless cases whom other Moscow schools were anxious to get off their hands. I didn't stay there long, for even in that environment my rebelliousness stood out.

One day someone broke into the principal's office and stole all the class records and report cards.

A general meeting was called.

For six hours the principal argued, pleaded and threatened in the hope of discovering the name of the culprit. But no one confessed.

Finally, enraged, he pointed a plump, accusing finger at me. "It was you."

I got up and said he was mistaken.

"You! It was you! You did it!" the principal shouted.

I realized it would be useless for me to argue. The next day I was expelled.

For some time after I was expelled I tried to keep it a secret from my mother, who I knew would be very much upset, but she soon found out. She cried and begged me to go to the principal and ask him to forgive me, and she wanted to see someone herself. But I had my pride.

I quarreled with mother and ran away to join my father. I traveled on the roof of a train all the way to Kazakhstan. I was fifteen. I wanted to become a man and stand on my own feet.

At that time my father was working as chief of a geological expedition. When I arrived, ragged and skinny, he looked me over and said, "So you want to stand on your own feet. Well, if you really do, no one here must know you're my son. Otherwise you'll be favored whether you want it or not, and that isn't going to make a man of you."

I joined the expedition as a laborer.

I learned to break the ground with a pick, split off samples of rock as flat as my hand with a mallet, use a razor blade

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to make three matches out of the only one we had, and light a fire in the rain.

Later on I joined another geological ɔedition, this time in the Altai region. ʌving started as a laborer, I had become a member of the technological intelligentsia—I was a collector.

Although I came across many bad people, I grew more and more convinced that the good were in the majority. I still believe this today. Unfortunately, I also noticed that the wicked usually hang together even when they hate each other. This is their strength. Good people are scattered and this is their weakness.

I also arrived at a new and different yardstick by which to measure a man's culture. I became convinced that culture is not the sum of what a man knows but his ability to sort people out, to understand them and to help them.

From this point of view many of the most educated people I met were much less cultured than ignorant soldiers, peasants, workers and even criminals.

For me the aristocrats of the spirit are not those who can quote from books for hours on end, starting with Plato and ending with Kafka and Joyce.

For me the aristocrats of the spirit are those whose hearts are open to others. To my mind even the most educated people, if their education doesn't stop them from being scoundrels or helps them to be successful scoundrels, are the rabble.

Sunburned and more mature, I returned to my mother. No longer forced to attend school, I wrote furiously and again bombarded the magazines with poems. The poems remained unpublished.

But besides poetry, I had still another passion—soccer. At night I wrote poetry, and in the daytime I played soccer.

Soccer taught me many things. When I was goalkeeper I learned to detect the slightest movement of the opposing forwards and often to anticipate their feints. This was to be of help to me in my literary struggle.

I was told that I could make a brilliant career as a soccer player. Many of the boys I played with at school became professionals. On the rare occasions when I meet them now, I have a feeling that they envy me, but at times I catch myself envying them.

Soccer is in many ways easier than poetry. If you score a goal you have concrete evidence—the ball is in the net. The fact is indisputable. But if you score a goal in poetry you are very likely to hear thousands of referees' whistles shrilling out to disallow it—and nothing can ever be proved. Often a shot that passed outside the goalposts becomes a goal.

In general, in spite of all the intrigues and the dirt that go with it, sport is a cleaner business than literature. There are times when I am very sorry I did not become a soccer player.

I very nearly did. But then something happened which determined my fate.

I had long been meaning to take my poems to the editor of *Soviet Sport*—it was about the only paper I had never sent them to.

I went there after a match, in a faded blue soccer shirt, old flannel trousers and torn sneakers. I had in my hand a poem subjecting the mores of Soviet and American athletes to a scathing analysis.

The editorial office of *Soviet Sport* was a big room where, through clouds of cigarette smoke and the clicking of typewriters, scratching of pens and rustling of galleys, I barely made out the presence of several figures.

I asked timidly if someone could tell me where the poetry section was. Somewhere in the fog a voice barked that there was no such section.

Suddenly a hand, thrust out of the fog, fell on my shoulder and a voice said, "Poetry? Let's have a look."

I trusted the hand and the voice at once, and I was right.

Before me sat a man of about 30 with raven-black hair and dark oriental eyes. He was Nikolay Alexandrovich Tarasov, in charge of four departments of *Soviet Sport:* foreign news, politics, soccer and literature.

He made me sit down next to him and ran his eyes over my poem.

"Got any more?" he asked.

I pulled out the dog-eared notebook I carried inside my belt and said, embarrassed, "It isn't about sports."

He smiled. "All the better." He read aloud against the clatter of the typewriters.

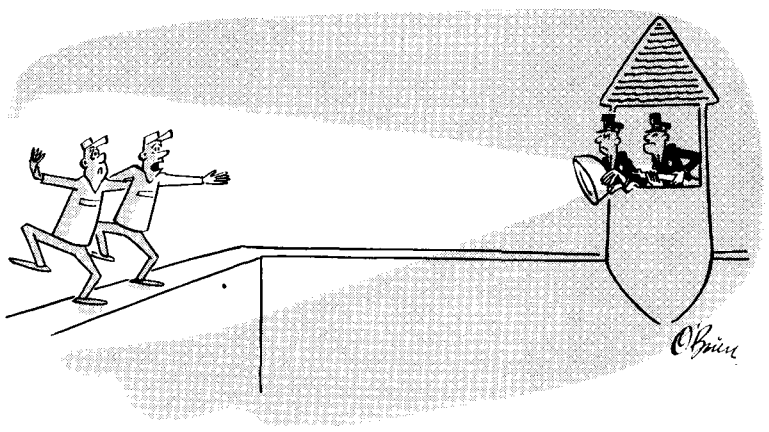
To this day it beats me how he could have seen a poet in me then. Perhaps what helped was that literature was not strictly his field and so he was not cluttered up with prejudices.

He picked up my poem, *Two Kinds of Sport*, and said, "It's the worst of the lot, but it's the one for us."

He wrote on it the magic, long-awaited words, "To be set," and away it sailed.

"Now don't get it into your head that your other poems are all that good," he said. "But there's a strong line here and there.

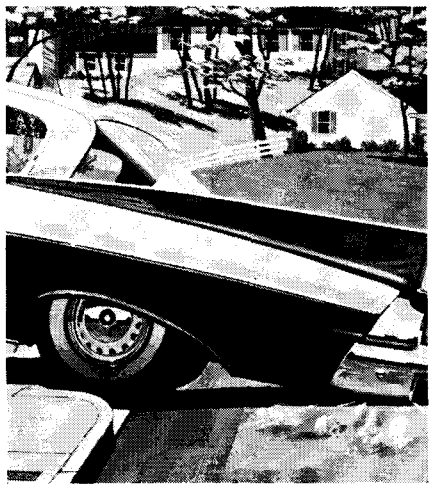
"Are you in a hurry to go anywhere?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Keep dancing."

TAIL DRAGGING?



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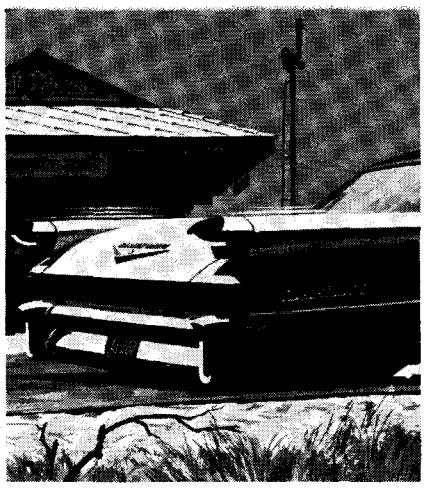

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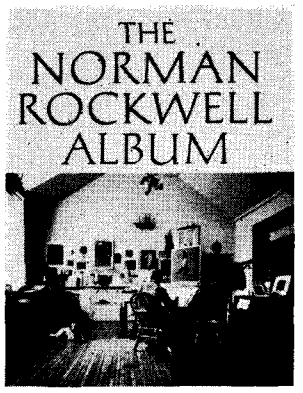

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

he went on. "If not, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine." He phoned someone, and after a while a man of about his own age, pale and with an immense forehead, came into the office. Unaccountably, he had a chess board under his arm.

"My friend Volodya Barlas, a physicist," said Tarasov. "Meet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, a poet."

It was the first time I had been called a poet.

I will always thank my lucky stars for my meeting with these two men. In many ways it determined the course of my career. Once they had both wanted to become writers, but so far neither had succeeded. And now they saw in me their own youth and wanted me to fulfill its frustrated promise. We spent all night wandering about the Moscow streets. As we were saying good-by at dawn, Tarasov looked at his watch and said with warmth, "Well, in another hour the paper will be out, and your poem will be in it."

"Remember—you no longer belong just to yourself," Barlas said. But I took no notice of the alarming words.

At seven o'clock I snatched from the newsboy's hand a copy of *Soviet Sport* still smelling of printer's ink, unfolded it and found my poem with my name printed underneath it.

I bought 50 copies—all the newsboy had—and strode down the street, waving them at the sky. The ground whirled under my feet. I was a genius.

I came home to my mother and triumphantly spread the paper before her. Mother's reaction could hardly be described as joyful.

"Well, there's no hope for you now," she commented with a discouraged sigh. She may have been right at that.

Later that day Tarasov saw to it that I was paid—I got 350 rubles.

I was told by my mother and I had read in books that all poets are drunkards. So, since I was now a poet, I decided to spend the money I had earned on drink. I consulted a friend of mine, the 14-year-old son of our Tatar janitor, on how best to do this. He said authoritatively that we must of course go to a restaurant and, naturally, be accompanied by women.

We invited two 17-year-old girls to play the part of the gay companions—[illegible] worked at a hairdresser's and the [illegible] was a milling-machine operator in [illegible] factory—and on their suggestion the four of us set out for the Aurora restaurant.

Going through the menu I saw a wine described as "dry" and immediately ordered it. When the bottle came I was terribly disappointed. I had felt sure it was a wine served in tablets.

In the early hours of the morning I was delivered home to my mother by the girls. After my visit to the world of magic I felt as if my guts were being turned inside out.

My mother cried. I had completely forgotten that at 10 o'clock that morning I was to meet the soccer coach at the stadium and be tried out for his team.

I got up with a splitting headache and dragged myself to the stadium. I stood there between the goalposts without a notion of what was going on, seeing two and even three balls at a time. I didn't stop a single one of them.

The coach asked me with sympathy, "Aren't you feeling well?" He came close to me and fell back appalled.

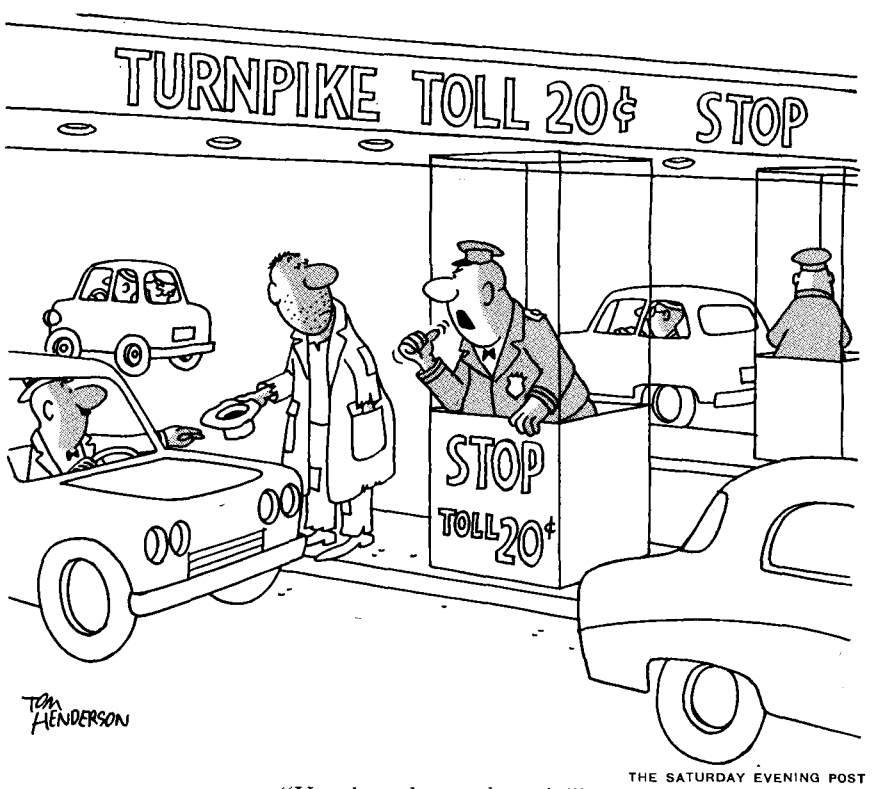
He threw up his hands and, turning to the players who stood motionless with amazement, he delivered what was almost a Shakespearean soliloquy: "At ten o'clock in the morning! A child of fifteen—dead drunk! I am ashamed to be living in this decadent age!"

Such was the inglorious end of my career as a soccer player.

As I have already said, these two men, Tarasov and Barlas, whom I met in 194[illegible] played a tremendously important forr tive role in my life as a man and as a poe

With my unsettled character, I still cannot understand how they could have taken so much trouble with me and had so much patience.

Barlas was, for me, a living encyclopedia. He opened my eyes to the basic principles of modern philosophy. He told me about Hemingway. It is only now that



"You heard me—beat it!"

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Hemingway is published in Russia in editions of millions of copies. At that time his books were collectors' rarities. *Farewell to Arms*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *Have and Have Not*, and *The Snows Kilimanjaro* shook me by their extreme terseness and what seemed to me their concentrated virility.

Later on, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* became my favorite Hemingway novel. Some people in the West regard it as second-rate. I may be prejudiced, but the characters of the old woman and the girl still seem to me among the most striking in the literature of any country, while that of the French Communist Party leader brilliantly poses the problem of the fanatic who, whatever his objective rightness, so often becomes a criminal. This image prefigured many of the historical events of the succeeding years.

Barlas helped me to discover books, equally rare at the time, by such different writers as Hamsun, Joyce, Freud, Proust, Steinbeck, Faulkner, Remarque and St. Exupéry.

I was overwhelmed by the spiritual loftiness of Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, built like a rock on the sufferings of mankind.

I was intoxicated by Walt Whitman's immense reach, the turbulence of Rimbaud, the luxuriance of Verhaeren, Baudelaire's naked sense of the tragic, Verlaine's witchcraft, Rilke's subtlety, T. S. Eliot's hallucinating visions and the healthy, peasant wisdom of Robert Frost.

The Russian classics, which had bored me at school because they were badly taught, became alive and as close to me as friends. Their prose—Tolstoy's sentences, heavy as blocks of granite; Chekhov's rhythms, soft as autumn leaves; Dostoevsky's moaning and quivering as the telegraph wires at night—revealed itself to me for the first time in all its beauty of language and depth and richness of meaning.

Pushkin, stale as breakfast oatmeal at school, cheerfully swung his strong young fist through the glass of his official portrait and stepped out of its frame, sly, daring, impudent and smelling of snow and champagne. Lermontov, his tragic double and antithesis, leaped from the pages of anthologies, his horse in a lather, his cloak blowing in the winds of the Caucasus and in clouds of gunsmoke.

The eyes of poets—the deeply shadowed, seer's eyes of Blok; those baby blue, bewildered eyes of Yesenin; Mayakovsky's, mocking, mutinous yet disillusioned—insistently met mine.

Pasternak was as yet unintelligible to me. He seemed to me too complicated, and I lost the thread of his thought in the chaos of his imagery. Barlas read and reread his poems to me, explaining them with infinite patience. It depressed me very much that I could understand nothing. I have never had the arrogance of those who, when they fail to understand an artist, blame the artist, not themselves. With them, "I don't understand this!" has almost a self-satisfied, proud ring. That it might expose their own limitations never occurs to them. First one should try to understand. After that comes the right to praise or blame. I was rewarded by a miracle: One day Pasternak became crystal-clear, and ever since then he has been to me a simple poet, as simple as the sky and the earth.

So this was the time when my literary education began, and fate had sent me a superb teacher. But my education was not yet reflected in what I was writing. The lines of my development as pupil and writer ran parallel without as yet converging. *Soviet Sport* was now printing my poems almost every day. I wrote poems on soccer, volleyball, basketball, boxing, climbing, rowing, skating, as well as poems for special occasions: New Year's Day, May Day, Railwaymen's Day, Tank Corps Day, etc. This form of poetic journalism for special occasions was very common in our country and unfortunately survives even today. But at the time I was not churning out hack work. I was writing for fun, with enthusiasm.

My ideas were completely immature. I was simply developing my poetic muscles. I swung alliterations, rhymes, and metaphors like Indian clubs. Tarasov was an excellent coach. As to what the poems were about, that seemed unimportant.

But these innocent childish games held the seeds of moral corruption. I remember Tarasov's summoning me to his office by telephone. That day *Soviet Sport* was carrying my May Day verses.

"The editor-in-chief is in a panic, Zhenya," said Tarasov with an embarrassed smile. "It was discovered that there was not one mention of Stalin in your poem. And it was too late to ax it."

"Well, what are we supposed to do?"

"Well, you know, Zhenya, I didn't want to bother you, so I added four lines to the poem myself."

"Fine, that's all right with me," I said cheerfully. With or without Stalin, it was all the same to me. I was a real brat.

I soon had a thorough understanding of the rules: For a poem to go through there had to be a few lines devoted to Stalin. This even began to seem perfectly natural to me. And so, of course, I no longer had to have such verses written for me, I wrote them myself.

I became a regular newspaper poet.

Soon on commemorative occasions all the Moscow papers displayed my gaudy and empty poetic exercises.

"You've learned *how* to write, Zhenya," Tarasov said to me. "Now you've got to think about *what* to write."

Barlas shook his head at me disapprovingly. "Stop fooling, Zhenya. I'm beginning to wonder if all those books I lent you weren't just a waste of time."

When I heard that, I decided to go and see my current idol, Kirsanov, a mature and graying poet, in the hope of getting his moral support. He looked at me sadly. "You thought that I would like your poems because they're like mine? That's just why I don't like them. As an old formalist I can tell you: Forget about formalism. A poet has only one indispensable quality: Whether he is simple or complicated, people must need him. Poetry, if it's genuine, is not a racing car rushing senselessly around and around a closed track; it is an ambulance rushing to save someone."

Kirsanov moved me to the bottom of my heart. But I couldn't change. I was dragged along by sheer inertia.

In 1952 I published my first book of collected poems, *The Prospectors of the Future;* its azure cover was in keeping with its contents. Although it was well received by the press, when I went into the bookstores I saw whole rows of my *Prospectors* virginally intact.

In one store I noticed a young man looking at poetry books on the counter reserved for poetry. When he came to mine, I froze in expectation. He turned over a few pages, sighed, and put the book down on the pile.

"That's not what I was looking for," he said to the salesclerk. "There's a girl

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I know—a fine girl, but she has become completely disillusioned. I thought perhaps some poetry might help her. But I don't call any of this poetry. It's just drumbeating—that isn't going to restore anyone's faith in life."

The young man went out, dissolving in the driving snow.

I was deeply affected.

I went home, reread my book and suddenly realized with the utmost clarity that it was of no use to anyone.

For a while I couldn't write anything at all. I went to the Literary Institute and lived on a stipend. I was admitted to the institute, even though I had no high-school diploma, and to the Writers' Union as well—all on the strength of my book. But I knew now how little the book was worth. I wanted to write in a different way and, above all, about different things. I began to write about my doubts, about myself, about my expectation of a great love, about the difference between the true and the false, about the sufferings and sorrows of men.

When I took my new poems to the editors, they couldn't believe their eyes. "What's happened to you?" asked a young poet, in charge of the poetry section of one of the newspapers, who had always enthusiastically welcomed my verses whether on international themes or written for special occasions. "All this melancholy overtone worries me. You sound like an old man. What we need are cheerful verses, urging people on."

I had not become an old man. I had only begun to grow up. But this poetry editor had no personal experience of growing up, so when he noticed it in others he took it for premature senility. My reflections with their overtones of sadness struck him as a dangerous form of pessimism—as though it were possible genuinely to reflect on anything without sadness! People who see danger in sadness are themselves immensely dangerous to mankind. Artificial optimism doesn't make people advance; it makes them mark time. A clean, honest, unsentimental melancholy, for all its air of helplessness, urges us forward, creating with its fragile hands the greatest spiritual treasures of mankind.

I remained as optimistic as before. But my optimism, which had been all pink, now had the colors of the spectrum in it, including black. This is what made i valid and genuine.

But I had to fight for this interpretatio of optimism. The opposition was suffi cient to prevent almost all my po from getting into print.

Soviet literary criticism was at the dominated by the notorious theory o "no-conflict." Its proponents claime that in our society there could be n struggle between good and bad but onl between the good and the even better When later some of us came into conflic with them, we finally succeeded in prov ing convincingly that there was still possibility of clashes between good an evil, even in Soviet society. But this too time. Only after many important, world shaking political events had taken plac could it be shown how dangerous an non-Communist such optimism was.

Blankly smiling workers and collectiv farmers looked out from the covers o books. Almost every novel and shor story had a happy ending. Painters mor and more often took as their subject stat banquets, weddings, solemn public meet ings and parades.

The apotheosis of this trend was movie which in its grand finale showe thousands of collective farmers having gargantuan feast against the backgroun of a new power station. Recently I had talk with its producer, a gifted and intel ligent man.

"How could you produce such a film? I asked. "It is true that I also once wrot verses in that vein, but I was still we behind the ears, whereas you were adul and mature."

The producer smiled a sad smile. "Yo know, the strangest thing to me is tha I was absolutely sincere. I thought a this was a necessary part of buildin Communism. And then I believed Sta

So when we talk about "the cul personality," we should not be too hast in accusing all those who, one way o another, were involved in it, debasin themselves with their flattery. There wer of course sycophants who used the situa tion for their own ends. But that man people in the arts sang Stalin's praises wa often not vice but tragedy.

How was it possible for even gifte and intelligent people to be deceived To begin with, Stalin was a strong an vivid personality. When he wanted tc Stalin knew how to charm people. In th second place, in the minds of the Sovie people, Stalin's name was indissolubl linked with Lenin's. Stalin knew hov popular Lenin was and saw to it tha history was rewritten in such a way as t make his own relations with Lenin seer much more friendly than they had bee in fact. The rewriting was so thoroug that perhaps Stalin himself believed hi own version in the end.

In reality, however, Stalin distorte Lenin's ideas, because to Lenin—an this was the whole meaning of his work– Communism was to serve man, wherea under Stalin man served Communism

Stalin's theory that people were th little cogwheels of Communism was pu into practice with horrifying results.

Russian poets, who had produced som fine works during the war, turned du again. If a good poem did appear nov and then, it was likely to be about th war—this was simpler to write about.

Poets visited factories and constru sites but wrote more about machines about the men who made them work. I machines could read, they might hav found such poems interesting. Huma beings did not.

THE HEIRS OF STALIN

by Yevgeny Yevtushenko

Mute was the marble.
Mutely glimmered the glass.
Mute stood the soldiers on guard,
bronzed by the breeze.
Thin smoke curled above the coffin.
And breath flowed through the chinks
as they bore him out the mausoleum doors.
Slowly the coffin floated,
grazing the fixed bayonets.
He also was mute—
he also!—
mute and dead.
Grimly clenching
his embalmed fists,
only pretending to be dead,
he spied from inside.
He wished to engrave in his memory
each of his pallbearers:
young recruits from Ryazan and Kursk,
so that afterwards in some way
he might summon enough strength for a sortie,
rise from the grave,
and reach out to these unreasoning boys.
He was scheming something.
Had merely dozed off to rest.
And I, addressing our government, petition them
to double,
and treble,
the sentries guarding this slab,
so that Stalin be prevented from rising again
and, with Stalin,
the past.
I don't refer to the past, so holy and glorious,
of Turksib,
and Magnitogorsk,
and the flag hoisted over Berlin.
By the past, in this case,
I've in mind the neglect
of the good of the people,
false accusations,
the arrest of innocent men.
We sowed our crops honestly.
Honestly we smelted metal,
and honestly we marched,
falling into the ranks.
But he feared us.

Believing in the great goal,
he judged any odious means
adequate to that great end.
He was farsighted.
Skilled in the art of political strife,
he left many heirs
here on the globe.
I fancy
a telephone installed in that coffin:
Stalin gives directions
to Enver Hoxha.
Where else from that coffin does the cable lead!
No, Stalin has not given in.
He thinks he can
outwit death.
We bore
him
out of the mausoleum.
But how, out of Stalin, shall we bear
Stalin's heirs!
Some of his heirs trim roses in retirement,
secretly thinking
their discharge is temporary.
Others,
from rostrums, heap abuse on Stalin
but,
at night,
hanker after the good old days.
No wonder Stalin's heirs seem stricken
with necrosis these days.
They, once the stalwarts,
detest this time
of empty prison camps
and halls packed with people listening
to poets.
The Party forbids me
to be smug.
Though some may urge:
"Why bother!"—I refuse to be quiescent.
While the heirs of Stalin walk this earth,
Stalin,
I fancy, still lurks in the mausoleum.

Translated by George Reavey

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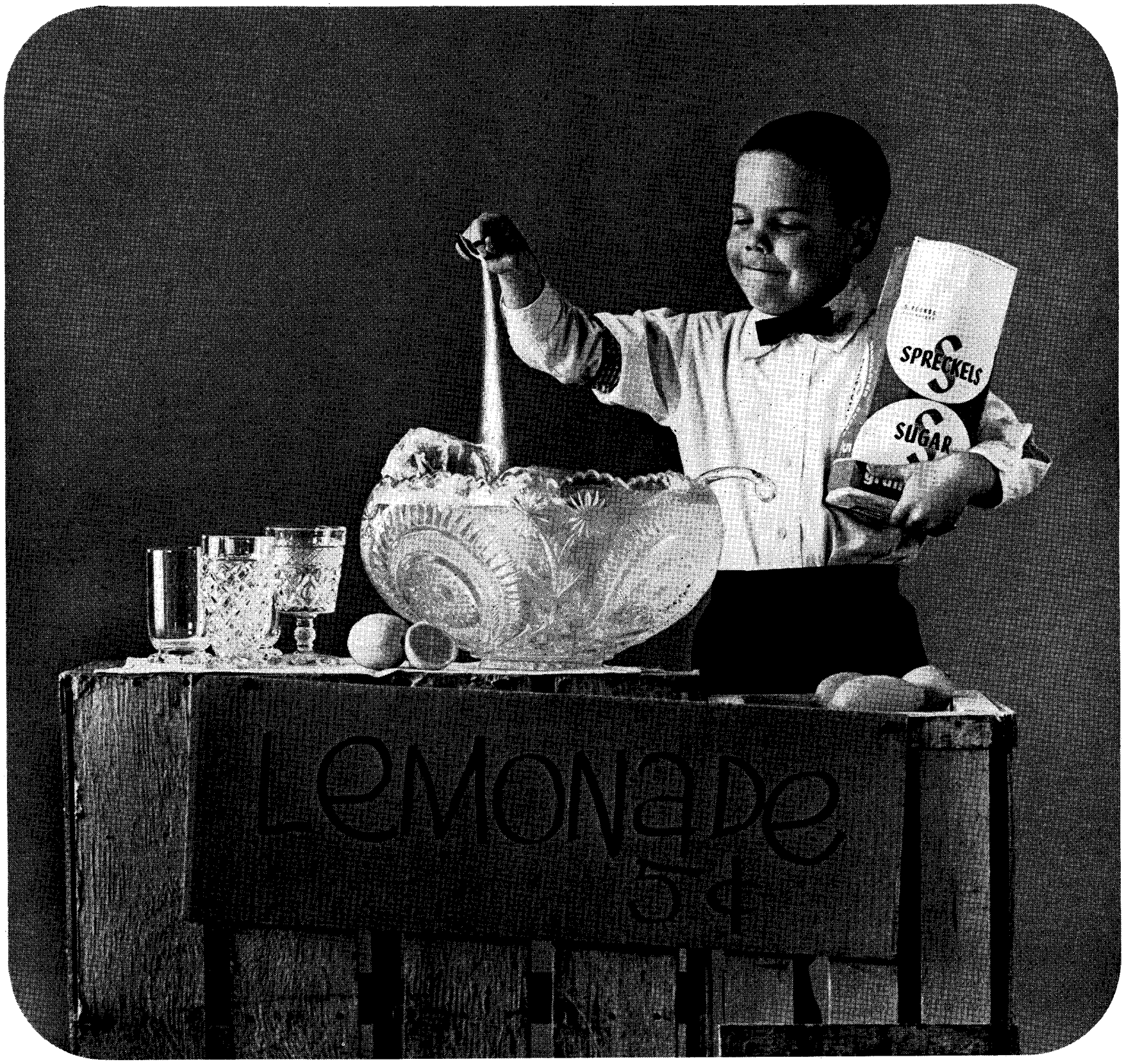
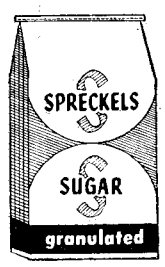


Sweet Success

SPRECKELS SUGAR...SO PURE IT SPARKLES



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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The size of a printing was not determined by demand but by the poet's official standing. As a result bookstores were cluttered up with books of poetry which no one wanted.

Poetry remained unpopular. The older poets were silent, and when they did break their silence it was even worse. The generation of poets that had been spawned by the war and that had raised so many hopes had petered out. Life in peacetime turned out to be more complicated than life at the front.

Poetry readings were rare, and the public took no notice of them. Some poets wrote verses which were not meant to charm the reader but to get them a Stalin Prize.

A Stalin Prize meant a lot: immediate and enormous reprints, photographs and enthusiastic articles in all the papers, appointment to some official post, a car, an apartment—without being on the waiting list—and possibly even a summer house. Many writers and poets didn't give a damn whether anybody read the book that got them the prize. What they cared about was the prize.

It would, however, be unfair of me to accuse everyone of having such an attitude. Many authors wrote honestly, without an eye to the award, and won it. But there were plenty of careerists.

I continued to write, and as I wrote I thought about the day that was to come and not about whether my verses would get into print or not.

I not only wrote poetry. I also took part in various literary debates, denouncing falsity and bathos.

I knew that in the Writers' Union the majority were good and honest people. But I could not help noticing that some in positions of authority were neither gifted nor honorable.

Unfortunately it was these people who sometimes made "literary policy," infecting it with evil-smelling things like anti-Semitism. It must be said that anti-Semitism is not in the least natural to the Russian people, any more than to any other people. It is always grafted on. In Russia anti-Semitism was artificially stirred up under the czars. It was just as artificially stirred up at various times under Stalin. But to me, as a Russian and as a man to whom Lenin's teaching is dearer than anything in the world, anti-Semitism has always been doubly repulsive.

Now that ten years have gone by since Stalin's death, I realize that his greatest crime was not the arrests and the shootings he ordered. His greatest crime was the corruption of the human spirit. Of course Stalin never himself preached anti-Semitism as a theory, but the theory was inherent in his practice. Neither did Stalin in theory preach careerism, servility, spying, cruelty, bigotry, or hypocrisy. But these too were implicit in Stalin's practice. This is why some people began to think and act in an anti-Communist way though they regarded themselves as orthodox Communists.

I came to realize that those who speak in the name of Communism but in reality pervert its meaning are among its most dangerous enemies, perhaps even more dangerous than its enemies in the West.

I realized that a struggle lay ahead, a struggle to the death with those who preach Communism in theory and discredit it in practice. I foresaw that the struggle would be long and difficult. Whenever people who regard Communism as their own private monopoly are accused of perverting Lenin's ideas, they turn and accuse their attackers of the same thing.

I did not yet see what role poetry could play in the struggle for purification.

I confined my war to literary discussions at which I delivered angry, biting speeches, while my poetry was quiet, gentle, intimate. Of course to write such poetry was to take part in the same struggle in another form, but this form of it was passive. I felt that, while it was my civic duty to become involved in the social struggle, my poetry should remain above it. Thus my thoughts about the social struggle and my poetry existed separately.

Readers were beginning to respond a little to my poems.

"This is all very well," said the poet Slutsky one day after I had read him a whole pile of poems about love, "but to be a poet in our time it's not enough to be only a poet."

I don't think I understood him then.

On March 5, 1953, an event took place which shattered Russia—Stalin died. I found it almost impossible to imagine him dead, so much had he been an indispensable part of life.

A sort of general paralysis came over the country. Trained to believe that they were all in Stalin's care, people were lost and bewildered without him. All Russia wept. And so did I. We wept sincerely, tears of grief—and perhaps also tears of fear for the future. At a meeting of the Writers' Union poets read poems in honor of Stalin, their voices broken by sobs.

I will never forget going to see Stalin's coffin. I was in the crowd in Trubnaya Square. The breath of the tens of thousands of people jammed against one another rose up in a white cloud so thick that on it could be seen the swaying shadows of the bare March trees. It was a terrifying and a fantastic sight. New streams poured into this human flood from behind, increasing the pressure. The crowd turned into a monstrous whirlpool. I realized that I was being carried straight toward a traffic light. The post was coming relentlessly closer. Suddenly I saw that a young girl was being pushed against the post. Her face was distorted and she was screaming. But her screams were inaudible among all the other cries and groans. A movement of the crowd drove me against the girl; I did not hear but felt with my body the cracking of her brittle bones as they were broken on the traffic light. I closed my eyes in horror, the sight of her insanely bulging, childish blue eyes more than I could bear, and I was swept past. When I looked again the girl was no longer to be seen. The crowd must have sucked her under. Pressed against the traffic light was someone else, his body twisted and his arms outflung as on a cross. At that moment I felt I was treading on something soft. It was a human body. I picked my feet up under me and was carried along by the crowd. For a long time I was afraid to put my feet down again. The crowd closed tighter and tighter. I was saved by my height. Short people were smothered alive, falling and perishing. We were caught between the walls of houses on one side and a row of army trucks on the other.

"Get those trucks out of the way!" people howled. "Get them out of here!"

"I can't do it! I have no instructions," a very young, towheaded police officer shouted back from one of the trucks, almost crying with helplessness. And people were being hurtled against the trucks by the crowd, and their heads smashed. The sides of the trucks were splashed with blood. All at once I felt a savage hatred for everything that had given birth to that "I have no instructions," shouted at a moment when people were dying because of somone's stupidity. For the first time in my life I thought with hatred of the man we were burying. He could not be innocent of the disaster. It was the "No instructions" that had caused the chaos and bloodshed at his funeral. Now I was certain, once and for all, that you must never wait for instructions if human lives are at stake— you must act. I don't know how I did it, but working energetically with my elbows and fists, I found myself thrusting people aside and shouting: "Form chains! Form chains!"

They didn't understand me. Then I started to join neighboring hands together by force, all the while spitting out the foulest swear words of my geological days. Some hefty young men were now helping me. And now people understood. They joined hands and formed chains. The strong men and I continued to work at it. The whirlpool was slowing down. The crowd was ceasing to be a savage beast. "Women and children into the trucks!" yelled one of the young men. And women and children, passed from hand to hand, sailed over our heads into the trucks. One of the women who were being handed on was struggling hysterically and whimpering. The young police officer who received her at his end stroked her hair, clumsily trying to calm her down. She shivered a few times and suddenly froze into stillness. The officer took the cap off his straw-colored head, covered her face with it and burst out crying.

PROLOGUE

by Yevgeny Yevtushenko

I'm different,
hard-working,
and idle too;
I have a goal and yet I'm aimless!
I don't, all of me, fit in; I'm awkward,
shy and rude,
nasty and good-natured.
I love it when sharp edges blur.
Many opposites meet in me:
from West to East,
from envy to delight.
I know you insist on the "compact monolith."
But it is the opposites that have vast value!
You need me. I'm heaped as high
as a truck with fresh-mown hay.
I fly through voices, branches, light, and warbling,
with butterflies in my eyes and hay sticking out of cracks.
I greet all that moves! Ardent desire,
and eagerness, triumphant eagerness!
Frontiers are in my way. I am embarrassed
not to know Buenos Aires and New York;
I'd like to walk at will through London streets
and talk with everyone I want, even in broken English.
I'd like to ride through Paris in the morning,
hanging on to the back of a bus like a boy.
I want art to be as diverse as myself;
and even if art bring trouble,
and harass me on every side,
I am already the besieged—besieged by art.
I've seen myself in every sort of thing:
I feel close to Yesenin and Walt Whitman,
Moussorgsky with the whole stage in his embrace,
and Gauguin tracing his virgin line.
I like to skate in winter,
write poems through sleepless nights;
I like to mock an enemy to his face,
and carry a woman across a stream.
I bite into books, and carry firewood;
I can feel depressed, and know vaguely what I seek.
In hottest August I love to crunch
an ice-cool slice of watermelon.
With no thought of death I sing and drink,
fall on the grass with arms outspread,
and if I should die in this wide world,
then I'll die most happy to have lived.

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Translated by George Reavey

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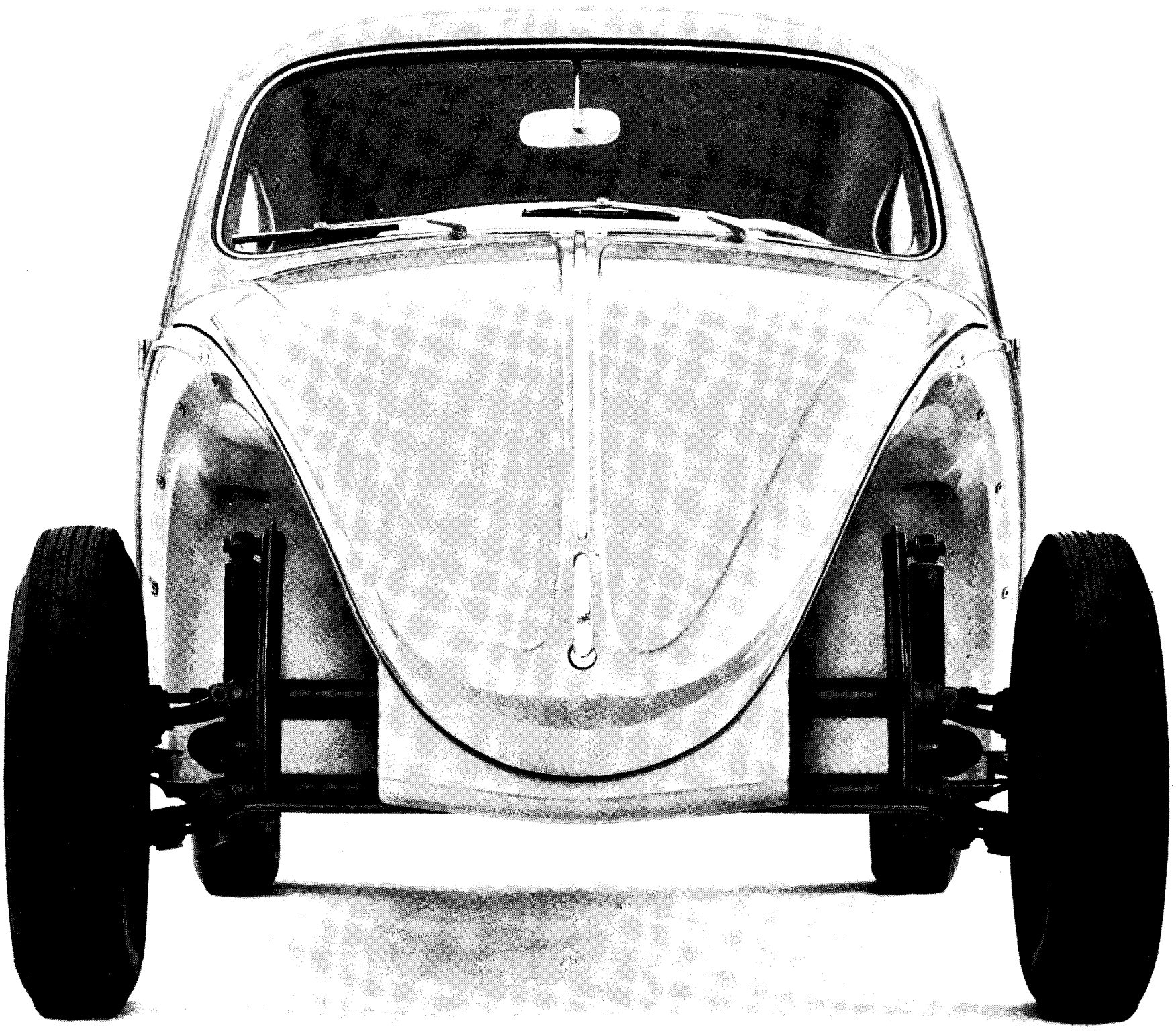

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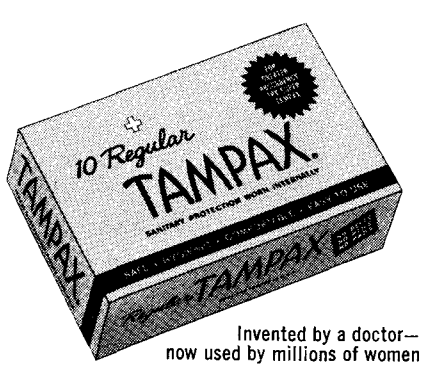


Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

There was another violent whirlpool further ahead. We worked our way over, the tough boys and I, and again with the help of the roughest curses and fists, made people form chains to save them.

The police too finally began to help us.

Everything quieted down.

"You ought to join the police, comrade. We could use fellows like you," a police sergeant said to me, wiping his face with his handkerchief after a bout of hard work.

"Right. I'll think it over," I said grimly.

Somehow I no longer felt like going to see Stalin's remains. Instead I left with one of the boys who had been organizing chains. We bought a bottle of vodka and walked to my home.

"Did you see Stalin?" my mother asked me.

"Yes," I said coldly, as I clinked glasses with the boy.

I hadn't really lied to my mother. I had seen Stalin. Because everything that had just happened was Stalin.

That day was a turning point in my life and therefore a turning point in my poetry as well. I realized that there was no one to do our thinking for us now, if indeed there ever had been. I realized that we needed now to do some hard thinking on our own. A feeling of responsibility, not only for myself but for our whole country, came upon me, and I felt its crushing weight on my shoulders. Now I don't mean that I instantly became aware of the full measure of Stalin's guilt. I still continued to idealize him to some extent. Many of Stalin's crimes were as yet unknown. But one thing was clear to me—that a great number of problems had come to a head in Russia and to refuse to try to solve them would itself be criminal.

So I thought about poetry—both my own and Russian poetry in general.

Perhaps more than the poets of any other nation, Russia's poets have been remarkable for their high civic spirit. It is no accident that Russia's tyrants regarded Russian poets as their most dangerous enemies. To a Russian the word "poet" has overtones of the word "fighter." Russia's poets were always fighters for the future of their country and for justice. Her poets helped Russia to think. Her poets helped Russia to struggle against her tyrants.

After Stalin's death, when Russia was going through a very difficult moment of her inner life, I became convinced that I had no right to cultivate my private Japanese garden of poetry. And the great Russian poets came to my help, showing me by their example that civic poetry can be the most moving and intimate of all if the poet gives his whole heart and his whole talent to it unstintingly.

To write only of nature or women or *weltschmerz* at a time of hardship for your countrymen is almost amoral.

And it was a time of hardship.

The trusting Russian people were beginning to understand that it could be dangerous to trust too much.

I saw the vulture face of Beria, half hidden by his scarf, glued to the window of his limousine as he drove slowly along the curb, hunting a woman for the night. The same man would deliver before the people the most moving speeches about Communism. The bullet lodged in Beria's head was an act of justice—but how belated! Unfortunately justice is like a train that's nearly always late.

Rehabilitated prisoners, back from remote concentration camps, were beginning to be seen in Moscow. With them arrived news of the gigantic scale of the injustices committed.

The people were thoughtful, tense. The tension was felt everywhere. It could not be relieved by the speeches of Malenkov, a man with a womanish face and a studied diction who promised them more food and more clothes.

What the Russian people wanted was for someone to say openly and seriously how they were going to live. They had never reduced the notion of "living" to food, housing and clothing. For them "living" had always included "believing."

I felt completely at a loss. I felt there was something very important that needed to be put into words for them, but I didn't yet know what it was.

The image of the "simple Soviet man" has been created by our press. Songs have been composed about him, books written, and films made. The "simple Soviet man" was proudly mentioned in political speeches. But I saw how far from being simple he really was. And this made him all the dearer to my heart.

I began to write a poem, *Zima Junction*. Its pages reflected the disturbing, fiery glow of the same questions. I wanted to get at the very essence of what was happening.

Something, I knew, was breaking down. But at the same time I was touching the enormous inherent spiritual strength of the Russian people, who were slowly beginning to recover their freedom.

No, Russia was not a Babylon falling in ruins! The Babylon that was falling to pieces on Russian soil was the gilded papier-mâché city of lies, built upon gullibility and the habit of blind obedience. It was as if a blind people were recovering its sight.

People, used to keeping silent even in their own homes, had begun to talk; they talked among themselves even about the most controversial problems. But what threatened them now was the danger of swinging over from blind faith to complete absence of faith. This was a great danger, particularly for the young.

Once in Moscow in 1954 I was spending the evening with some student friends. We were drinking cider, eating eggplant spread, reading poetry and arguing. Suddenly a girl of 18 said in the hollow voice of a 60-year-old ventriloquist: "The revolution is dead."

At this another 18-year-old girl with a round, childish face and a thick red plait got up. Her slanting Tatar eyes flashing, she said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The revolution isn't dead; the revolution is sick, and we must do everything we can to help it!"

This was Bella Akhmadulina, a gifte poet, whom I married a few weeks later.

It was to Bella, to her Tatar eyes with their look of perpetual, quivering astonishment, that I recited the opening stanzas of my "Zima Junction." It was to those eyes that I tried to explain that the only way to save the young from skepticism was by restoring the purity of our revolutionary ideals. Her eyes understood me. The young must not be left unarmed in this fight. They must be given weapons in their struggle for the future.

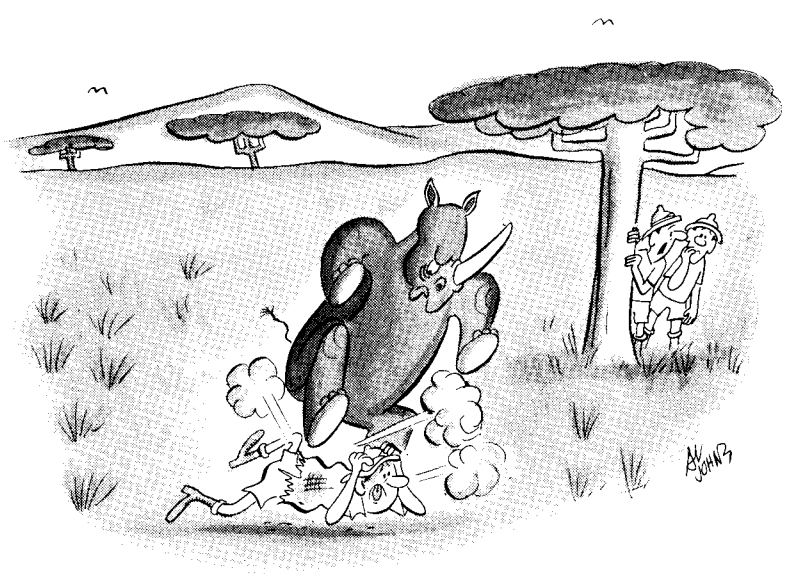
By then, personal, intimate poetry, which had been almost taboo under Stalin, had broken through; it was flooding newspapers and magazines. But it was no longer so popular. In the face of the gigantic events taking place in our country, it seemed childish.

Lenin once said that our enemies would always eat the crumbs of self-criticism that fall from our table. In fact, they clearly do. But what are we to do to stop them? Keep silent about our mistakes, about the failings of our society? A strong man is not afraid of showing his weaknesses. I believed then and I believe now in the spiritual strength of our people, and I therefore regard it as my duty to speak openly about whatever I think is wrong. This precisely is my way of expressing my love for the people and my unlimited trust in them.

With the backing of the young, I wrote poem after poem calling for recruits to our side. Snobs reproached me with the charge that I was giving up "pure art." Dogmatists said menacingly that I was a "nihilist." But I didn't give a damn about any of them. What mattered to me were all those young eyes turned to me, waiting expectantly. I saw that they needed my poetry and that, by speaking of what was wrong with our society, I was strengthening, not destroying, their faith in our way of life.

The Soviet press, radio and television were quite obviously failing to keep up with the rapid changes in the life of the country. The nation was demanding the truth about itself from its writers. Literary criticism was lagging hopelessly behind events. Fiction was on the move, but slowly. But poetry had mobility.

To begin with, a poem takes much less time to write than a novel, and it can be



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're not usually that thorough."

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read in public even before appearing in print. So I chose the public platform as the battlefield on which to defend my views.

I read poetry in factories, colleges, research institutes, office buildings and schools. The audiences numbered from 20 to 1,000. At that time poetry readings were hardly ever allowed in the big concert halls, and I could not imagine that in 1963 they would draw 14,000 people to the Sports Palace.

The tradition of public poetry readings, started by Mayakovsky and later given up, was being gradually reestablished. But it was not on anything like the scale it has reached now—unknown even in Mayakovsky's lifetime. It took time and determination.

The 20th Congress, at which the party, showing that it had confidence in the people and was not afraid of hostile misinterpretations abroad, gave out the story of Stalin's crimes, strengthened my conviction that the people want only the truth and to keep it from them is to insult them by saying that they cannot be trusted.

Although I had some idea of Stalin's guilt, I could not imagine, until Khrushchev made his speech, how tremendous it was. Most people had the same experience. After the text was read to them at party meetings they went away, their eyes on the ground. Probably many among the older people tortured themselves with the question: Had they lived in vain?

A part of the younger generation naturally looked with suspicion not only on Stalin but on the past as a whole, and this doubled the distress of their parents. But there were parents and parents, children and children.

The older generation split in two: the genuine, dedicated Communists who continued to work without losing heart but were ready to remember past mistakes in order to correct them, and the dogmatists who naturally regarded themselves as the most dedicated Communists of them all. But the dogmatists only paid lip service to the resolutions adopted by the 20th Congress to "restore the Leninist norms of life." The very word "restore" was an implicit indictment—you can only restore what is in ruins—but they lacked the civic courage to accept this fact. If they did, their leather chairs might be kicked out from under them.

They did their tricky best to balance the accounts of the Stalin era; actually, they tried to sabotage economic reconstruction. They opposed the abolition of privileges for high officials. They grumbled and accused the younger generation, almost wholesale, of being "nihilist" and of lacking respect for revolutionary traditions. That young men wore narrow trousers and liked jazz, or even that they read Hemingway and admired Picasso, was evidence of their "nihilism"—and, considered sociologically, proved the contaminating effect of bourgeois influence.

What were the young people really like? It is true that some of them became cynics. It is true that, feeling they were living in a moral vacuum, these young boys and girls chewed gum, wore sweaters and sneakers, collected records and danced to rock 'n' roll in the belief that these were the keys to Western culture. This group usually knew nothing of Picasso and Hemingway, but they received a great deal of attention from the Western press. In reality they were a fairly small group.

The best of the young Soviet generation emerged from their difficult moment of doubt and reappraisal without becoming cynical. Their experience tested and strengthened their courage not only to oppose the repetition of their fathers' mistakes but also to fight for the carrying forward of their fathers' great achievement. The antagonism between the old and the new generations in the Soviet Union has been very much exaggerated in the Western press. I feel and have always felt toward many Communists old enough to be my father as if they were my contemporaries, while to me certain of my contemporaries smell of mothballs.

There seems to me to be only one way of being young: It is to be young spiritually. This is the youthfulness that unites the best of my own and of the older generation in their struggle and their work. The best of the younger generation may wear narrow trousers, like jazz music, even dance to rock 'n' roll, but this does not in any way prevent them from believing in the revolution. They read Hemingway, Remarque, Salinger, Kerouac and Kingsley Amis, they see foreign films and the plays of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, and they stand in an endless line when there is an exhibition of Picasso or Léger. This doesn't prevent them from criticizing what is wrong in bourgeois culture and fighting for their own socialist culture. It is only that their tastes have become more varied and their horizons have widened. This is precisely what the dogmatists refuse to see. They have tried to make use of everything, including the tense international situation, to reverse this irreversible process.

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For instance, people started saying that I was in disgrace, and the French magazine *Paris Match* described me colorfully as "le poète maudit de la Place Rouge." But in fact Red Square has never cursed me—I was cursed only by the dogmatists. And they were powerless to stop my writing or publishing what I wanted to write or to publish.

In 1956 my poem *Zima Junction* came out, and a ferocious attack on it by an old Bolshevik was printed in *Komsomolskaya Pravda;* but the same *Komsomolskaya Pravda* offered me space for my poems. The reviewer accused me of being a skeptic. But thousands of letters I received from every corner of the country convinced me that my poem had been understood as I had meant it—as a call for faith. This is what I cared about most.

My next book, *The Highway of Enthusiasts*, had very few reviews, but it sold out at once, and its disappearance from the bookstores was the best review I could have had.

In January, 1957, a cycle of my poems, attacking the personality cult, nearly got torn out of already printed copies of *Young Guard*—it seems that the editors had second thoughts. The cycle was demolished by a reviewer as "nihilistic." But on the day the review came out I got a cable from a Soviet ship at sea: WE HAVE READ YOUR POEMS. KEEP IT UP. It was signed, THE CREW.

So I didn't lose hope.

In 1957 the discussion of Dudintsev's book, *Not by Bread Alone*, began at the Writers' Union. At the first meeting some enthusiastic speakers described the author as almost a new Leo Tolstoy. I disapproved of this extravagant praise because I saw plenty of artistic flaws in the novel, though it had many brilliant polemical passages. After some time there was another meeting, and on this occasion Dudintsev was no longer a Tolstoy but virtually an imperialist agent. Respecting him as a fellow writer and as the good citizen I knew him to be, I defended him.

A few days later I was expelled from the Literary Institute for "irregular attendance at lectures"—to be honest, my attendance had hardly been regular for the past four years. After that I was expelled from the Komsomol [Young Communist League]—without a hearing—on the charge of "estrangement."

Life didn't look too bright to me then. But I went on writing, encouraged by my friends and my readers, who conveyed their support of me by touching letters and gifts.

I was reinstated as a member of the Komsomol and afterward became secretary of its unit in the Literary Institute, a post I held for four years.

But the critics kept tearing into me. I was labeled a "bedroom lyricist," "ideological leader of the juvenile delinquents," "decadent bourgeois," "minstrel of dirty sheets," "bard of the gutter," "pseudo-revolutionary," etc.

But I had a strong Siberian back. And, besides, in the changed conditions in our country not even the deadliest words had the force they had had before. My verses were still printed, my books came out, and I went on reading in public.

In that year I first met Pasternak.

Young poets who went to visit him at his house in Peredelkino had been telling me for some time that he wanted to meet me, but I have always felt that the best encounters were those left to chance. One day, however, I was delegated by the Writers' Union to accompany the Italian professor Ripelino, who was going to call on Pasternak at his *dacha*.

We arrived without an appointment.

Suddenly, stepping out from behind a tree in the garden, a suntanned, gray-haired man in a white linen jacket nearly stumbled into me.

"How do you do?" he said in a slightly singsong voice, shaking my hand; his brown eyes looked astonished, yet at the same time as if they were never astonished by anything. Without letting go of my hand, he suddenly smiled and said, "I know who you are. You're Yevtushenko. Yes, yes, that's just how I imagined you—thin, long-legged, trying to pretend you're not shy. . . . Well, I know all about you—I know you don't attend lectures regularly at the Literary Institute, and so on. . . . Is that a Georgian poet you've brought with you? I'm very fond of Georgians. . . ."

I explained that it was not a Georgian poet but an Italian professor and introduced him.

"Good—that's good—I'm very fond of Italians, too. And you've come at just the right time—dinner's just ready. Come, I'm sure you must be very hungry."

And at once everything was quite simple and easy, and soon we were eating chicken and drinking brandy.

To look at him, Pasternak might have been 47 or 48. His whole appearance had an amazing, sparkling freshness, like a newly cut bunch of lilacs with the morning dew still on their leaves. It seemed as if there was a play of light all over him, from the flashing gestures of his hands to the surprisingly childlike smile which constantly lit up his mobile face. But he was play-acting a little.

It must indeed have taken great spiritual daring to retain throughout that unsmiling period the ability to smile as he did.

This may have been his protection.

People reacted to Pasternak not as to a man but as to a color, a smell or a sound.

He laughed and said, "Such a funny thing happened to me today. A roofer I know came to see me. He pulled a bottle of vodka out of his pocket, and a piece of sausage, and he said, 'I did some work on your roof the other day, but I didn't know who you were. Now some good people tell me you stand for the truth. That deserves a celebration, so let's have a drink to that.' We had a drink. Then the roofer said to me, 'Well, now, you lead the way.' I couldn't understand what he meant at first. 'Where am I to lead you?' 'To fight for truth,' he said. 'You'll have to show the way.' Well, as you know, I didn't intend to lead anyone anywhere. I think a poet is just a tree—it stands still and rustles its leaves; it doesn't expect to lead anywhere."

He gave us a sidelong look and asked, "Well, what do you think—is it true or isn't it that the poet is only a rustling tree and doesn't have to lead anyone anywhere?"

He asked me to read some of my poems. I began with *Weddings*, which he didn't particularly like. Then I read *Prologue*, and this he loved. He clapped his hands like a small boy when a line especially pleased him. He kept wriggling in his chair, and when I finished he rushed over and hugged me. I felt depressed, for it seemed to me that Pasternak couldn't have a good ear. *Prologue* was the more showy and the more superficial of the two poems. I realized afterward that I had been wrong. When we met again and I read him my *Loneliness*, he began to cry and said, "You wrote this about me—about me and about us all."

Pasternak had exuberant moods, and he had liked *Prologue* because it fitted his mood at the time.

One day I'll write at length about the four occasions on which I saw Pasternak. The last time we said good-bye he kissed me hard, according to the Russian custom. His lips had the fragrance of lilacs.

He was a pure and innocent man. All the more criminal then were the actions of those in the West who, against his will, used his name in the Cold War, and the more deplorable the actions of some of our writers who tried to strike his name from the pages of our literature.

Certainly he loved his country, and he never intended to harm it in any way. There were many things he didn't understand, not because he didn't want to. He simply couldn't.

Many events in our life appeared to him as if they were happening on the other bank of the river of time. Thanks to his uncanny vision, he could see many things distinctly through the drifts of mist which hang over the river, but the outlines were often blurred, and some thin were hidden by the mist altogether.

The many years he spent in the country, hardly ever leaving Peredelkino, gave him the invaluable opportunity to be alone with himself and with nature. But his remoteness from the hustle and bustle of the big city subdued his sense of the urgency of the struggle in the world today. He realized this. As he put it, he was the boundary post between two epochs. And in this lies the greatness and also the tragedy of this poetic genius.

In 1957 I met two men who were later to be my close friends—artist Yurii Vassiliev and sculptor Ernst Neizvestny.

Before I met them I knew nothing about painting. The Impressionists were the most modern painters I had seen. Like most Muscovites, I had failed to get into the Picasso exhibition when it came to Moscow—it was harder to get a ticket than to win a car in the state lottery. Of course I had read a little in the newspapers about modern trends in art, but those who followed them were described as thoroughly dishonest people, corrupt, mercenary and hostile to Communism.

Yet here were two men who had fought in the war, who were dedicated Communists, whose honesty was unimpeachable, who were producing abstract paintings and sculptures.

Not that Vassiliev and Neizvestny are entirely abstract artists; they do a good deal of realistic work, but their realism is of today and has nothing to do with stuffy academic Soviet art. And they have experimented in abstract art.

Certainly there are frauds and profiteers who are hangers-on of modern art, but there are also many honest, hard-working people. They may sometimes wander along the wrong artistic path, but it does not necessarily follow that there is something wrong with their political ideology. It is wrong to confuse differences in artistic style with differences in ideology. I became convinced of this through my friendship with Vassiliev, Neizvestny and other young artists. Later, when I went abroad, I met and saw the work of many Western artists, including such men as Picasso, Max Ernst, Chagall, Miro, Henry Moore and Braque. I may disagree with them about many things, but I could never slight these artists who work so hard and so richly deserve our respect.

I fell in love with painting. On the walls of my apartment I now have pictures by realists, expressionists, surrealists and abstractionists. They don't clash with each other, and they don't infect me with bourgeois ideology. These pictures are my friends, and when I feel depressed I go and have a silent talk with them.

When I think of all the various "isms" in art, it occurs to me that realism is indeed the best of them. But realism as I understand it has hundreds and thousands of facets, and it need not be representational. I see as realism whatever is genuinely begotten by life and moves the human spirit, even if there are no images of people, houses or trees. On the other hand, if a picture has people, houses and trees, but is lifeless and has no power to communicate with me, then it is mere abstraction and nothing else. My idea is that we should redefine the concepts of realism and abstractionism. In the sense which I have just given, I am against abstract art.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Relax, there was a mix-up in the laundry delivery."

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My friends smelled of clay and paint and the future. They worked unceasingly, infecting me with their faith and their inspiration. My wife and I had just divorced. When I was too unhappy and lonely, the example of my friends gave me strength.

What also encouraged me was the increasing interest which my readers showed in my work. My readers felt my deep private sorrow in my poetry, and they sympathized with me. But while sympathizing with me in their letters, they also warned me not to let what I was going through stand between me and the inner experience of the people as a whole. Thereafter when I wrote, no longer thinking only of myself, I felt that my readers were also my collaborators.

I felt the same contact with my listeners at poetry readings. I often tried out my poems on them before they were published, reading them to people in all kinds of jobs and professions.

Some critics tried to represent me as a hoodlum and said my poetry evenings were attended by hysterical girls with nothing better to do and by juvenile delinquents. But nothing scandalous ever happened. If the doors and windows did get smashed now and again and the police stood by to maintain order, this was only because there was not enough room.

I was in an extremely ambiguous position. Insults were hurled at me; I was showered with applause. It was enough to drive a man out of his mind, but there was always an inner voice saying to me, "When you are abused, you are not in danger. To be loved is more dangerous. You must be as clearsighted when you are loved as when you are hated. This love is only an advance payment for what they expect of you. This love is a big responsibility. Remember what you were once told: you must look for the truth both in yourself and in people."

I looked for it. I discussed love and politics with tractor drivers in the virgin lands of the Altai. I argued about Stalin with fishermen on the Volga. With tiger hunters in the Far East I exchanged ideas on the best way of stopping war. I debated on the meaning of happiness with lobster fishermen on the Kamchatka Peninsula, and on the meaning of poetry with winegrowers in Georgia.

Of course I listened more than I spoke. Before you can have anything to say, you must learn to listen.

And while I was away on these journeys, in faraway Moscow newspaper articles described me, as before, as the poet who had lost contact with the people. Many of the literary critics who high-handedly determine who has and who has not lost touch with the people have themselves been out of touch for a long time.

For some writers, their home was their world. What I wanted was that the whole world should be my home. This is why I was so drawn to visit every corner of my country, and why I was drawn beyond her frontiers.

Under Stalin the only people who went abroad were diplomats and members of official delegations. To many of us the outside world was wrapped in a fog of mystery. Because of this some thought it too attractive, others too dangerous.

Now the fog was beginning to dissipate. Tens of thousands of foreign tourists were coming to us, and tens of thousands of our tourists were going abroad. The Moscow Youth Festival, when young people of every color and from every country flooded the streets, had tremendous importance. In it I saw a blueprint of the future. It seemed to me that we must struggle to unite not only the best people in our country but the best people throughout the world. That also became the aim of my poetry.

If, before, I felt a responsibility for my own country, I now felt a responsibility for the whole world. And so in every country I visited, instead of going to see the beautiful sights and historical monuments, I looked for men who were prepared to fight heart and soul against lies, the abuse of power and the exploitation of man by man wherever they exist. And everywhere I found such men.

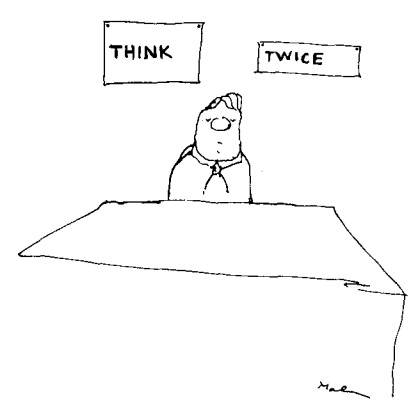
I spoke with students from Ghana, Togoland and Liberia about the future of liberated Africa and drank to it out of coconut shells filled with cool coconut milk. Noticing young workmen in Paris writing PAIX EN ALGÉRIE on the wall in a side street, I went up to them, borrowed a piece of charcoal and contributed an exclamation mark. In Washington Square in New York I joined American young men and girls in singing a biting song addressed to the police commissioner who had banned their gathering. So as not to be dispersed by the police, they were carrying flags; I liked to see the American flag in hands like those. In chorus with bearded Cubans I sang my favorite song, *The International.* In London I marched with the ban-the-bomb demonstrators.

I have won the moral right to talk about what is wrong abroad only because I speak just as openly about whatever I see to be wrong in my own country; otherwise I would lose my self-respect.

I had long wanted to write a poem on anti-Semitism. But only after I had been in Kiev and had seen Babi Yar [site of a Nazi massacre of Jews] with my own eyes did the poetic form come to me. I wrote the poem in only a few hours after my return to Moscow. That evening I gave a talk on Cuba at the Polytechnic Institute. After my talk I read *Babi Yar* for the first time. Ordinarily I recite my poems from memory, but this time I was so agitated that I had to have the text in front of me. When I finished there was dead silence. I stood fidgeting with the paper, afraid to look up. When I did I saw that the entire audience had risen to their feet; then applause exploded and went on for 10 minutes. People leaped onto the stage and embraced me. My eyes were full of tears.

I took the poem to the office of the *Literary Gazette* and read it to a friend of mine who was on the editorial staff. He rushed off next door, brought several colleagues, and made me read the poem again. Then he said, "Would you let me make a copy? I'd like to have one, and the others asked for copies too."

"What do you mean, copies? I've brought it for you to publish."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

They looked at each other in silence. It hadn't even occurred to them to think of such a thing. Then one of the editors said with a bitter laugh, "He's still sitting in all of us, that damned Stalin." And h- wrote on the typescript the words F PUBLICATION.

"Don't leave yet," my friend said. "The editor-in-chief hasn't seen it, and there might be some questions."

For two hours I sat fidgeting. Every other minute people from various departments dropped in and said reassuring words in uncertain voices.

At last I was called in to see the editor-in-chief. He was a middle-aged man; from under his bushy brows his eyes gave me a sly, peasant look. They were eyes that had seen plenty; they looked understanding.

"It's a good poem," he said with deliberation, weighing me.

I knew from experience that if the editor-in-chief began with those words the poem would be turned down.

"What it says is right," he went on with equal deliberation. By now I was sure.

"We're going to publish it," said the editor-in-chief.

The slyness went from his eyes, and they looked hard.

"I'm a Communist," he said. "You understand? So I can't refuse to publish your poem. Of course anything may happen. I hope you're prepared."

"I am," I said.

"Are you going to wait for the paper to come out?"

"I am," I said. I went back to the editorial room. The paper was normally put to bed at seven. The men who had finished their work stayed on. It struck seven. But the editor-in-chief hadn't signed the order to start printing. It struck eight. The editor-in-chief sent his car to fetch his wife and daughter from his summe house. It struck nine. A good-lookin young woman who was the pressroom foreman came in and put the proof sheets before me without a word. They were complete except for a blank in the space reserved for the poem. It struck 10. An old compositor brought a bottle, and we drank it up. It struck 11. The wife of the editor-in-chief arrived. At 11:30 the editor called me in.

"I'll come with you," the woman foreman said nervously. "If there's trouble, I'll say it's too late to change the layout—or I'll think of something else. I couldn't face the men!"

We went in. The editor-in-chief and his wife were standing there looking at the proofs. They smiled at my exhausted appearance. The foreman saw that the sheets were initialed. She seized them and skipped out.

"I decided I'd ask my wife's advice," said the editor-in-chief. "I can always rely on her. As you see, she approves. You can go and watch your poem coming off the press."

I went down to the pressroom. The printers shook hands with me. The foreman gave a signal, and the press started rolling. Suddenly there was a creaking and rumbling, and it stopped. I had been so wound up that the interruption petrified me. The old compositor patted my shoulder. "It's all right. Just be patient for another minute."

The press started rolling again, and the first copies fell at my feet.

The foreman put a batch in my arms "You'd better hang on to them. By to morrow they'll be collectors' items." We all hugged each other. I felt all of us had written it. My friend and I got into my battered old car. Miraculously, we

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discovered a bottle of Beaujolais on the seat. My friend went back to his office and brought down a pair of long editorial scissors. We got the cork out, finished the bottle in the car and drove home. It was one in the morning.

Next morning every copy of *Literary Gazette* was sold out at every newsstand in a matter of minutes. By that afternoon I was getting batches of telegrams from strangers congratulating me. But the rejoicing was not universal. Two days later the journal *Literature and Life* published an answering poem by Alexei Markov in which I was described as a "pygmy who had forgotten the people he belonged to," and in another two days a long article in the same paper accused me of trying to wreck Lenin's international policy by stirring up hatred among national groups.

A more monstrous and grotesque charge it would be hard to imagine. But the author's chauvinism was ill-disguised, and there was public indignation. I was showered with letters from all over the country. Out of some 20,000 letters written to me about *Babi Yar*, only 30 or 40 were abusive, and they were all unsigned and in obviously disguised handwriting.

The Western press made a sensation of the attacks on *Babi Yar*, asserting that they proved the existence of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union, and some of these papers dishonestly distorted the meaning of my poem to suit their own ends. But, as far as I was concerned, the two attacks on me in *Literature and Life* were less significant than the reaction of the wide and varied public—workers, collective farmers, intellectuals and students—who supported me at that difficult moment. When I gave a reading in Mayakovsky Square just before leaving for Cuba, 10,000 people came to give me a marvelous sendoff, and the support of the people will always mean more to me than anything else.

When I wrote my poem *Stalin's Heirs* and began reading it publicly, someone spread the rumor that it was anti-Soviet. Those who found that the shoe fit them were afraid that others would see this too; editors were afraid to publish it. But no one dared to forbid me to read it because the audiences shouted for it, and I didn't whine when it remained unpublished for a year—I had known this would happen.

I sent the poem to Khrushchev, and it was published in *Pravda*. The dogmatists were growing more and more impotent. To the great displeasure of many of them, Solzhenitsyn's remarkable novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was also published with the help of Khrushchev.

It goes without saying that the dogmatists used, still use, and will go on using every opportunity they can find to arrest the process of democratization in our society. I have no rosy illusions about that. I know equally well that the dogmatists have reared a new crop of young people to replace them. These young people are perhaps our greatest internal danger. But they are easily outnumbered by our progressive-minded young people, and there is no doubt in my mind that dogmatism is doomed.

I know that we are facing many difficulties in our national economy and in foreign relations. There are complications, too, in the development of our arts. I don't shut my eyes to any of this. Nevertheless, one would have to be blind not to see the immense changes in our country since Stalin's death. Indeed, what has been happening in the Soviet Union since 1953 is a spiritual revolution, one which subjects us to great tensions and which demands of us great patience. We have to tell ourselves very clearly which are the things in our past we mean to carry forward into our future and which are those we shall leave behind.

We are sometimes told that we talk too much about the past. But talking about the past means thinking about the future.

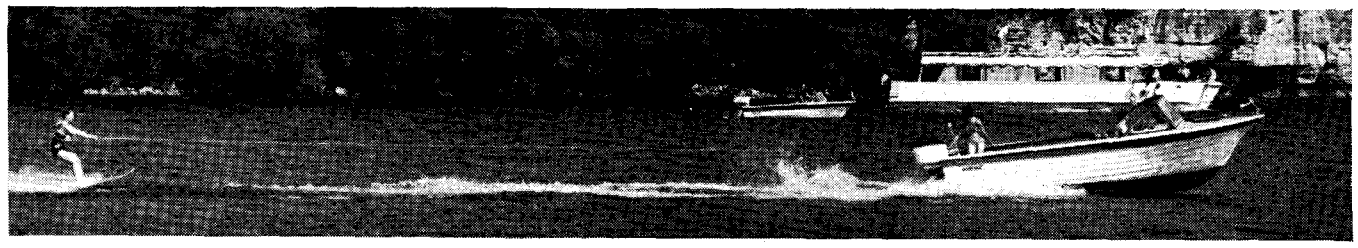
We have made many mistakes. But we were the first to attempt to carry out the ideas of socialism, and perhaps our mistakes were made in order that they should not be repeated by those countries which will follow in our footsteps.

In a café in Paris a student who did less than credit to his revolutionary forebears said to me, "In general I'm for socialism. But I'd rather wait until you get stores like the Galeries Lafayette in Moscow. After that I might consider fighting for socialism."

I felt ashamed for this senile young man.

What he wants is to have his future served to him on a silver platter, nicely cooked, brown outside and pink inside and with a sprig of parsley; then perhaps he'll pick at it with his fork. We at least are making the future ourselves, doing without the barest necessities, suffering, making mistakes, but all the same doing it ourselves. It makes me proud not to be just an onlooker but to be taking part in my people's heroic struggle for the future.

And I want to believe that everything is still ahead of me, just as it is still ahead for my people. THE END



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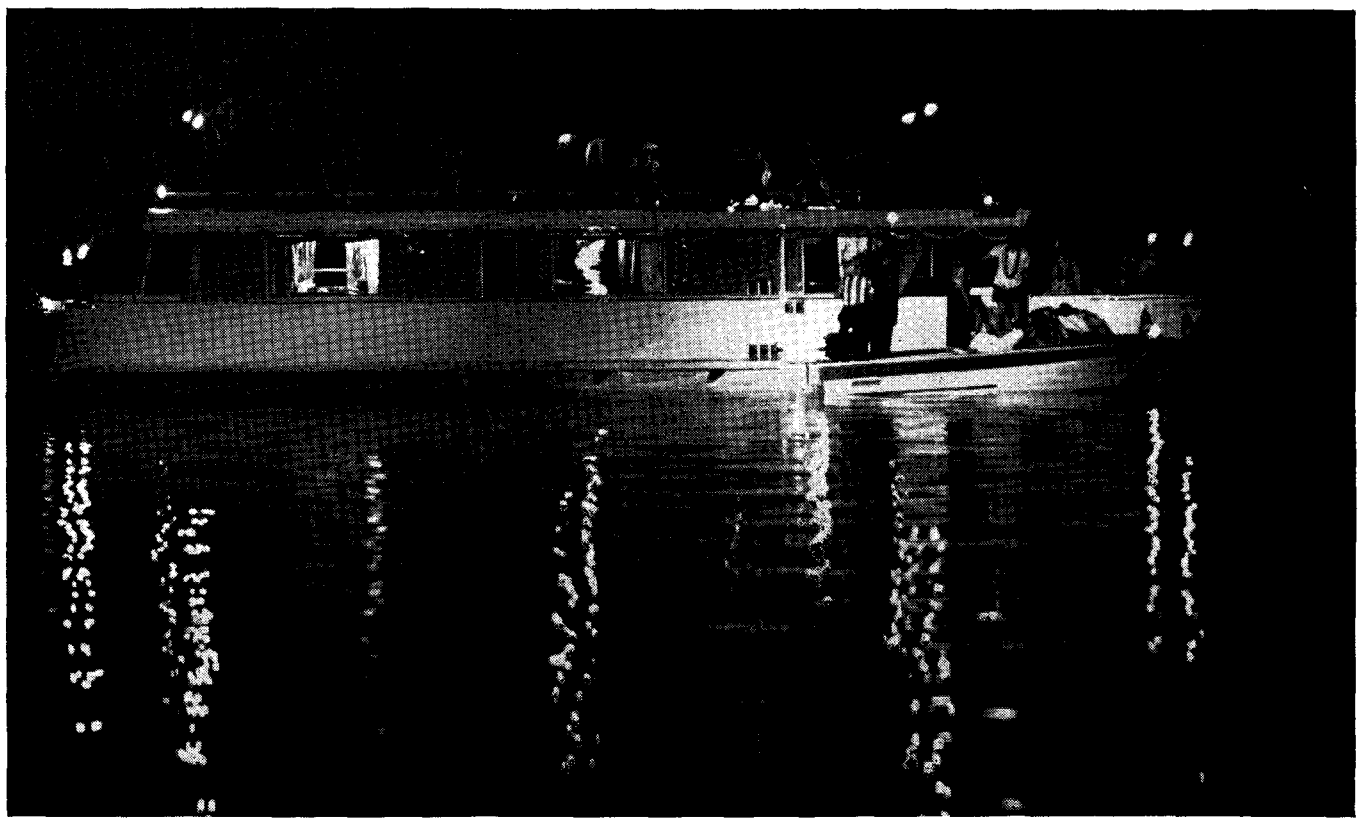

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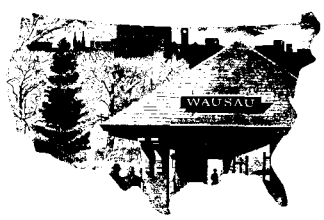

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BOX CAR TO THE WEST

It's not the best way to travel

By JOHN KEATS

Before the match went out, we saw the old man with long hair and a dirty beard, lying in a kind of nest he had made of heavy wrapping paper. He didn't say anything to us, and we didn't say anything to him.

Ralph and I pushed the sliding doors shut and groped along the wall in the dark until we came to the rear of the car, where we sat on the splintered wood floor with our backs against the wall and waited for the two blasts of the highball and the bang and jolt of the train starting. Later we slept stretched on the floor that rattled and rumbled beneath us, and we woke once in the night when there was a silence that told us we had stopped. We heard the doors slide open, and someone say, "It's OK," and a soft slap of hands against wood, a grunt, a slither of cloth and a bulky scrambling. The doors slid shut and the cars banged and the floor roared under us again.

In the morning we saw, in the gray light that came around the edges of the sliding doors, who our fellow travelers were. There was the old man in his nest, an old man with white matter oozing around the edges of his dim eyes, who saw us and tightened his hands on his dirty cloth bundle and drew his lips back over the ruins of his teeth. It was not a greeting but a snarling challenge, which we ignored. There were also the two who had come aboard in the night, still asleep on the floor, small, spare men who needed shaves. There was much else that they needed, but somehow their bristles were the worst.

America was going by outside in the gray dawn. We slid the doors open to look at it, and it was just as it had been yesterday and the days before: a million miles of sand, stones, yellow grass, sage and tumbleweed on the other side of barbed wire that protected the railroad from the cattle, and ahead the shining mountains, as far away as ever. The sun, rising behind us, caught the tops of the mountains and made them look like clouds. For a long while we thought they *were* clouds, and then we realized they were the mountains, but they never came closer as we rattled westward from South Dakota day after day with the gophers standing up to look after us. We stared at this houseless, trackless, fantastic emptiness and saw a gopher die. He was standing on the hill beside his hole, looking at the train, when a hawk hit him. Apparently the hawks had learned how to use trains.

The midmorning sun was hot when we came to a water stop in the midst of this wasteland. We all got off the train—the old man, the two with the bristles, and perhaps twelve others who dropped from cars on down the line, like lice leaving a dead animal.

The trainmen paid no attention to us. The only people who concern themselves with the men who ride trains are the yard detectives in the cities. Ralph and I had found that yard detectives would only yell at us, but they would use their clubs on older men; and whenever they got hold of a really old man, or some simpleton, they would do things to him that you simply would not believe. You would not believe Americans could do things like that, because you are such a good American yourself that such ideas have never occurred to you, and because you have never had the opportunities a yard detective enjoys. Here, where there was only a siding with a water tower over it and a water trough beside it, there were no yard detectives.

The old man stooped over the trough, plunging his head into it. When he stood up, the water streaked the grime around his eyes and wet his ragged coat and shirt. He undid his bundle. It contained a filthy sweater, a brush, a comb and a small bar of soap. He worked up a lather through his hair and beard, and plunged his head again into the trough. He waited for the water to still and, using it for a mirror, combed his hair and beard. He combed and brushed until it was all dry, drying fast in the hot Western air, and it came out white and lustrous. When he was through, all you really saw was his shining hair. He looked like God, or Moses at least.

ILLUSTRATED BY MERLE SHORE

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ı we could take care of ourselves. The old man couldn't.

He put his toilet articles back on his sweater, rolling everything up in the cloth and tying the cloth into a granny knot. "Frien', can ya he'p a fella out?" he asked. He stood there with a claw out, looking down at our shoes.

Ralph spat into the dirty, soap-clouded water. "Some guys might have wanted a drink," he said. "But not after you washed in it."

The old man snatched his hand back and .pped it around his bundle. He glared at us, .nd, with surprising agility, skittered sidewise away. We walked down the line of standing cars, nodding very slightly to those who nodded as slightly to us. Two of them came sidling up.

"Hey, Mac," one of them said. "You fellas want to see something?"

"See what?"

"What'll you give me?"

"What for?"

"To see it."

"Beat it," Ralph said.

The two glanced at each other. They got sly.

"Look at this," the first one said, pulling a cardboard toy out of his jacket pocket.

"Great," I said.

"Hey, Mac, jus' a minute. Look, Mac . . ."

He fiddled with the toy and made it work. A little cardboard man and a little cardboard woman. A dirty joke that little kids might think was funny.

"Gimme a dollar, you can have it," he said.

"You can keep it," Ralph said.

We walked away, but they moved together after us. We turned on them.

"Yeah?" Ralph said.

The slyness had become reproachful wheedling.

"You owe us a dime. We showed you," the manipulator said.

"We showed it to you," the other one said.

We walked right at them and through them, back up the track to the boxcar in which we had spent the night. There was no danger from them, except possibly from stones. These men throw stones remarkably well. A railroad bed is made of good, sharp throwing stones. These men will throw at the back of your head from short range, and they can hit rabbits. But there were two of us, and we knew they would not take the chance. There was no real iron in them. They were just two businessmen in blue denim pants and jackets faded with use—but not from real work, because those two would never do any kind of work that anyone might ever ask them to do. Being more intelligent than most of those who ride the trains from the wheat to the beets to the beans, they preyed on the working stiffs. Their little toy was not for sale. It was to them what the oil rig is to the wildcatter: a means of locating hidden wealth. Once the dollar bill, the quarter, the dime, the nickel had been located, they would find a way to get at it, waiting for a safe time and place. No man is too poor to be robbed.

We climbed into our boxcar and into the middle of something else.

"They're mine!" the old man was crying. "You give 'em back!"

Our fellow passengers were all sitting on pieces of folded wrapping paper, and the old man's nest was gone. They were sitting tight and saying nothing, listening to the old man screech. Nights are cold in the Wyoming country. It is a country where each man must look out for himself. It was none of our business.

"They're mine!" the old man said. "They took it," he said, turning to us.

That was where Ralph made a mistake. "So give Pop back his damn paper," he told the others.

They did. Youth will be served, if it is more than six feet tall and consists of two hundred pounds of hard muscle, and the men in the boxcar belonged to the class of people who never really hope to be allowed to keep what they find anyway. Mumbling that we were a bunch of bastards, and they wouldn't ride with the kind of bastards we were, they got out of the car, leaving

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BOXCAR

us with Pop, whom we now acquired as a dog acquires a tick it cannot get rid of.

Pop did not thank us. He gathered up the papers as we watched our former fellows shamble down the line, looking for another empty. When we turned from watching them climb aboard, Pop had already remade his nest and was sitting in it quietly, hugging his bundle, an old man with a great mass of snowy hair, and rheumy eyes that looked vacantly out of an empty face.

I spilled tobacco onto a paper and passed the sack to Ralph. The old man watched. When we were finished, he said, "You got the makings?"

Ralph tossed him the sack. Then the old man needed a match. Rather than spare him one, I offered him a light from my cigarette. He did not thank us, nor did he return the sack until I demanded it, and then he surrendered it with the hopeless snarl of the ill-used. He smoked and sat and stank. Despite all that washing and combing, he had a dirty, old-man smell and a carious breath that made you recoil. I went to the open door and sat there with my legs dangling over the side, to breathe fresher air.

Through all the days we were on the train, with the mountains coming no nearer, Pop was with us. When the train stopped at Godforsaken little prairie towns, we would ask the brakeman how long we had. If there was time enough, we would try to find a housewife willing to give us a meal in return for yard work. If there was no time for this, we would spend another of the very few dollars we had earned in South Dakota. We bought food that could be eaten cold on the train. The best buy was canned dog food; it was meat, nourishing and cheap, but small Western towns do no great business in canned dog food. We were lucky if we found a store that carried it.

Whenever we left the train, Pop would leave it too. He had found some twine, and when he got off, the first thing we would see was a bundle of wrapping paper toppling out of the car. Then Pop would climb down after it. He never went into the towns and when we returned we would find him sitting on his bundle of paper in the cinders beside the train. He would wait to see which car we entered, and when we were inside we would see the pile of paper coming painfully up over the doorsill, and then Pop would heave himself panting in after it. There was no way to get rid of him.

"Can ya he'p a fella out?" he would ask, after he had remade his nest. "You fellas got somethin' to eat?"

His hand and his breath came toward us, always, and we would give him something. He would take it to his nest to eat.

We were, I suppose, a sort of family—two young men moving west, wanting to see what there was of America, and an old man who had found two strong "sons" to sustain him in his declining years. That would be the romantic view. A more accurate view would be that Pop was simply an old man condemned to keep on living because it was not yet time for him to die and who, being alive, experienced hunger, thirst and cold, and needed a bit of assistance in acquiring food and shelter. He never used more than thirty different words, and he used them only to beg. Once I asked him where he'd come from and where he was headed, but I might as well have been speaking Swahili for all the answer I g

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why, no. I thought that you could tell within a fraction of an inch where it was going to fall."

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n not sure he understood. Besides, it as a foolish question. He was obviously st an old man who had been nowhere 's headed nowhere, and there are a iany like him.

You see one sort in the cities, sleeping doorways in rotten streets, and another rt on the road. An anthropologist ight call them primitive food-gatherers, irely human. Sometimes you wonder iat kind of children they were—whether ey dreamed some dream different from e one they lived. The answer, I think, that they were the kind of children who ver sailed a leaf ship across a rain-iddle sea; they were the kind who, if ey went to school at all, sat silent in me vast emptiness until at last they ere released from the unfathomable orld of desks and teachers into another orld no more comprehensible than the st. I am sure that most of them, no atter what their age at death, remain fantile, that they never love, although ey may all miss, dimly, something they ver really understood.

The two businessmen with the sex toy e rare among them, but I am equally re that this cardboard sex is the only nd these businessmen experience ex-pt, perhaps, for the random, isolated casions when a feebleminded woman anders into a boxcar full of men. Even en, usually only the working men who llow the crops use such a woman. The iemployable, who drift and drift until ey are old men, are very nearly asexual. et each of God's images is somehow fferent, and so it was that Pop, who as like all of them in his old-man ench and rancid breath and rudimen-ry mind, was strikingly different from thers. *He* had a love, or at least thing that fascinated him. It was his

At every place we stopped where there as water, Pop would climb down into e cinders with his bundle. He would ash his hair and beard, and comb and ush them, and look long at himself in e mirror surface of the water trough. om far enough away he was Merlin, diant in the beauty of great age, bend-g over a magic fountain. Then you me closer and his scabrous hand came you, and his breath.

Now we lifted into the great Rocky ountains. We were in them all at once, seemed; one day they were as remote a eam as always, and then the next orning we found ourselves rising out of rub and stone into forests and steep lls. It was bitter cold at night, but the n was hot during the day as the train owly labored up the grades, and Ralph id I sat on the roof of our boxcar with ir shirts off, browning, while Pop hud-ed in his nest below. We were hungry. e had been two days without food or ater as the train toiled into the hills. At st it rolled down into a broad valley id shuddered to a stop by a clean and easant town.

For once, Pop followed us across the ilroad yards into the town. Perhaps it as the hunger, although he must certainly ave been more hungry in the past. Two ays without food is nothing much. At ay rate, he came scrambling out of ar as we climbed down from the and he came without his bundle. followed as best he could while alph and I ran lightly down the tracks ward the warehouses and the canning ant.

We had seen the canning plant from ie train and we knew about such places from experience. If you are ever riding a through freight that pauses only for a few minutes at some water stop, or for an hour to change crews in a railroad town, and you have no time to work for a meal and no money to buy one, and if you see a canning factory, go to it. Go wherever food is processed or handled in quantity. People who stack crates of food are always glad to give it away. There is something about a mountain of food that demands it be given away; some spirit that infects the men who labor there. The man who owns it may be able to look at the mountain and see dollars, but the men who sweat, piling it higher, heft the food and think of bellies.

At the warehouse a loader said, "Here, kid, catch," reaching into a broken cardboard box and throwing unlabeled cans to me. We both laughed as he threw them down from the loading dock faster than I could catch them and slip them into the side pockets of my denim jacket and down inside my shirt. He threw them to Ralph too and to Pop, who had come puffing up and was scrabbling around in the dirt, picking up the cans that we had missed. Then we heard the two blasts of the highball.

We ran heavily across the cinders, jumping the rails, the cans bumping inside our shirts. The train was chuffing before we were halfway across the yards, and it was moving when we scrambled headfirst into our boxcar. We stood in the door, panting, as the train began to roll faster, and then we saw Pop.

He was coming, as best he could with his rickety old-man's shuffle, the bright, unlabeled cans spilling from his arms. He was crying. We could see the wet shine of tears on his face, and we could see his open mouth working. When he admitted to himself that he simply was not going to be able to catch that train, he stopped and let the rest of the cans fall. He stood there, crying and calling out something we couldn't hear, his legs slightly apart, wavering, his hands at his side, looking at the train leaving him. The sun caught his wonderful hair and beard and reflected on the gay glitter of the cans at his feet.

"So long, Pop!" Ralph yelled.

We waved and laughed, glad to be free of him.

We opened a can with Ralph's knife. It was stewed corn, and cold stewed corn makes a fine meal. There is both bulk and juice. We finished the can, and Ralph tossed it away. We took the cans out of our shirts and pockets and stacked them against the wall of the car. Then we saw the old man's paper nest.

Ralph gathered up an armload of the paper and threw it out the open door. "Thank God," he said. "Now we can get that old goat's stink out of here."

Gaily we sailed the rest of the wrapping paper out. And there was the rag bundle, where the paper had been.

I opened it. There was nothing in it but the tattered gray sweater, the small piece of soap, the surprisingly clean brush and the comb. I looked at the stuff for a long time. Then I tied the bundle up tight with a good square knot.

I looked back down the tracks that ran straight for miles through the high valley, and I could still see the town. Distances are deceptive in the thin Western air. I pitched the bundle out of the boxcar, and it landed safely between the eastbound and the westbound tracks. Maybe it is still there, but there is always a chance that it is not. As much of a chance, let us say, as Pop ever had. THE END

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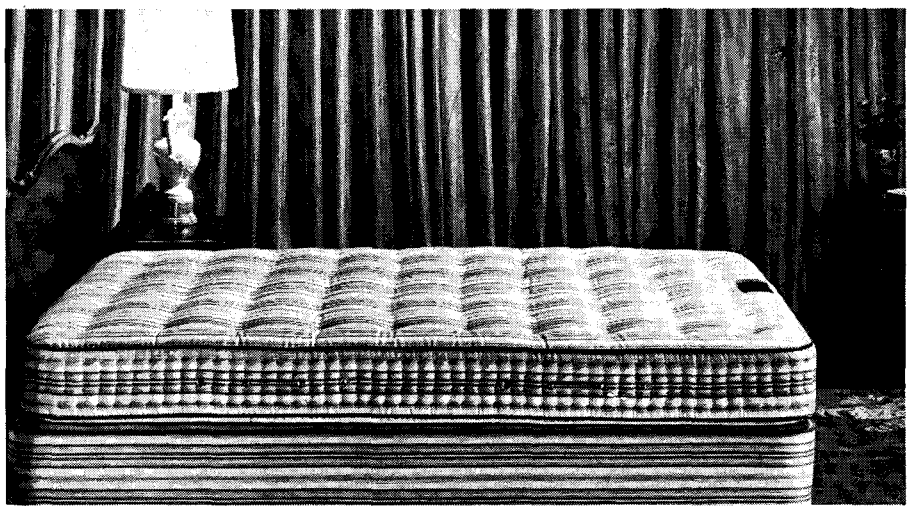

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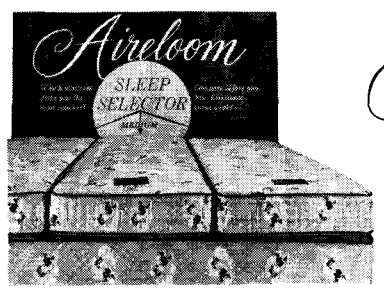

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COLOR CATCHES FIRE

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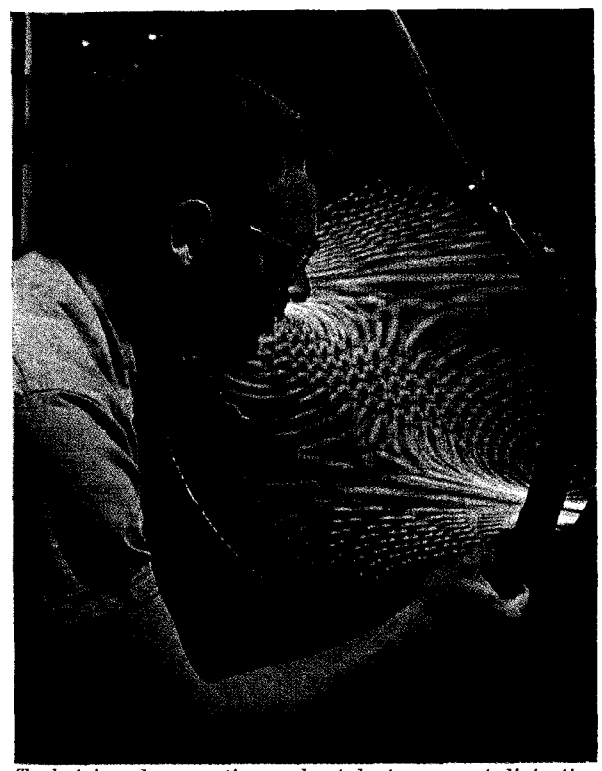

By SANDFORD BROWN

Technician demagnetizes color tube to prevent distortion.

Glowing in natural flesh tones, Walt Disney faced the TV camera during the commercial break on his *Wonderful World of Color* show a few Sundays back and delivered an epoch-making announcement. The second half of the show, a film dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, was being transmitted to the Relay satellite a thousand miles above the earth and bounced back to home receivers. This made it the first color television broadcast ever beamed from outer space, said Disney, reading from a script prepared by publicists of the National Broadcasting Company. If that didn't make an epoch, Disney—or NBC—implied, what did?

For the 85 percent of Disney's audience who were watching the show in black and white, the news may have been less than stirring; there are huge numbers of Americans who have never seen color beamed from anywhere. But color TV *has* passed a momentous milestone here on earth. After years of false starts and overblown claims, business is finally on the move. The number of color sets in use has spurted past the 1.2 million mark—compared to 60 million black-and-white sets. Manufacturers, who once lost money on the few sets they could sell, are suddenly moving all they can turn out, at a fat profit. Gone with the red ink are the green halos above the performers' heads, the strange pinks and purples of color TV's infancy. The reliability of color sets has been considerably improved, and maintenance costs have been cut down—although set owners are still maddened on occasion by the TV serviceman who insists they OK repairs at a time of day when no color programs can be tuned in to prove the repairs have worked.

Millions have seen how color can do wonders for televised sports and pretty lady panelists, even open up new areas of entertainment by televising art or scenic beauty. No one doubts, in fact, that all television will eventually be broadcast in color, except, perhaps, for news films, old movies, and educational TV—which can't afford the costs. Color TV is the proverbial better mousetrap, and it can be only a matter of time until a superhighway is beaten to its door.

But timing is the essential question. Color TV would probably be a commonplace now if set makers and broadcasters had competed vigorously to develop it. And it might still be in the laboratory stage if one company hadn't risked huge sums to blaze a trail.

Whatever color amounts to today is pretty much the handiwork of the vast and diversified Radio Corporation of America, which makes TV sets, satellites—the Relay, for example—computers and sundry other hardware, and runs the NBC network. Just three years ago RCA *was* the color TV industry. It was the only company making any quantity of color sets or broadcasting any quantity of color programs, and it was losing money in both activities. Gen. David Sarnoff, RCA's board chairman, had poured $130 million into color without reaping much of anything except (1) praise from TV critics and (2) gibes and patent suits from nonpioneering competitors.

But RCA did get a head start in all the technical complexities of color. When NBC had to tape *Peter Pan* in three different studios to accommodate Mary Martin's schedule, for example, it found that it couldn't keep the color consistent under the different lighting conditions. So RCA engineers worked out a new color videotape permitting color-matching between scenes. NBC directors and producers have become practiced in the nuances of color lighting and costuming. The network employs a "color girl," inappropriately named Marilyn Gray, whose job is just to sit for the cameras before each color show. Miss Gray's flawless complexion makes her an ideal test pattern, helping cameramen find the best settings for critical skin tones.

RCA's greatest contribution was its "compatible" tube, capable of receiving both color and black-and-white broadcasts. It is still the only workable color system, although it depends on such precise measurements that it seems impossible it could work at all. A look at the manufacturing process in RCA's Lancaster, Pa., plant illustrates the point.

There is a blue room, a green room, and a red room, each kept scientifically dust-free and manned by engineers in Ben Casey coats; in each room, a "slurry," or batter of sulphide-phosphor material is mixed in the appropriate color. A blank glass TV tube is brought into the blue room on a conveyor, and the inside of it face is fitted with the "shadow mask," sheet of thin steel in which more tha 300,000 tapered holes have been etched The blue slurry is applied to the back c the mask, and more than 300,000 tin dots of it ooze through to adhere t the tube face underneath. After they hav dried, the tube goes to the red room, th mask is again attached in a new positio literally less than a hairbreadth from th first, and red slurry is applied. Th process is repeated in the green room, s that the tube's inner face winds u covered with more than a million dot arranged in trios of blue, red and green The shadow mask is permanently installe against the field of dots, with each o its 300,000 holes centered on a trio.

Three-gun color glow

Roughly, the tube works this way: Th color camera, focusing, let's say, o Arlene Francis, breaks her light wave into the basic colors of blue, red an green. Each color is broadcast as separate electronic signal, picked up b one of three "guns" in the receiver, an shot toward the screen as a beam of elec trons. The "blue" electron beam pass through the holes in the mask at an which permits it to strike only the dots in each trio and cause them to glow The red and green dots are struck onl by the beams from their guns. All th dots glow with varying intensity accord ing to the intensities of Arlene Francis

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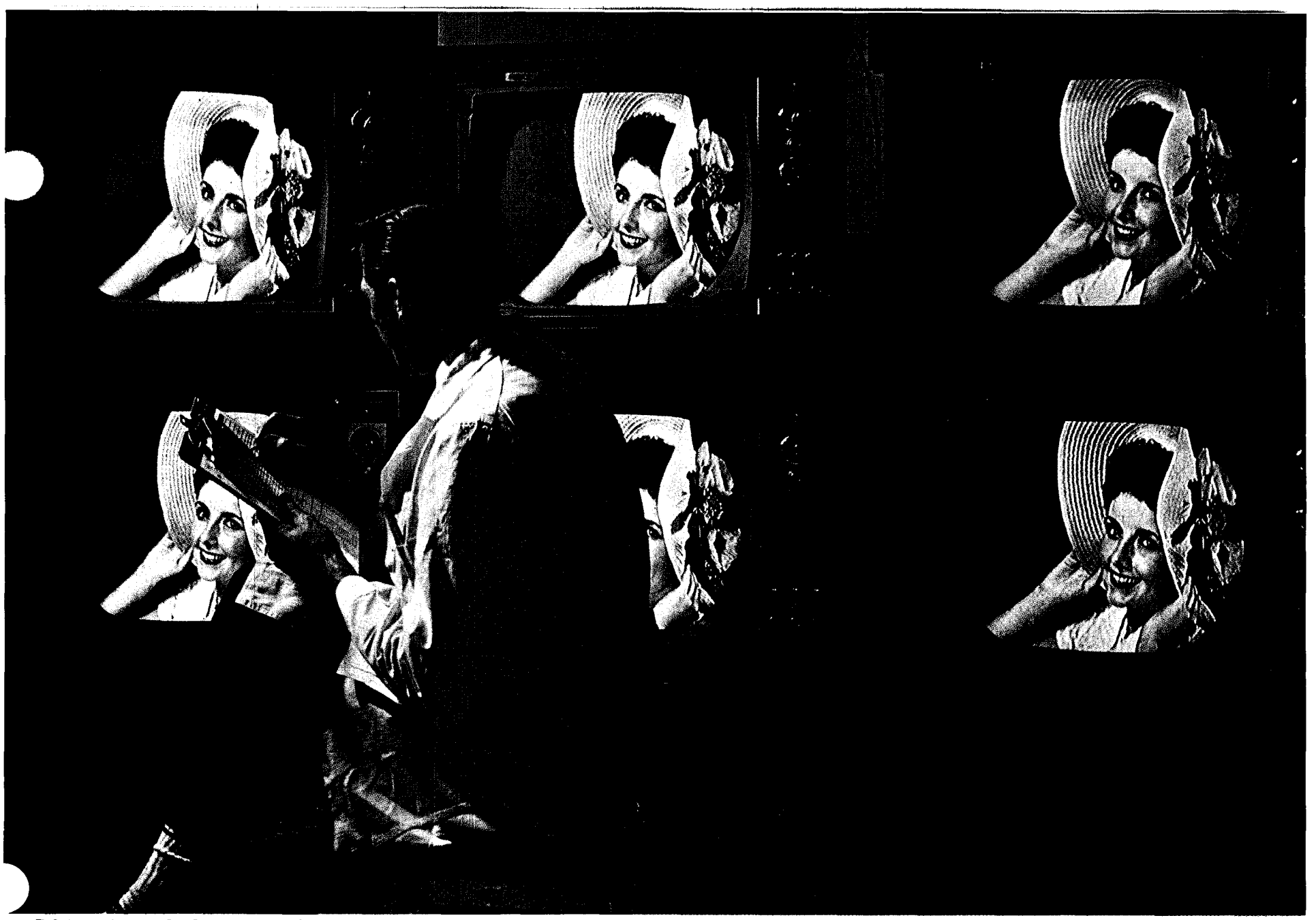

RCA engineer checks new sets for color fidelity, purity and uniformity at Lancaster, Pa., plant. Each tube is tested for 70 different characteristics.

The same beams produce a black-and-white image on a standard screen.

The receiver was one of the engineering marvels of the postwar era. Yet television itself was a new marvel in the early '50's, such a big step past radio that the next step to color seemed a minor refinement. Customers stayed away. A few set makers took a brief fling at it, then dropped the idea, leaving Three-Gun Sarnoff alone with his shadow mask. Some took to sniping, publicly criticizing the RCA tube, suing RCA—and being sued—for alleged patent infringements, and even organizing "dummy" consumer groups to protest RCA's "monopoly." While lawyers wrangled, RCA's publicity men cried into a black-and-white wilderness, announcing each year, "Color is here." It wasn't—yet.

As NBC stepped up color broadcasting, however, things finally began to move. The big turning point may have come in the fall of 1961, when Walt Disney switched his show from ABC and black-and-white to NBC and color, attracting a splash of publicity and spurring the sale of sets. The rest of the industry began to jump into color, and things haven't stopped jumping since. Motorola, last holdout among the major manufacturers, will market its set this fall.

For RCA, pioneering has begun to pay off. Color sets now produce more profit than any other of its vast array of products. It is being showered with royalty payments on its patents and, as the sole supplier of color tubes, besieged with tube orders from other set makers. RCA has had to ration tubes, including those for its own RCA sets. "We are treating our competitors as equitably as ourselves," says group vice president Wallace Watts, with a comfortable smile.

Yet no company can graze unchallenged in a pasture this rich. Three firms—Zenith, Sylvania and Motorola—start making tubes under RCA license this year. For Motorola, National Video Company of Chicago has developed a model with a wide-angle beam, permitting a thinner, more attractive cabinet. (RCA also has such a tube in the works.) The heat of competition has begun to wilt the stiff price tags on color sets. Admiral Corporation has just brought out a model for $399.95, a full $95 below its previous low, and lowest list price set to date by any manufacturer.

The industry expects to sell 500,000 to 750,000 color sets this year against 400,000 last year, and all customers will have more to watch. NBC will broadcast more than 2,000 hours of "prime" color time in 1963, twice as much as three years ago. The American Broadcasting Company, which edged into color last fall, plans to tint two more shows, *Wagon Train* and *The Greatest Show on Earth*, next season. Dozens of individual TV stations have begun to originate their own colorcasts.

Conspicuous by its absence is the Columbia Broadcasting System, which has been cutting back color programming since 1956 and has done only one special and five episodes of *Lassie* in color this year. CBS's reasons point up the big obstacle that color TV has yet to pass.

While selling sets may be profitable, explains CBS vice president William Lodge, color broadcasting isn't. Costs run as much as 20 percent over black and white because of the extra expense for costumes, scenery, technicians and film. To get color started, the networks have been absorbing the extra costs. But CBS fears a bad precedent, says Lodge, since "as soon as color becomes an important plus in advertising, it will be difficult to start charging sponsors for something we have been giving away." When CBS polled 17 of its top sponsors to see if any would be willing to pay a 4 percent surcharge to have their programs in color, only Ford and Chemstrand accepted, and only for a single special.

NBC president Robert Sarnoff, eldest son of the general, says he doesn't much care what CBS does: "If they had come in strong five years ago, it would have advanced the whole art and built up color audiences much more quickly. But now the NBC schedule alone justifies the purchase of a color set."

How do the advertisers feel?

Color has undoubtedly attracted some important business to NBC. Eastman Kodak dropped *The Ed Sullivan Show* on CBS to cosponsor Disney on NBC, and large chunks of auto advertising have also moved. Some big advertisers are willing to pay the costs of producing commercials in color. Kraft, a color sponsor since 1953, praises color's "extreme value in creating appetite appeal." Chrysler believes that "color associates [us] with an ever-growing community of thought and trend leaders"—in other words, the people who own color sets.

But Madison Avenue in general has yet to be sold. Four fifths of the commercials accompanying color shows are filmed in black and white, and ad-agency men say that relatively few advertisers would pay extra cash now to produce shows in color. For all color's sales impact—one survey showed that 50 percent more viewers "wanted the product" after a color commercial than after the same spiel in black and white—television's chief selling point is still the vastness of the audience. Color's 1.2 million sets do not yet meet the standards.

It may be two years or more before color broadcasting becomes self-supporting for the networks. Yet the pressures on advertisers to get in are mounting. Color TV will influence the design of packages for everything from soap flakes to beer, since appearance will be as important on camera as on supermarket shelves. "Color," raves Sol Polk, a big Chicago TV dealer, "is the new form of obsolescence. It means new drapes, new furniture, new clothes. It will have a tremendous effect on the economy."

Hopefully, it may also mean better TV, as long as broadcasters remind themselves that color cannot make a situation comedy more comic, a shoot-'em-up more explosive or a medical drama more therapeutic—even with real red blood. THE END

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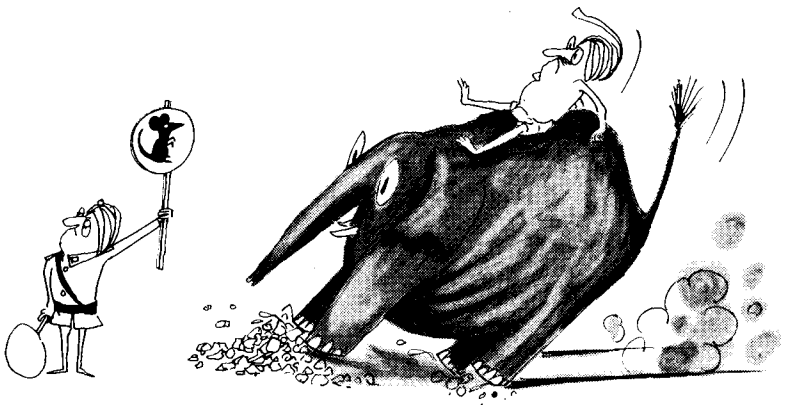
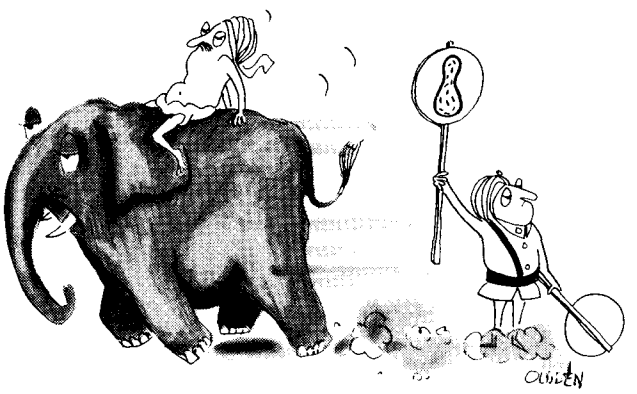
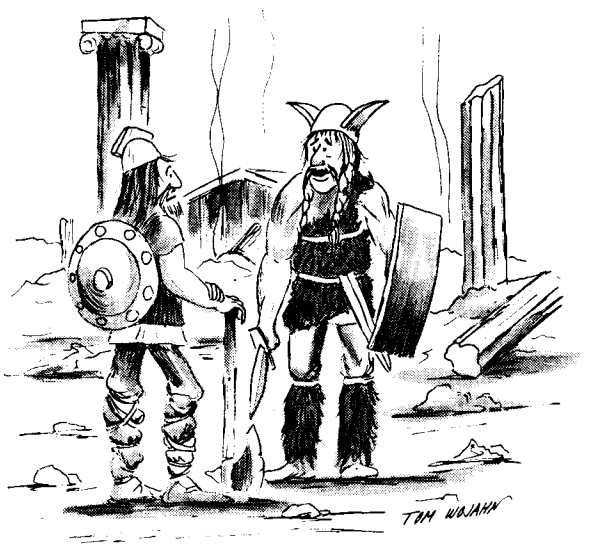
post scripts







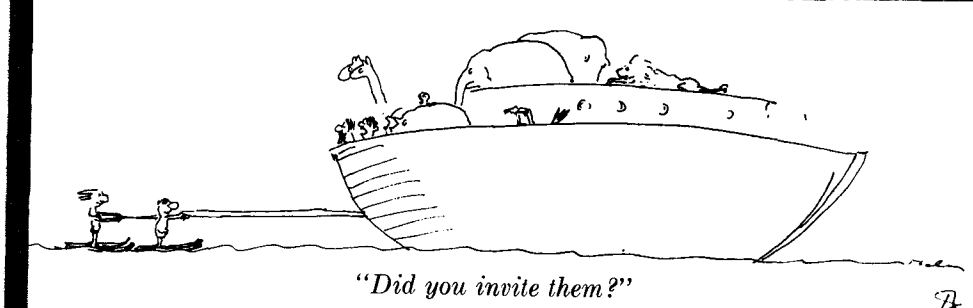
"Well, frankly I resent being called a barbarian just because we come down here and raise a little hell now and then."

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig. Home again, home again, jiggity-jig!"

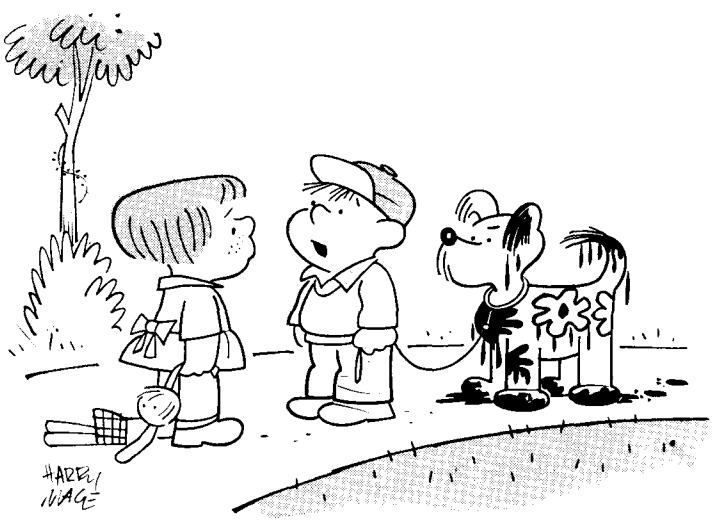
CITATION

This niche in the Traffic Hall of Fame—
For whom have they reserved it?
Why, for Lester B. Cricket,
Who, when given a ticket,
Admitted that he deserved it!

SELMA RASKIN



"Did you invite them?"



"Sometimes I paint fences, or trees— but mostly I just paint dogs."

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Thirst got you off balance?

It's time for the real thirst-quencher!

Copyright 1963 by The Seven-Up Company

How dry, dry, dry can you get? You'll know if you chase wild badminton birds some summer afternoon! How quick can you quench? You'll find out with 7-Up! With the very first sip, your mouth turns fresher and your throat feels gratefully cool. When you finish the bottle, *thirst* is finished! Be our guest. It's *always* 7-Up time!

FOR THIRST QUENCHING, FRESH TASTE, QUICK LIFT..."FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP!

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By JOHN SKOW

BRAVERY IS NOT ENOUGH

Stirling Moss scorned pain and drove as well as any man who ever lived. One day he made a mistake and they had to cut the car off him with shears.

Moments after a foolhardy try to pass on an English track, a bleeding Moss is scissored from his car.

It is, of course, not enough to be bra Racing drivers who are merely brave become merely dead. That is one of the clichés of auto racing; citizens who bought their first sports car last week, and are still making the mistake of waving to Volkswagens, have learned to smile sadly and say this. They talk of the Marquis de Portago, the gallant Spanish damn-all who crashed and died in the 1957 *Mille Miglia*, and they say, making the word a sneer, "Oh, Portago was *brave*. . . ."

Very well, it is not enough to be brave. Stirling Moss was and is brave, and he was enough more to become, almost certainly, the greatest auto racer who ever shifted gears. At the beginning of last year he was at the top of his form and of his profession; his income was ticking along at something like $150,000 a year; and his success with suntanned young women would have made him an international hero even if no one had ever heard of the internal-combustion engine. The queen had appointed him to the Order of the British Empire. Small boys wished they were Stirling Moss, and so did men.

Moss had never been world champion, for complicated reasons boiling down to the fact that, because of patriotism and a taste for the grand gesture, he usually insisted on driving British cars (until quite recently this was a handicap) and cars that were privately owned (factory cars are always faster). Moss was not champion. He was merely the man that every champion had to beat; knowing that you could not beat Moss, you tried to beat his car. Moss passed champions while wavin at girls. And then came Easter, 1962.

Moss still does not know what happened that day at England's Goodwood race course. The fact that he does not know, and that what happened may have been the result not of mechanical failure but of the first major driving error of his career, torments him more than the knowledge that he must never race Grand Prix cars again.

These machines are the fastest and most difficult way ever devised to travel over a twisting road surface. They are not sports cars, with fenders, lights and at least a pretense of such amenities as doors, nor are they Indianapolis cars, which can speed only over a softly curved oval track. They are fragile lash-ups of ferocious (but not very large) engines, tough five-speed transmissions, enormous brakes, one reclining seat and as little else as possible. One Grand Prix builder has found a way to leave the frame out of his cars; the chassis is made of three gas tanks—one for the floor and two for the sides. It is not as strong this way, but it is strong enough, and it is lighter.

The car Moss was driving at Goodwood was a Lotus, two years old and outclassed for speed by several other cars in the field of 17. In the first eight laps nothing noteworthy took place. Moss worked his car up to fourth place, pressing for third. Then his gearbox jammed, and five minutes were wasted making repairs. Every other car in the race was now ahead of Moss, and Graham Hill, in the lead, was three laps ahead. Ther was simply no possibility of winning. "What are you going to do?" someone asked Moss as he climbed back into the car. And Moss answered, "Have a bloody go."

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..ere was the British sportsman at his ›est—the outmanned romantic pressing ›n regardless, a bit adolescent and more han a bit glorious. Moss indeed had his go. By the end of 34 laps, in a car that vas not of the best, he broke the course ecord and made up one lap of Hill's hree-lap lead.

Moss was famous for being able to de-iver, oftener than anyone else, this kind ›f flat-out performance. And not, most ›f the time, in races hopelessly lost. He ıas entered more races and won more, vith a better winning percentage, than ıny other driver. (In the '61 Grand Prix ›f Monaco—a race that is considered ›ne of his two or three best—he beat he Ferrari factory team with another ›utgunned Lotus by holding himself on he outer rim of what a man can do vith a car for the last 92 of 100 laps.)

Now, to Graham Hill, two laps ahead n the race, but only a few car lengths ıhead on the road, what his mirror showed him was incomprehensible: Moss seemed to be trying to pass him on St. Mary's Corner, a tough, slow curve where t is not possible to pass a car of com-›arable speed. Moss did not make it, of course. His car pulled nearly up to Hill's, going much too fast at perhaps 110 mph, slowed a bit across 150 yards of grass, hen slammed into an earthen bank.

He sneered at injury

It took men with metal shears half an ır to cut Moss free. He spent the next months in a hospital, his left knee oken, his shoulder torn, his face a wreck. There were broken ribs. Injuries of this degree were commonplace for Moss; part of the legend that sets him apart from every other racing driver, except the late Tazio Nuvolari, is the record of his contempt for pain. But it was different this time. His helmet had split, and the right side of his brain was a great bruise. For weeks the left side of his body was in paralysis. His speech was slurred, his vision affected. Friends who saw him then said that although he could respond to ideas fed him, he did not seem able to seize and hold an original thought. He had no memory of the crash—and still does not; he had planned to use hypnosis to recover the episode, but has been advised that the therapy could bring on a recurrence of paralysis.

Moss's recovery has been a complete medical success. He is no longer bothered by double vision, and he can talk and think as well as before. His face is slightly scarred, but the scars are not disfiguring. He wears a sinister black beard now. ("You see, they took a piece of hip here to raise the left eye, and they asked me not to shave for a while. . . .") Otherwise he is the same. He is tanned and strong, and he can walk, run and water-ski. He can also drive a racing car better than all except 10 or a dozen men in the world.

And that is why on May 1 of this year Moss announced his retirement. The edge of his awesome physical and mental uipment has been dulled, worn down ıtly toward what is normal. Some of dexterity is gone, and some of the ability to flick his attention from a distant road surface to his instruments and back again with no perceptible time lag.

Months after the wreck at St. Mary's Corner, a bearded Moss returns to Le Mans—this time to coach drivers rather than race a Grand Prix car—and finds the women still swarm to his smile and his charm.

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So Moss packed it up, after taking a Lotus back to Goodwood, horsing it up to 140, and deciding that what he could still do with a car was not enough. Letters from people to whom this meant something began arriving at three or four times his normal rate of 10,000 a year. It is a measure of this man that at what must have been one of the worst periods of his life, and at a time when he could reasonably expect a severe drop in income, he hired two extra secretaries to help him answer the mail.

But Moss is not just a star athlete with a bad arm, and the fact that his accident undoubtedly saved his life is not lost on him, but it doesn't make any difference. He would like to have his laurels back. A reporter who thought he detected relief in Moss's tone as he talked of retirement was, it seems likely, detecting only what he would have felt in Moss's place. Champions are not like other people.

Last spring seemed a good time to see Moss and to get, if possible, a summing-up. I had talked with him only once before, at the Sebring sports-car race in March, 1956. Although he had never heard of the newspaper I worked for, he discussed matters cheerfully for 20 minutes, including matters I had in my nervousness forgotten to raise. Later, driving with his elbows straight out from the shoulder, recognizable half a mile away, he led the race for a while until his Aston-Martin swooned from stage fright.

Now, in 1963, with Moss retired, and most of the other good drivers who had been at Sebring that year not retired but dead, we agreed to meet at Indianapolis. Moss was "covering" the Memorial Day race for a U.S. newspaper chain—he tapes his comments, and then edits what his ghost has written for him, and thus comes nearer to homemade authoring than most sports figures. Earlier he had taped a magazine piece suggesting without much bashfulness that Indianapolis was something of a joke, and that two Grand Prix drivers, Scotsman Jimmy Clark and U.S.-born Dan Gurney, were going to shock speedway traditionalists with their superlight Lotus Fords. (Clark came in second and Gurney seventh.)

So here was Moss, out of the driver's seat and a long way from home. He looked assured, tanned and healthy as he sunned himself beside the pool at the speedway's motel. There were, of course, a couple of girls in bikinis nearby. In this respect Moss sometimes carries his environment with him and sometimes forages; in either case he is always very much at home. He is five feet, eight inches tall, muscular, bald, bearded and slit-eyed. The physical characteristic that betrays his profession is not the scarred face, which he could have picked up in a war or an amatory discussion with a redhead who emphasized her point with a cut-glass vase. His forearms, however, are a driver's: rooted with veins, heavy as blocks of wood.

He spoke of retiring: Yes, the decision was irrevocable. Yes, it galled him. "But no heartbreak—after all, I've been in it for sixteen years—doing reasonably well. . . ." It had been his own decision, the only intelligent thing to do. I must understand, he said more intensely than he said anything else that afternoon, that they hadn't taken his license away. Later on he returned to the point—the decision had been his. He still had his license.

He expects to stay "reasonably close" to racing. He ticked off a list of commitments that would take him well into the fall—articles to tape; a lecture on sports cars in Birmingham, Ala.; running the Shelby-Cobra pit at Le Mans for the London *Sunday Times*. He had bought a pair of rally cars, he said, and planned to manage a team of women drivers, which sounded rather like a fox managing a hen house. Then there was his travel agency and his interest in a jewelry firm—"solid gold, none of this plated stuff." And recently he had joined an industrial-design firm, Ogle Associates. Design has been a hobby for years—"I hold patents [pronounced pay-tents] on a kind of phonograph record and a ball-point pen that writes uphill." Moss has no formal engineering training, but a Grand Prix driver understands machines, and he gets to know what sorts of stresses materials will really take.

Or so Moss was saying. A listener had to wonder whether it would be enough. Design offered a challenge, certainly, but how would Moss meet it? He could not reasonably expect to become the world's best industrial designer, and he is accustomed to being the best. Here, too, it is not enough to be brave.

The question hung in the air. We talked of Indianapolis. Naturally it's a difficult race, he explained, but not difficult in as many directions at once as Grand Prix racing. Gear shifting counts for nothing, and braking for very little. "I think the hardest thing for me to do . . . I won't say master . . . I don't think you ever master anything . . . Yehudi Menuhin has not *mastered* the violin . . . but the hardest thing, it took me eleven years to . . . come to grips . . . with braking. . . ." Back to Indianapolis: The regulations are silly, Moss said. No women in the pits, for instance—what is racing about, after all? "And they tell you to hold up one hand when you want to be timed. I would like to steam through there at 180 with *both* hands in the air." Moss never raced at Indy, but he did practice there once, and it began raining. When this happens at Indianapolis, everything but the swearing stops. Moss took his car out, ran it faster than before, and then came back in to listen to the bad words.

The matter of rain tells something about Moss. Grand Prix racing goes on unless the cars actually begin to float, and Moss is recognized, with no argument, as having been the best of all at driving in the wet. Here is what he said about rain: "There is this psychological thing. . . . They thought I liked it. I didn't. But I rubbed my hands and looked pleased." Then Moss went over to eat lunch, while the bikinis nibbled toast.

The next day Jimmy Clark, who was runner-up to Graham Hill last year in the driving championship, talked about Moss. He was sorry Moss had had to retire. Why? Well, Moss was a friend. But both Clark and Moss had said, separately, that the best drivers are seldom really close friends. ("The top men can't be, in a thing," Moss said.) And Clark, a slight, strong, hard young man who resembles a large jockey and who wants very much to stop being runner-up to Graham Hill, went on to explain that if Moss hadn't quit then, he, Clark, would have been able to see how much he had improved. For, as Clark explained: "Moss was always the yardstick."

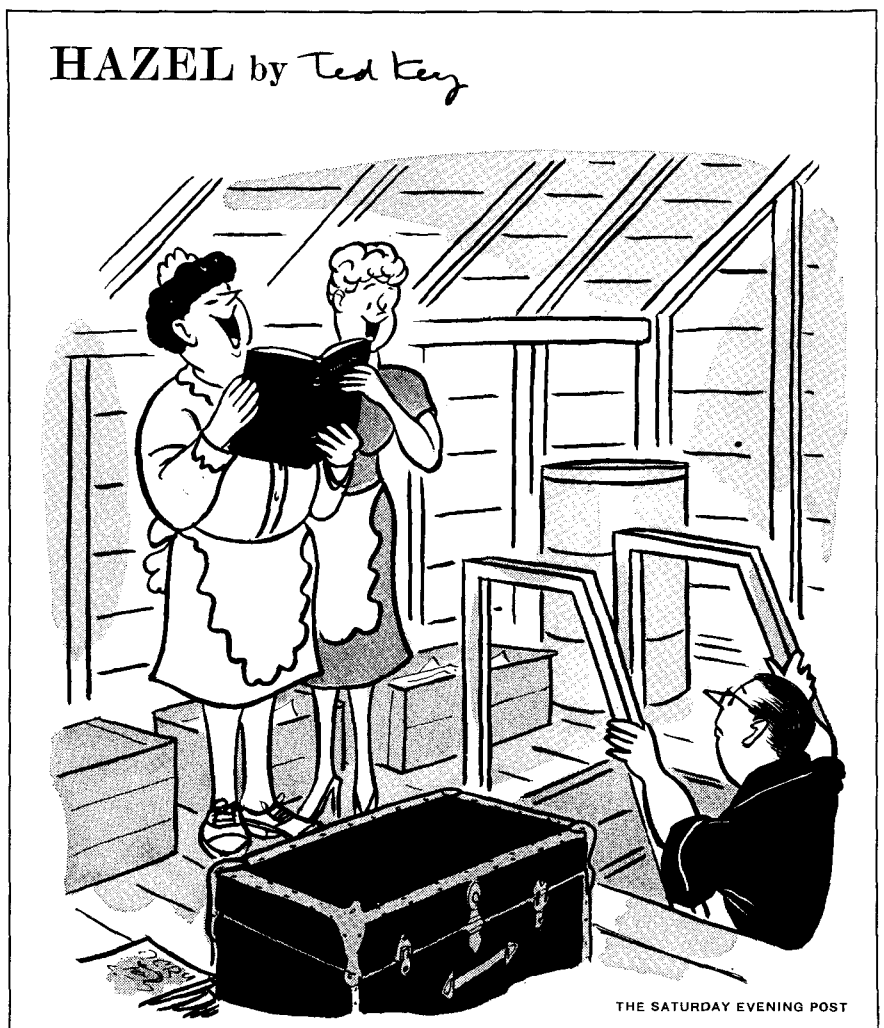
Moss popped about the garages and pits, signing autographs, talking with the ghost from the newspaper chain and showing friends a proof copy of his autobiography *All But My Life*, which Ken Purdy had written from his tapes. "Look at my sex novel," he would say to someone he knew from Nürburgring, almost as if he were afraid, now, that the friend wouldn't pay attention if he said only, "Look at my book."

I did not see any difference in Moss from the old days until Jimmy Clark, who had been running his deadly little Lotus in fuel-consumption tests, brought the car in to the pits and sat at the wheel for a while posing for photographers. Moss went over to him. They talked for 10 minutes, Moss waving a hand, standing up, kneeling down, laughing, gesturing at the Lotus. Clark smiled. And there it was; seven years before when I had seen him, and for all those other years, it had been Moss in the car, solid as an engine block, smiling. Now he was a man who knew the driver well enough to lean on his car. Each man sensed this. Neither could help showing it.

Later a friend of mine had to be take to the airport, and Moss drove us ou "This thing couldn't pull the skin off a rice pudding," he said in professional disgust at the rent-a-car I was using. He held the rent-a-car at a sedate 75, which in Indiana is not enough to prevent old ladies from vrooming past you in pickup trucks, although it is usually enough to keep them from yelling insults out the window as they go by.

I asked why he had so often raced hopelessly outclassed cars. "Why, I wonder, did I?" A pause, then, "I liked to say, 'All right, old boy, all the odds are in your corner.'" What would he like to be in 10 years? "It seems silly," he said, "but I would like to be married, with one or two children. Married, and to be something in industrial design." (Moss was married once, and speaks of his former wife as if she were St. Joan. The collection of bikinied airline hostesses came later.) And then the tired, foolish question that racing drivers are always asked, just as foreign actors are asked what they think of American women. No, he said thoughtfully, he didn't believe that Grand Prix drivers raced because of a death wish. Yes, he was sorry when one of his friends was killed. "But I don't know a single driver who would want another man to stop what is to him the greatest sport in the world just because someone died. I left instructions that I wasn't to have a funeral. . . ."

After this there wasn't much to say. Moss showed me a new tape recorder that worked better than mine, and apolo gized when one of the bikinis glared him for being late. Then he went off to a dinner in someone else's honor. That is how a champion spends his time when the laurels are old. THE END



"Your high-school annual."

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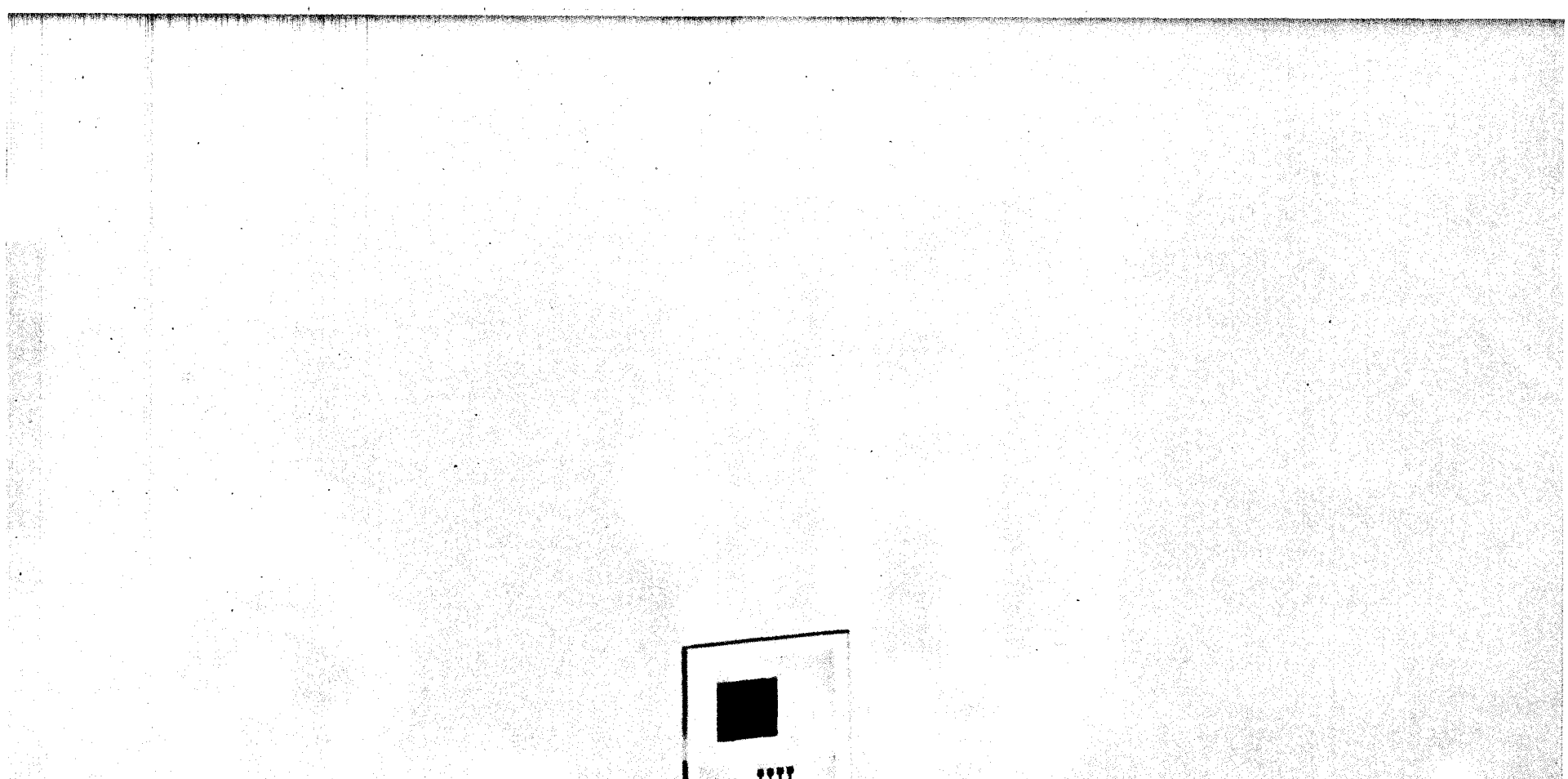

Advancement is the art of staying out of the rut

Today "thin film" circuits made by Western Electric may be helping to carry your voice over the Bell telephone network. More compact and reliable, they can replace conventional circuits consisting of individual components that are wired and soldered. Many engineers believe this new circuit will have the greatest impact on electronics since the transistor.

To make the revolutionary thin film circuit, W.E.'s engineers had to develop special processes for depositing gold and other metals on glass. Formed in a vacuum as perfect as outer space, the metallic layers must sometimes be less than four-millionths of an inch thin!

Innovations like thin film result directly from the way we work with other Bell Telephone System members: research by Bell Telephone Laboratories creates new ideas and designs; engineering and manufacturing skill from Western Electric assures products of high quality at low cost; operation by the Bell telephone companies provides service that improves as your needs change. We work best because we work together.

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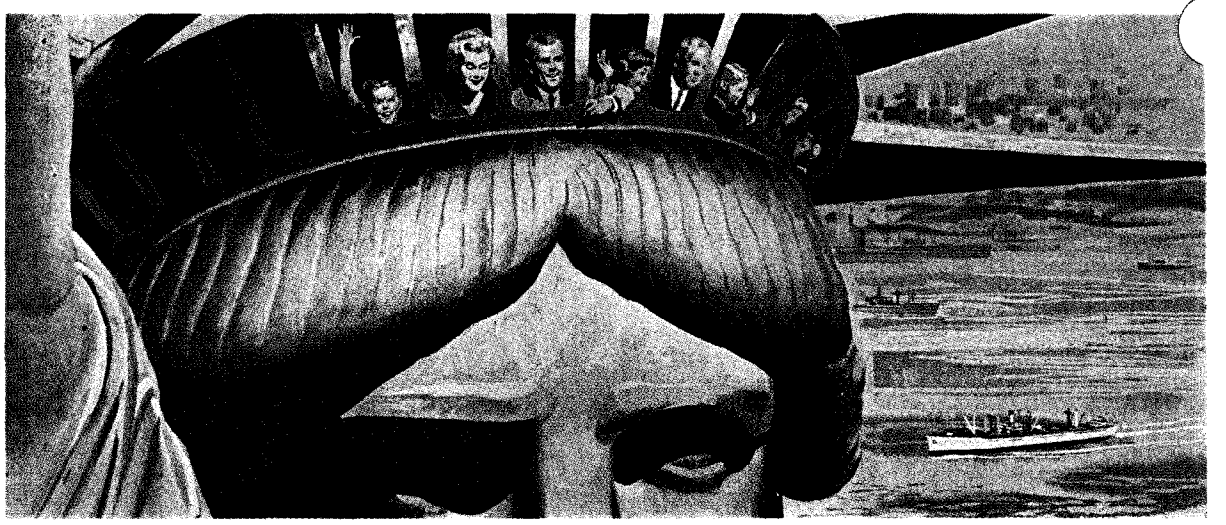
Every trip can be more pleasant

Explore the National Parks, drive through Yellowstone, Yosemite and Sequoia. (Please do not feed the bears.)

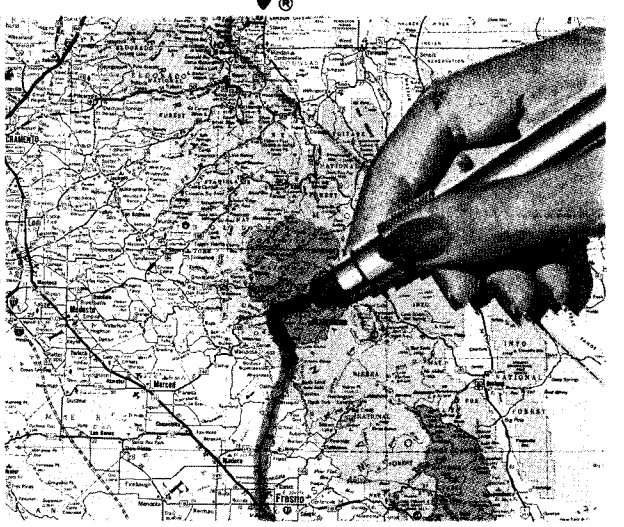


Wave to the ships of foreign lands from Liberty's mighty crown. (In New York — so many things to see.) From coast to coast, it's a land filled with sights that delight the whole family. Discover America this summer.

when you stop at the *Happy Motoring*® sign

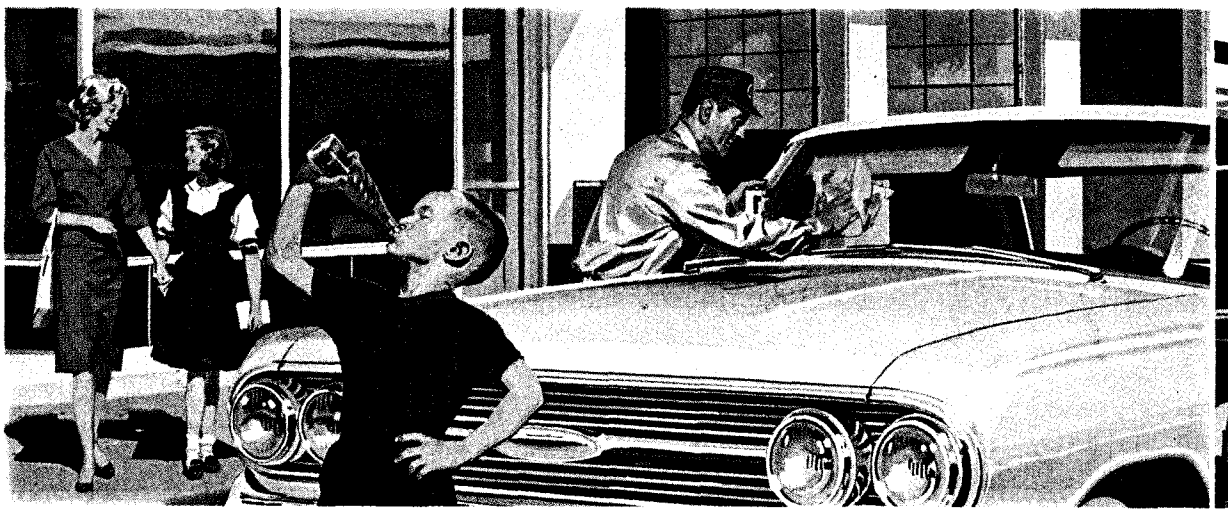
Watch for this sign as you drive. Coast to coast, it's your assurance of regularly-inspected, clean restrooms . . .

plenty of towels . . . a sparkling mirror . . . you'll find this cleanliness a comfort, especially with children.



Enco's famous Touring Service will plot your trip on America's most popular road maps. Ask your Enco dealer.

Make America's First Choice yours, too!



Dependable "Happy Motoring" service makes traveling easier, too. You'll like the prompt attention, the little services, while you refresh yourself. Then fill up with Enco Extra gasoline and you're on your way.

30,000 stations offer you "Happy Motoring" hospitality from coast to coast. Stop in . . . relax . . . start fresh!

HUMBLE . . . America's Leading ENergy COmpany
OIL & REFINING COMPANY

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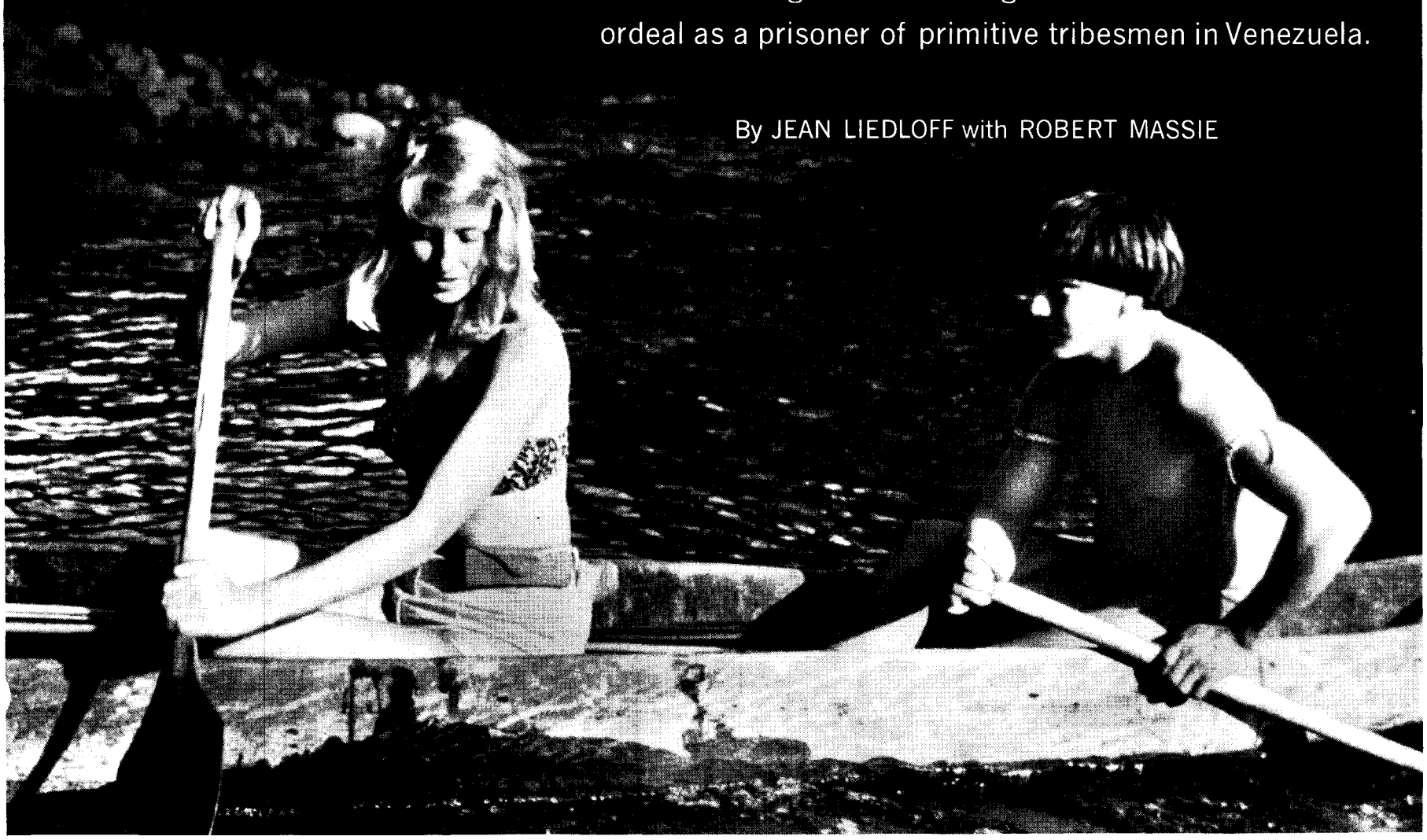
JUNGLE CAPTIVE

An American girl tells of her grim four-month ordeal as a prisoner of primitive tribesmen in Venezuela.

By JEAN LIEDLOFF with ROBERT MASSIE



A tribesman helps the author paddle a hand-carved canoe toward a remote diamond-hunting site. Only later did the chief command the American girl: "You stay. You stay."

Before you come Yeykwana have much pain, much death," said Anchu. "While you here nobody dies, nobody has pain. You stay."

"No, Anchu, I must go," I told him.

"You stay," he said more firmly, staring impassively at me.

It was painful to look at Anchu. The entire left side of his face had been burned when he fell into a fire as a boy. The left eye was gone from the socket, leaving the exposed muscles to twitch when the other eye turned. But Anchu was the chief, a man of stature among his 100 Yeykwana Indian tribesmen.

Anchu and his people live in the jungle of Venezuela just as they lived centuries ago. They cultivate the manioc (tapioca) plant and kill game with spears. When they are sick they suffer and die without medical care. But there had been a sudden change in this ancient pattern when I came through their land, looking for diamonds and bringing with me bottles of medicines. Now Anchu was afraid that if I left sickness would return to plague the Indians once again.

"The medicine is almost gone," I lied.

Anchu knew better. "Much medicine is left. When the medicine is gone, you stay anyway. You pull teeth, sew wounds."

"No, we must go," I repeated. "If you stop us my friends will come for us."

A sly smile spread over Anchu's face. "They will not find you here in the jungle."

It seemed impossible, ridiculous, but gradually the incredible fact sank in: Anchu was holding me prisoner.

For a moment I was stunned. As I thought about it the rest of that day, my situation seemed half-ludicrous and half-sinister. It was one of those moments which lead to the question, "What am I doing here?"

I was born and brought up in New York City, graduated from Drew Seminary for Young Women and later I studied at Cornell. I could never have been described as athletic. At school and summer camps I not only lacked "team spirit" but was usually pulling up my socks or pushing my hair out of my eyes when the ball came my way. Now I was virtually a slave to a handful of savages in the heart of an uncharted wilderness. How had I come all the way from Drew Seminary to this?

It was in Italy in 1951 that a friend of mine, Count Enrico Middleton-Bentivoglio, invited me to join an expedition to look for diamonds in the Venezuelan jungle. Diamond hunters are a rough, international group. They live for months by themselves in the bush, coming out to the little makeshift boomtowns only to sell diamonds. When they get paid, they often spend all their money in a drunken spree. They save only enough to equip another trip into the jungle. There's a great fascination about these jungle searches, and I kept going back too.

I met Anchu on a second Venezuelan trip, and he knew enough Spanish for us to become friendly, but it was not until I led my own expedition in 1958 that he told me he knew a distant region, far west of all the other diamond-exploration areas, where there were plenty of diamonds lying about in the riverbeds. He said that he had been keeping it secret because he didn't want a lot of miners in his domain, but that he trusted me and would show me where they were. I couldn't arrange the trip then, however. Last year I finally went—along with New York cameraman Ernest Nukanen and two Yugoslavs—to the Orinoco River port of Ciudad Bolívar. There I met my old friend André Ladeuze, a Belgian who had been hunting for diamonds in Venezuela for 11 years. He agreed to go along.

When our chartered twin-engined Beechcraft took off and headed south across the thick green carpet of jungle, every inch of space was crammed with supplies. In three trips it flew in about a ton and a half of provisions and equipment, including dried beans, spaghetti, powdered milk and tea. There were also several precious tin boxes packed with medicine. On my first trip to the jungle 10 years earlier, one of the Indians in our party had been gashed in the skull by a falling piece of a tree. As a girl I had always been more squeamish than most people, but when I looked at my colleagues that day, one was cowering behind a tree and the other was physically ill. So, without meaning to, I became the doctor. I sewed up the man's scalp with a rusty needle and a strand of dental floss. Somehow, with the help of a penicillin injection (my first), the man survived.

I discovered that day that the power to bring relief to pain gave me a unique and incredibly rewarding feeling. Ever since, I have taken as many medicines into the jungle as I can carry, many of them donated by a drug company. And over the years, the Indians have come to me with all kinds of medical problems. I've never had any formal medical training, but there are no M.D.'s in the jungle.

I found Anchu in his village downriver and reminded him of his promise about the diamonds. He agreed to go. Nukanen, however, soon fell sick, and the two Yugoslavs took him back to Ciudad Bolívar, leaving André and me to carry on the search for diamonds. After I had bought two large hollow-log canoes and hired four men as paddlers, we set out.

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"ANCHU WANTED TO HOLD US WHERE NO SEARCHERS COULD FIND US."

JUNGLE CAPTIVE

We were traveling up the Merevari River, which, at this stage, is about 100 yards wide and very treacherous.

Always as we moved up the river the jungle leaned out at us from the banks. In some places trees 200 feet tall, covered with massive hanging vines, turned the jungle into a great cathedral. During the day we heard the screeching of flocks of macaws, parrots with brilliant red and blue plumage. At night, when we stopped along the river, we sometimes ate these macaws. They are tough and stringy. Our staple was cassava, a large pizza-shaped food, made from the root of the manioc plant. Sometimes for breakfast we had crocodile. The Indians ate all parts of the crocodile, but we stuck to the tail, which we sliced like a loaf of bread. The meat is white, and if crocodile is young enough it is as tender as lobster.

We never forgot that, no matter how placid it may look, the jungle is dangerous. You can barely see the sky or the stars from inside the green roof of the jungle; the green walls deaden all sound more than a few yards away. It is incredibly easy to get lost. During my first trip I got over the idea that there were eyes behind every tree. But this exaggerated sense of danger serves a purpose. It teaches the special alertness that is necessary to survive. The jungle floor is crawling with hostile things: snakes, scorpions, ants, poisonous caterpillars. Once I came around a bend in a path and saw a 12-foot brown-and-orange bushmaster snake coiled to strike me. I stood frozen while one of my companions reached slowly around me and suddenly whacked off its head with a long machete.

Perhaps surprisingly, the Indians never seemed dangerous to me as a woman. I was propositioned by almost every Indian male I met, from ten-year-old boys to wizened old men. But it was all very friendly. They nodded and smiled and made graphic signs with their hands, but I had only to smile and say no. They never got angry about it.

During those days between explorations, I was confronted by a medical case that required more from me than mere pills or injections. The sun was just setting when Anchu brought me an Indian named Whutana with a gaping scalp wound. Anchu explained that Whutana had slipped and fallen from a log bridging a ravine. Anchu described the accident in detail, and all the time that Anchu was talking Whutana stood silently, blood pouring down his face. Finally Anchu finished, and I could start. I wiped the blood away and stared at the white bone of the man's skull. Then I sprayed the wound with Novocain from a hypodermic needle, and began to sew. I used a pair of pliers, gripping the needle and tugging it through his head while Whutana held onto my legs for support. Flies buzzed into the open wound as I worked. Other Indians stood around us, talking and laughing, entertained by my difficulties. Finally Whutana said he could stand no more. I taped the rest of the wound together as best I could with adhesive tape, covered it with Terramycin ointment, gave him an injection of penicillin and let him go. I had been working for four hours. I got into my hammock and lay quite still for about 20 minutes. Then I began to cry.

Yeykwana Indians' high spirits can turn without warning to savage fury.

In June we reached the region of the Canaku River, where Anchu's diamonds were supposed to be. Actually the Canaku wasn't a river at all. It was a stream not more than four or five feet across. As we walked upstream into the small canyon the walls flashed with light. We scooped some of the glittering stones from under the water. Then we saw the truth. All of them were rock crystals.

Wild laughter and rain

"They are worthless," I told Anchu.

Anchu stared at me. Then he burst into wild, insane laughter. It was his way to defend himself against reproach. I tried to speak to him, but there was no breaking through that wall of laughter.

At just that minute the gray sky opened and the rain splashed down. It was what we had feared: the beginning of the rainy season. Within the space of fifteen minutes our whole trip had failed. There were no diamonds, and now we had to go back through the rains.

We returned to our temporary camp. A few days later Anchu declared that his people needed him and he had to return to his village immediately. He arranged for neighboring Indians to act as paddlers for us, and then he left.

André and I looked for diamonds for another week but our hearts were no longer in it. I was disappointed, tired and sick from a parasite that had infected my foot. There was nothing to do but return to Anchu's village. There Anchu would be waiting to take us out of the jungle. When André and I arrived a week later at Anchu's village on the river bank, we found the Indians building a new village ten minutes' walk into the jungle. Anchu explained blandly that the village would be safer from floods if it were moved away from the river. I told him that we wanted to leave immediately.

"We have to finish the new houses first," he said.

"How long will that take?" I asked.

"Five days."

Two weeks passed, and Anchu's house still was not finished. The Indians worked slowly and erratically. Some days they went fishing; other days they hunted; sometimes they just did nothing at all.

Anchu changed his mind several times about the kind of house he wanted. First he said he wanted only a roof; then he wanted walls.

"We can't wait while you build walls," I told him.

"We build walls," Anchu said. Slowly, laboriously, they built his mud walls.

One morning Anchu came and said, coyly as a child, "You have a house too."

"We don't need a house," I said, struggling to suppress my anger. "We are going out of the jungle. You must take us back out now."

Anchu said nothing. He seemed genuinely disappointed that I had not been pleased by his nice surprise. My reaction didn't matter, however. The next day work began on a little hut for us, right next to Anchu's big mud house.

I had known for a long time that Anchu admired me, in addition to respecting the power of my medicines. One day while we were sitting on a rock by the river he told me that he wanted me to come and live in his house with him. This was more than a proposition; it was an Indian's way of formally proposing marriage. "No comprendo," I told him. And, although he knew that I did understand, he dropped the matter and never brought it up again.

André and I were completely free to come and go as we pleased through the village. The Indians continued to come to me with their wounds and fevers. One day they brought me a case which still gives me nightmares. A young man had been in the jungle cutting palm leaves for the roofs of the new huts. He had run into his machete, which was stuck in the ground, and split his big toe to the bone. The accident happened three days downriver from the village. Before they brought him home his companions had wrapped his toe up tight in cellophane. Their theory probably was that cellophane represented civilization and that civilization had great healing power. The result, of course, was that when the man arrived home the toe had putrefied. It had the beginnings of gangrene: The foot and ankle were swollen and shining like a rubber glove full of water.

I first saw the young man at night, lying in his house, his foot in a sling suspended from the rafters. The smell in the hut was overpowering. I had Anchu carry him out into the clearing and put him on a log. Then, while another Indian held my flashlight, I took my hunting knife and began to scrape away the gangrenous area. I tried to anesthetize the toe by spraying it with ethyl chloride, but the boy kept jerking with pain. An artery began to spurt, showering my hair and clothes with blood, and I put on a tourniquet. I scraped as much as I could, but you cannot just go on scraping indefinitely on raw flesh. I treated the wound with Terramycin and gave him a penicillin injection.

I lay awake all the rest of the night. The one thing I knew about gangrene was that if it got bad you had to amputate. All night the words *amputation*, *gangrene*, *amputation* kept running through my head. I told myself, if he has gangrene tomorrow, I will have to amputate the toe. If I wait I may have to amputate the foot; and if I wait longer I may have to amputate the leg. If I wait too long, the man will die. Finally at dawn I stumbled out to see my patient. Thank heaven, the swelling had decreased, and there was no further trace of gangrene.

A few days after this ordeal Anchu told me he planned to hold us indefinitely. It

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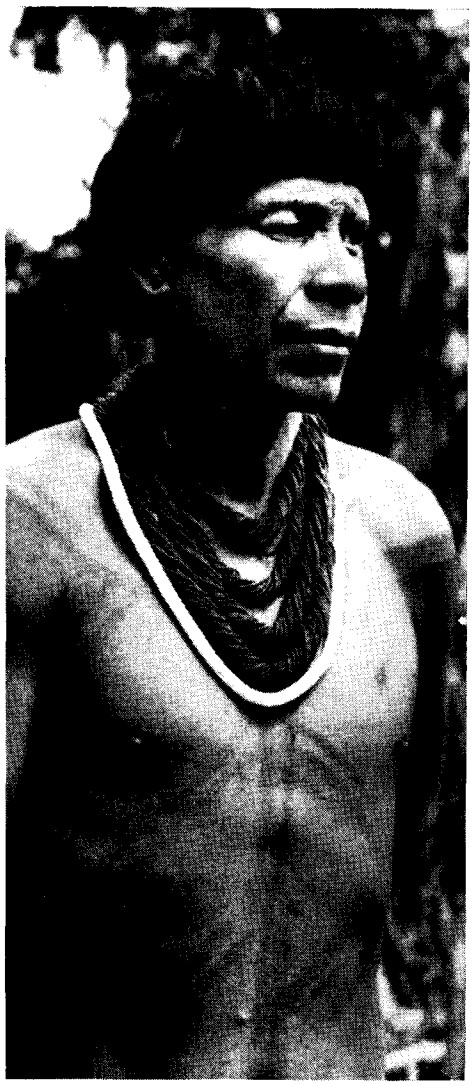
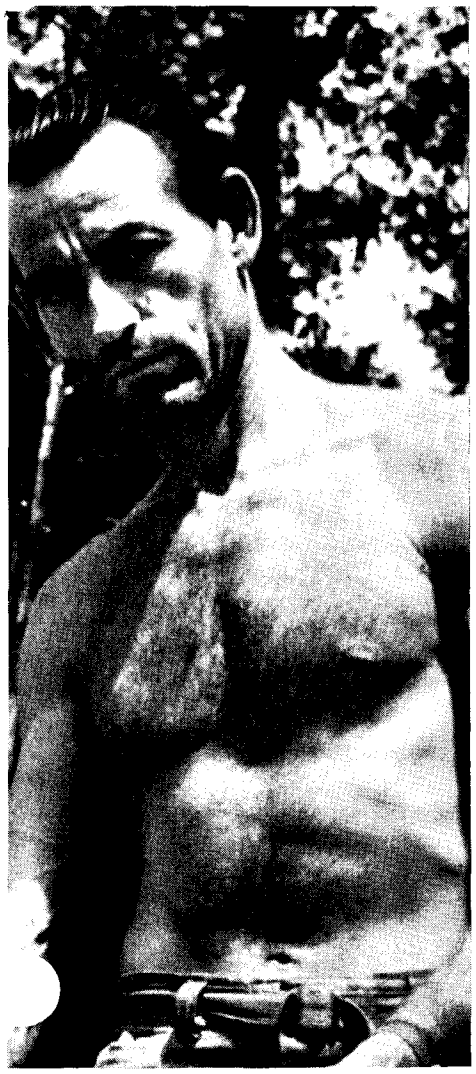


One-eyed Anchu at first proposed marriage—and then insisted on it.



Belgian diamond hunter André Ladeuze shared author's captivity.

Author Liedloff, 40 pounds thinner because Indians gave her only their unwanted food, lugs a basket of supplies to her village hut. Savages valued her medical skills so much they showed gratitude by making her a servant.

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Author treats Indian whose need for outside medical help made escape possible.

"AT LAST WE KNEW WE COULD LEAVE."

was only then that I realized why he had moved his village away from the river—so that no searchers could find us. From that moment André and I talked about nothing except escape. We thought of slipping out of the village at dawn. The way out of the jungle lay down a small winding river called the Savaru. I had been in the Savaru once years before, but I could not remember how many days downriver it was. Nor was I sure that I would recognize which tributary we should turn into. Finally there was a portage along the way which meant dragging our canoes four miles overland. The two of us simply couldn't do it.

There was another possibility. That was to take our two shotguns and try to force Anchu to help us get away. But we couldn't hold up an entire Indian village of 100 people; we couldn't hold a gun on even a few Indians during the long weeks it would take us to reach safety. We both realized that the idea of violence against us never had occurred to the Indians, and it would have been a mistake for us to introduce it. Our way to freedom, we decided, lay through talking, negotiating, persuading, bargaining for help—or, at worst, just waiting and hoping for help to come from outside.

The frustration was hard on André. Suddenly one morning he made a suggestion: "You must refuse to treat them with medicine. If you stop being useful to them they will get tired of feeding us and let us go."

"How could I refuse a child in pain?"

"Very easily," André explained. "Just imagine you are where you ought to be—on your way out of here. The Indians got along without you before, and they can do it again. Anyway, why should you worry about a bunch of Indians? Especially this ungrateful bunch?"

I thought it over and promised him I would refuse my next patient.

That day I turned away three people: a girl with a burn on her arm, an old woman with a headache, and Anchu's eldest son, scratched on the cheek. There was no sign from Anchu. The next day no one came to be cured. To pass the time I tried to write. Then I tried to read. It went on for three days.

Finally, late one afternoon, a woman came to tell me that a baby had been born. The new mother, a cripple, had fever and chills. I rushed to see her. She was ashy pale and she was losing blood. I gave her three injections of penicillin the first day. The baby girl had an infected umbilicus, which I cleaned, covered with Terramycin ointment, and bandaged. Once, when I looked up, Anchu was standing at the door of the hut. He smiled at me and walked away.

While I was helping the mother and her baby, André had not complained. But once they were well, three days later, he brought the matter up again.

"Jean," he said, "you must understand that if you go on curing them they will never let us go." Once again I promised not to treat another Indian.

Not long afterward an old man cut his foot with an ax. When Anchu came for me I refused to go. Anchu considered my refusal silently for several minutes. Then he announced, "There is no cassava."

I was stunned. André and I had discussed and speculated about the possibility of Anchu's using violence to keep us, but we had never considered hunger. I made up my mind immediately: Starving to death certainly wasn't going to help. I put some medicines in a plastic bag, took my flashlight and left for the old man's house. André was furious, but secretly I was relieved. It's a terrible thing to refuse medicine to someone who needs it, no matter what the reasons.

Even as I treated the Indians I was getting weaker myself. I had lost 40 pounds, and I couldn't gain it back because I had no appetite. The food we got from the Indians was pretty bad; they usually gave us what they didn't want. We got the tops of the sugar cane, where there is the least sugar. We got the bad pineapples while they kept the good ones for themselves. We did get as much cassava as we wanted, and we shared in whatever meat the village had. None of the Indians I had helped ever showed any gratitude by bringing us extra food. What was happening—and I think Anchu had planned it that way—was that we were becoming servants of the tribe.

The first change in this eerie pattern finally came when I was called to visit a man with 104 degrees of fever and symptoms of appendicitis. All I could do was try to keep him alive as long as possible with antibiotics. I told his father that I would have to take him to a hospital in Ciudad Bolívar or he would die.

At the same time I had been treating a man with an enormous fistula in his back. When he came to me the fistula was draining through an incision made by a witch doctor with a barb from a poisonous fish. I had been treating him with penicillin, but he had not responded. In fact, he developed a second fistula. His wife begged me to make another incision, but I had refused, preferring more conservative treatments over which I felt I had more control. One morning, however, I came around the corner of a house, and there was his wife with the fish barb in her hand. She was trying to get the courage to stab it into her husband's back. Rather than have her do it with a fish barb, I decided to do it myself with my small hunting knife. I pushed my knife deeper and deeper, sweat pouring down my face, worrying about what I might hit or puncture. After four hours I did get the fistula to drain, but it only served to slow down the wasting process. Now, with these two patients on my hands, I went to Anchu and told him that both men would die unless he let us go.

Witch-doctor treatment

For the first time Anchu seemed uneasy. He hesitated, then said he would take us out but that we would have to wait until he built new canoes for the trip. I told him to hurry.

That night we heard a strange sound coming from the house next door. It was Anchu's voice, chanting a rhythmless song, interspersed with vigorous shakes of a gourd rattle. Anchu had painted his face and body with red stripes and put blue and white beads around his neck. Both patients had been moved into his house, and Anchu had begun invoking spirits to cure them. He was now performing the role of witch doctor.

The chanting and rattling went on, day and night, for a week. When Anchu fell asleep other Indians would take his place. André and I waited anxiously for the outcome. If the two men died our reason to be released would die with them. And, if they recovered, there would be no need for us to take them to the hospital. Our only chance of escape seemed to lie in the two men's staying about the same.

That is exactly what happened. By the end of the week the man with the fistula was little more than a skeleton, his face a gray, waxy mask. I begged Anchu to finish the big canoe so that we could leave immediately. Finally, four months after we had first tried to leave—Anchu's procrastination came to an end. Part of the cause lay in the obvious condition of the two sick men. But he was even more impressed by a messenger's report that an airplane had circled over the area. Anchu assumed that the plane was looking for us and that it would come back and land. That night a package of cassava, wrapped in leaves for traveling, was placed inside our hut. At last we knew that we were going to leave.

The next morning on the riverbank I said good-bye to Anchu. He glared at me with his single eye and pointed a quaking finger. "You Shirishana," he spat. That was the greatest insult he could think of. Shirishana is the Yeykwanas' word for the Sanema, the neighboring tribe, whom they consider to be barbarians. I didn't answer. Had he given up trying to keep us? I thought so, but I couldn't be sure until our three canoes—loaded with the two invalids, their families, André and me and the paddlers—pushed slowly out into midstream.

On the afternoon of the 12th day we came to an Arecuna Indian village where all the inhabitants were dressed in store clothes and the chief's wife owned a sewing machine. We felt as though we had arrived in Paris.

That same evening I heard the sound of an outboard motor, and I soon saw the blond head of Ernest Nukanen, the photographer. I was so startled that I could scarcely speak to him in English, which I had not heard since he had left. Now he told me that my friends in New York had sent him back to look for me, and he had brought a five-man crew.

From then on, everything was easy. Four days later we reached the village of La Paragua. I sent my two patients on to Ciudad Bolívar by taxi, where one underwent an appendectomy and both were assured of recovery. Then I sat down to eat all the fresh beef, fresh eggs and tomatoes I could find.

It was not easy to say good-bye to André. At the airport in Ciudad Bolívar, when the moment came to part, neither of us looked at the other. The probability that we would never meet again lay heavy and silent between us.

After two weeks of recuperation in Caracas I flew back to New York. I had been away for 13 months, nine of them in the jungle. I wonder whether I will ever go back. I think the lush, green Venezuelan jungle is the most beautiful spot on earth. I like the fact that the Indians are direct people, unhampered by fear, neurosis and prejudice. But somehow being held against my will spoiled a lot of it for me. Right now I think I've had enough of the jungle. And yet I'm already beginning to miss it. Just the other day I got a letter from André saying that he had found 22 karats of diamonds. It's not much, but his life is his own, the jungle, the sky and the river test his courage and abilities, and his spirit is free. What more could all the diamonds in the world buy? THE END

A war party from nearby tribe visited village, but scoffed at requests for aid.

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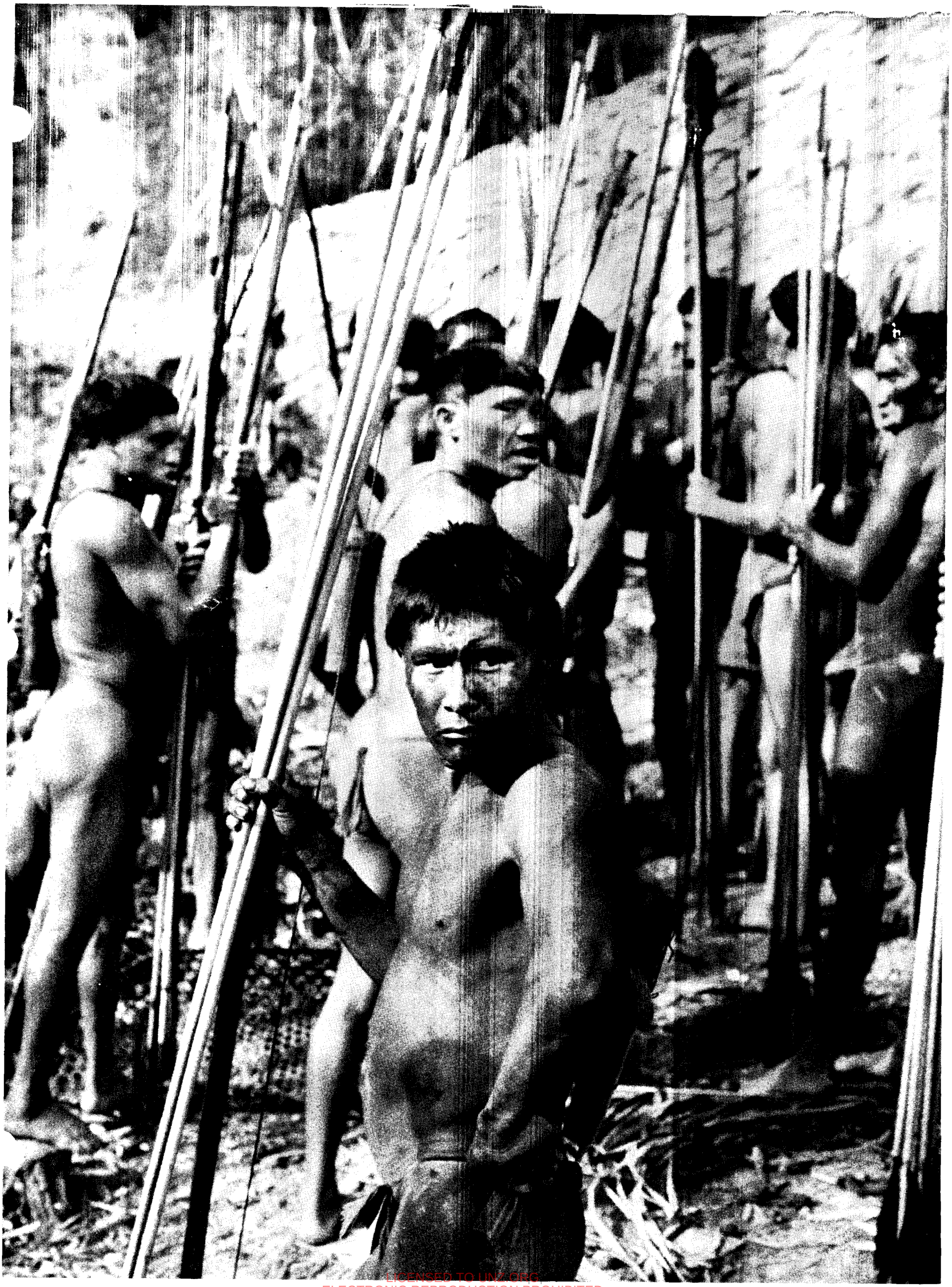

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EDITORIALS

CRIME IN AMERICA

For many years the word *Mafia* has projected a murky image of a mysterious organization whose existence has been denied, confused and exaggerated, and whose very name (*Cosa Nostra*) was unknown. On page 19 *The Post* exposes to public view for the first time this sinister mobocracy of murderers, dope pushers and racketeers.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy calls the Valachi case, reported in detail by author Peter Maas, "the biggest intelligence breakthrough we have ever had" in combating organized crime and racketeering in the United States. Mobster Valachi's revelations have swelled the Justice Department's dossier on *Cosa Nostra*. As a result "more than a dozen FBI investigations . . . are rapidly bearing fruit," Maas reports.

The Post is proud to be the medium of public exposure of this great blight upon our society. In the coming weeks we shall publish a series of articles documenting the myriad ramifications of the Mafia mob and the organized crime that afflicts America.

The fact that "organized crime," as Peter Maas says, "is the biggest business in this country," should jar every American. Fortunately there is something that individual citizens can do. As Attorney General Kennedy says, "All Americans can help by remembering that if they place a bet with a bookie on a horse race or a football game, a heavy percentage of their money will end up in the greedy hands of a Valachi, a Genovese, or one of their nameless henchmen." Until enough individual Americans realize this harsh and simple fact, organized crime will never be conquered. And it must be conquered.

A CALL TO POLITICAL DUTY

After an illustrious career in public service, no one would criticize Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower if he decided to take it easy in his retirement. But the former President seems to be going stronger than ever. Recently he has shown a zest for close political combat unlike anything that he showed during his "active" career.

Not long ago a group of distinguished Republicans from all sections of the country gathered at Hershey, Pa., for a workshop meeting of the Republican Citizens Committee. General Eisenhower delivered the keynote speech.

He let the New Frontier have it. Duty "requires that we call the roll, clear and loud, on the opposition's record," he said, "the sorry record that stands naked to behold, when the cunningly manipulated veneer of imagery is peeled off. . . . For the sake of its future, the American electorate . . . should become fully aware of the political connivance that is a way of political life for those who avidly seek power at any cost—and having won it, reach out for more and more."

The main thrust of General Eisenhower's speech was a call for massive participation by Republican-oriented citizens in the campaign of 1964. "I hope this town meeting is the forerunner of many, many more across the country by different citizens' groups, all of which make their contribution toward the growth of Republicanism," he said. "Political 'amateurs,'" he added, "bring verve, sparkle and fresh ideas, which perk up a political party the way a well-advertised medicine does tired blood. . . . Many of today's finest public officials and party organization leaders were yesterday's 'political amateurs.'"

The general speaks from experience. "Dedicated nonprofessionals," he said, "were to a considerable extent responsible for my decision in 1952 to enter the political arena."

We heartily endorse General Eisenhower's call for massive Republican citizen participation in the coming campaign. The so-called amateurs can give the party something that the tired party pros seem unable to supply—a renewed energy and a hefty injection of idealism. Perhaps the "amateurs" will even uncover a Republican candidate who will give Jack Kennedy a run for his money in 1964.

BETTER HOUSING AND LESS CRIME

A few weeks ago we examined the urgent social problem of crime in public housing projects [TRAGEDY OF A VERTICAL SLUM, June 29—July 6]. We said then that "crime-ridden brick ghettos may prove worse than the hovels they replace," but concluded that the "half million low-cost housing units in the country need not be as bad as they are."

In the House of Representatives Rep. Leonor Sullivan of Missouri recently cited three outstanding examples of public housing projects in which crime has been markedly reduced by vigorous community effort. Three and a half years ago, Mrs. Sullivan explained, the St. Louis Housing Authority determined to solve the crime problem in three of the city's largest housing projects: Pruitt, Igoe and Vaughn. The crime rate in these projects was below the city's average at the time. But as Representative Sullivan says, it was "still far too high."

The housing authority initiated a crime-prevention program. Tenants in the three projects formed a parents' association, and the mayor appointed a committee to consult with the parents' group. These groups organized cleanup campaigns and community social activities. They hired private watchmen. The police department screened out undesirable applicants for the projects.

The result was an impressive decline in crime. The rate for the three projects was cut in half. As Mrs. Sullivan reported to the House, "The three projects' twelve-month rate of crimes per 100,000 persons, which was twenty-six percent below the city average in 1959, is now sixty percent lower than the city average, and is about eighty-three percent lower than the average in the Fourth Police District as a whole."

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2. Enter as often as you wish. Each entry must be mailed *separately. Entries must be postmarked by November 1,* 1963 and received by November 8, 1963.

3. Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Its decisions, with respect to all phases of the Sweepstakes, will be final. Only one prize to a family. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered.

4. Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States *and Canada. Not open to employees and their families of:* Minute Maid Company, its affiliated organizations, their advertising agencies, and D. L. Blair Corporation. Offer void in Missouri, Wisconsin and wherever prohibited by law (residents of these areas are eligible to enter a *special contest – free entry blanks and rules available* wherever Hi-C Fruit Drinks are sold).

5. Winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after final drawing. For a list of prize winners, send separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Flavor Fling" Winners' List, P.O. Box 299, New York 46, New York.

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